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DAVID GARRICK
AND
HIS FRENCH FRIENDS

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David Garrick Esq

From the picture painted by Liotard at Paris in 1751.

A COSMOPOLITAN ACTOR

DAVID GARRICK

AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS

BY

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LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE AND SIXTEEN
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PREFACE

David Garrick, our great English actor, enjoyed a European reputation. In France especially he had almost as many discerning admirers and fervent friends as in his own country, and with them he remained in relation for many years.

This aspect of his career, little studied so far by his biographers, forms the principal object of this essay, the composition of which may further be justified by a short criticism of our sources of information.

Two contemporaries of Garrick have told the story of his life. The one was Thomas Davies,[1] the husband of a very pretty wife,[2] formerly a member of the Drury Lane company, and later the bookseller whose back parlour Samuel Johnson frequented so assiduously. In consequence of his many quarrels with his former manager, Davies might well be suspected of a prejudice against Garrick; but of this there is little evidence in his book, which retraces very simply, though with many digressions and several errors of detail, Garrick's stage career. Davies's account is precious above all for its judgments of the actor's professional qualities; it fixes on paper certain features of the most elusive of all portraits—that of the "poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage."

---

[1] *Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick, Esq.* (2 vols. 8vo, London, 1780. Reprinted 1781, 1784; edition with notes by Stephen Jones, 1808).

[2] With him came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife.
Churchill, *The Rosciad.*

Garrick's other biographer was Arthur Murphy,[1] the writer, who was especially fitted for his task by a long intimacy, diversified by frequent discords and reconciliations. His work is, however, extremely superficial. For the facts it is practically a replica of that of Davies, and its only novelty is in the comments, devoid of interest, of its author and his frequent excursions among the commonplaces of eighteenth-century criticism.

Both these writers limit themselves to the English part of their subject. Davies relates one or two well-known anecdotes of Garrick's visit to Paris in 1763–5. Murphy frankly avows his want of the necessary material for an account of that trip on the Continent; and he adds that such an account would be a useless digression in his work, which is a history of Garrick in his profession.

In 1831 Boaden published his collection of letters,[2] which he prefaced by a *Memoir*. In this, his friendship with Garrick's widow allowed him to add a few new points; on the French side he mentions for the first time Grimm's judgment on Garrick, and he quotes from a letter of Voltaire's about the English actor. But in general he gives little attention to this foreign intercourse—so little, indeed, that he assigns Garrick's first visit to Paris to the year 1752 instead of 1751. In the *Correspondence*, however, he printed more than two hundred letters, written by the French actors and authors whom Garrick met on his travels or who had been to see him act at Drury Lane. Boaden's collection has been often praised, and it has, indeed, one substantial recommendation in the care with which the letters have been copied from the original manuscripts; mistakes are comparatively few and unimportant. But from an edition which offers no explanatory notes one has the right to demand an order chronologically exact, and here the *Correspondence* is often at fault: dated letters are misplaced; letters without date, which, had they been carefully read, could easily have been co-ordinated with the rest, are set in impossible positions; and from these mistakes ensues, at times, an inextricable confusion which can only be disentangled by a reference to the original documents.[1]

---

[1] *Life of David Garrick*, by Arthur Murphy (2 vols. 8vo, London, 1801).

[2] *The Private Correspondence of David Garrick* (2 vols. folio, London, 1831; 2nd edition, 1835).

The modern biographies of Garrick are three in number; the most recent, Mrs. Parsons's *Garrick and his Circle*,[2] is certainly the best written and the most readable; but its aim is to recreate the atmosphere surrounding the actor rather than to bring new information. As much may be said of the late Joseph Knight's essay,[3] which has the great merit of being perfectly trustworthy, but which, like Davies's and Murphy's biographies, treats exclusively of that portion of Garrick's life passed in the glare of the footlights.

The most extensive of all the studies devoted to the actor is that of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.[4] That writer had access to John Forster's well-known collection, which comprised not only the letters published by Boaden, but many other autograph pieces gathered together since that edition. Thus Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes could not lack the charm of novelty.

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[1] See, for example, vol. i. p. 201: a letter from Garrick to Mrs. Cibber; or ii. p. 422: letters from Fenouillot de Falbaire and Diderot: or ii. p. 451: a letter from Monnet, dated *by him* 1775, and redated by Boaden 1765—which date is contradicted by the contents. In general, one may say that no undated letter has been properly placed.

[2] *Garrick and his Circle*, by Mrs. Clement Parsons (1 vol., 8vo, London, 1906).

[3] *David Garrick*, by Joseph Knight (1 vol., 8vo, London, 1894).

[4] *The Life of David Garrick, from original family papers* (2 vols. 8vo., London, 1868. New and Revised Edition (1 vol. 8vo, 1899). It is from the latter edition which, the author declares, has been carefully revised and corrected, that we quote in our essay. To the above documents should be added the *Unpublished Correspondence of David*

It is to be regretted, however, that he has not given to his enthusiastic work a clearer outline and a more limited plan. By trying to make it a comprehensive history of the stage of Garrick's day he has included a crowd of details which hide the principal subject from view and destroy all sense of order. His prejudice, moreover, in favour of Garrick is too palpable; in his desire of beautifying the portrait of his hero he disfigures practically all those that surround him. At the same time, a want of accuracy in quotation and an almost complete lack of references shake the confidence of the prudent reader who has some knowledge of the period.

As regards French matters, there are important gaps and too frequent errors. Thus, of the visit of the French actors to London in 1749 and of that Jean Monnet with whom Garrick maintained friendly relations for thirty years, Mr. Fitzgerald says nothing. Of Garrick's visit to Paris in 1751 he knows almost as little as Boaden, and he somewhat vainly regrets (p. 142) that Dangeau, who died in 1720, does not refer to it in his *Mémoires*. He makes Voltaire tell Garrick in a letter, that Shakespeare was little more than a barbarian (p. 287)—an impertinence which the lord of Ferney had not committed. He attributes to the actor the intention of never going back to *London*

Garrick (1 vol. 8vo, Boston, U.S.A. 1907), edited by Mr. G. Pierce Baker. This volume gives the sixty-seven letters from Garrick or his correspondents which form the collection of J. H. Leigh, Esq., of London; of recent publications, this adds most to what was known of the actor.

(p. 289), when Garrick had simply said that he would, doubtless, never have an opportunity of returning to *Italy*. He sends the actor and his wife (p. 292) to the baths of Albano (where there are none) instead of to those of Abano (known since the times of the Romans). He assigns to Paris and to the years 1764–5 that interview between Garrick and Beaumarchais which took place in London in 1774, and thus makes the actor criticise the *Barber of Seville* several years before it was written; on the same page we find Ducis confiding to Garrick (still in 1764–5) his intention of translating Shakespeare, when, as a matter of fact, he made the acquaintance of the Englishman (by correspondence) some five years later. Farther on (p. 300) Garrick replies to a letter that Mlle Clairon writes him in 1766 by an offer of pecuniary assistance, which he had made her in 1765. He is unkind enough to confound the author Cailhava d'Estandoux (p. 300, note) with Antonio Carara, a plain Italian courier. He gives to the actor Préville (p. 299) the credit of the well-known comedy *Le Français à Londres*, which M. de Boissy had written and put on the stage in 1727. When we add to these examples the fact that he makes no use of Garrick's French correspondence and does not refer to his friendship with Favart and Morellet, Suard, Le Kain, de La Place, and others, it will be seen that there is good reason for speaking of Garrick in France, for showing who were his friends in that country and on what terms he was with them.

Such is the modest aim of our essay. But, in order to give it a less "scrappy" form, we have summed up, from a French standpoint, the chief facts of the actor's life, exterior to our main object; that is to say, we have, in our first chapter, insisted on those aspects of Garrick's activity which especially attracted the attention of his French acquaintances. We hope thus to amplify and correct the judgments passed on him by his English contemporaries, and, with the help of the new matter we bring, to complete the portrait of this remarkable man.

We have drawn a great part of our information from the documents of the Forster Collection, which is kept at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.[1] Besides several unpublished letters of Garrick, it has supplied us with others, written to him by the Baron d'Holbach, Mme Necker, MM. de Belloy, Suard, Cailhava d'Estandoux, Le Kain, Linguet, Monnet, Le Texier, l'abbé Bonnet, and other Frenchmen of the period. We have been at pains to discover other original letters written by Garrick to his friends abroad; but we cannot say that success has crowned our efforts. We quote, however, for the first time in any study on the actor, the story told by Jean Monnet of his relations with Garrick in 1749; the documents in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsénal (*Archives de la Bastille*) at Paris about his visit to Paris in 1751; letters sent by him to Mme Riccoboni, Le Kain, Favart, and Suard; the opinions of Collé, Morellet, Préville, Noverre, and other foreign contemporaries; and other documents of less importance.

It is our agreeable duty to offer our thanks to the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum for permission, willingly granted, to examine the Forster Collection; and to Mr. Palmer, librarian, and Mr. W. W. Sadler, curator of the Collection, for their courtesy in furthering our researches; to M. Weiss, librarian to the Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme français, and to M. Creuse, of Bordeaux, for information as to Garrick's ancestors; to MM. Cirot and Courteault, Professors in the University of Bordeaux, who have, in connection with the same subject, made investigations for us in that town; to Lieut.-Colonel Picard, head of the Historical Section of the Staff of the French Army; to M. Lévy-Schneider, of the University of Lyons; to M. Maurice Tourneux; to M. Gaiffe, Professor at the Lycée Carnot, Paris; to M. Funck-Brentano, librarian of the Arsenal, all of whom have placed themselves, with much kindness, at our disposal; to Sir John O. S. Thursby, of Ormerod House, Burnley, who has sent us a copy of a letter from Garrick to Mme Riccoboni; to A. M. Broadley, Esq., of The Knapp, Bridport, who has allowed us to make use of his celebrated collection of engravings; and, lastly, to M. Baldensperger, Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Paris, who has examined our study, and has given us the assistance of his well-informed criticism.

---

[1] This Collection is kept in thirty-five bound volumes, numbered from i. to xxxi., with four additional volumes, numbered xxvi. *add.*, etc. It is thus that we refer to them.

Paris, *January*, 1911.

The above is a translation of the Preface to the original French edition of this work, which was presented to the University of Paris as a thesis for the *Doctorat ès-Lettres.* Little needs to be added here. The present volume is a very free rendering and adaptation of the former essay. It is, too, an enlargement of it: in the desire to make the book more attractive to the general public and, at the same time, more useful to students of Anglo-French relations, opportunities have been seized for digressions on subjects concerning the social life of the two countries. Thus, when speaking of Monnet (Part II.), we have made a rapid *résumé* of former visits of French actors to England; in connection with Garrick's visit to Paris in 1765 (Part III.), we have attempted to retrace the evolution of Shakespeare's reputation in France during the first half of the eighteenth century, so that the influence exerted by the actor might be more clearly evident; in Part IV. we have interpolated a brief review of the *mode Parisienne* in England up to 1760. We have treated in greater detail certain minor points, such as the curious, and little-known, history of Le Texier (Part IV.), and the visit of Garrick's nieces to Paris—the latter chiefly on account of its human interest. We have added biographical notes on those Frenchmen of the eighteenth century who might well be unknown to many English readers: here we have had to exercise a certain discretion, as otherwise our little book threatened to expand into a dictionary. We are quite aware that the form of this study, originally perfectly clear if somewhat thin, has not profited by these changes; but we hope that its general interest has been increased.

We have added, too, illustrations drawn from the Musée de l'Opéra, and from the Cabinet des Estampes de la Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris; and a portrait of J. G. Noverre, for which we are indebted to Mr. Ed. Noverre.

Finally, we have corrected several slips in dates or references; and though, in a book which embodies a good deal of minute detail, we cannot expect to be free from fault, we trust that no grave error has been overlooked.

Bois des Falaises,
Villennes.

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DAVID GARRICK

PART I

BIOGRAPHY OF GARRICK. APPRECIATION OF HIS QUALITIES

I

BIRTH, FAMILY, EARLY YEARS

Doctor Johnson, when asked to explain of *what* nations the death of Garrick had eclipsed the gaiety,[1] should certainly have replied, "The English, the Irish, and the French;" for the great actor, in turn the delight of London and the idol of Dublin, had been triumphantly received at Paris during his visit in 1764–5, and his fame, trumpeted abroad by the journalists of the day, had induced many a Frenchman to leave his boulevards and affront the waves of the Channel and the fogs of the Thames in order to see the English Roscius on the boards of Drury Lane.

It should be noted that in Garrick's veins there flowed but little Anglo-Saxon blood. His mother, a Miss Arabella Clough, was of Irish descent; his father, Peter Garrick, an officer in a dragoon regiment, was the eldest son of a French Huguenot, who had left his native town of Bordeaux at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 and had established himself as a merchant at London.

---

[1] "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Some would see in this union of Gallic and Gaelic elements the source of the sprightliness and vivacity which later distinguished David Garrick. His education and surroundings were, however, purely English; and though he had little trace of the insularity which characterized the true John Bull of the period, his inclinations and prejudices, as shown in his correspondence, were British. One may claim as British, too, the poignant force of his tragic acting. Certainly, the combination of characteristics conferred by his birth and upbringing didmuch to make him the fine actor he was.

Let us first set forth what may be known of the French family of David Garrick; for if his biographers have been unanimous in declaring him to be of noble descent, they have been quite as unanimous in adducing no proof whatever of their assertions. One tells us that "the family was a noble one—De la Garrigue—connected with the Houses of Perigord and De la Rochefoucauld." He adds, "They were established near Saintonge"[1] —which is about as definite as if we were informed of some one that he lived "near Berkshire." When, in *Notes and Queries* (series iv. p. 198), a correspondent sought for details as to the House of Garrick, he was referred to the genealogy drawn up by the London College of Arms and printed at the beginning of Mr. Fitzgerald's *Life*. That correspondent must have found the reference somewhat disappointing: the table gives no ascendants of David Garric, the old Huguenot who fled from Bordeaux.

The actor himself was accustomed to say that his family came from Gascony. Thus, in a letter from Mrs. J. H. Pye to him (Paris, August 28th, 1777), we find the sentence: "Gaillac is near

---

[1] Fitzgerald, *Life of Garrick*, p. 1.

Toulouse, which agrees with your account of your family being originally Gascon."[1] But he never, as far as we are aware, advanced any pretension to noble birth; and when one considers his pronounced weakness for the society of titled people and his great respect for rank, it is evident that he would have done so had he possessed any evidence to substantiate the claim.

Here is an official document which throws light on the question: it is a copy of the marriage certificate of David Garric, the grandfather, taken from the Register of births, marriages, and deaths of Bordeaux[2]:

1682, 19 *avril, Mariage de David Garric, bourgeois et marchand, et Jeanne Sarrazin, fille de Jean, marchand, de Pons en Saintonge, et de Marie Cabiran.*

Nothing could be plainer; the actor's family belonged, on both sides, to the middle class.

The name of Garrick, in the varying forms of Garrigues, Jarrige, or Garric, is often to be met with in the history of the town of Bordeaux. We have noted the following references, amongst others:

> Feb. 26th, 1544, Decree of the High Court against Heliot Garric, who claimed to be a citizen of Bordeaux, because he had lived there for the space of fifty years and had paid the rates, and married the daughter of a citizen etc.; July 10th, 1604, oath taken by Anthony Garric, *maître burdegalier*; Dec. 19th, 1620, presentation before the Council of the letters of citizenship of the

---

[1] Forster Collection, xviii. *add.* Strictly speaking, neither Toulouse nor Gaillac is in Gascony; but they are near enough to warrant Mrs. Pye's remark. Her letter has reference to the attempt of a Madame Wity, *née* Garrick, to prove a relationship with the actor.

[2] See *Les Familles protestantes de Bordeaux*, Pierre Meller, (Bordeaux, 1902).

> late Master Raphael Jarrige, attorney of the High Court; July 28th, 1646, Matthieu Garrigues takes the oath as citizen of Bordeaux; 27th Jan., 1723, Jean Garrigues takes the oath etc. etc.[1]

In the Registers of the Parish of St. André, preserved at the County Court of Bordeaux,[2] there is mentioned the baptism of two daughters (in 1630 and 1635) of a certain Pierre Garric, *marchand mangonnier*—that is, general broker.

One runs apparently little risk of error in supposing that the Huguenot, David Garric, was related to these citizen families of Bordeaux rather than to "the noble house of Perigord." As to old David himself our information is ample; for from the moment of his arrival in London he kept a diary,[3] in which he recorded the different events—births, deaths, etc.—which happened in his family. He was naturalized in 1686, with his wife, sister, and brother.[4] In the British Museum is preserved more than one letter of the old merchant to Lord Hatton (1694), in which we find him in correspondence with traders at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Paris. He settled his third son in the wine business in Portugal; possibly he was engaged in the same trade himself; more probably he was, like the Pierre Garric mentioned above, a general broker.[1]

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[1] See vol. ii. of the *Inventaire Sommaire des Registres de la Jurade* (vol. vii. of the *Archives municipales de Bordeaux*), pp. 588, 430, 442, 473, 521.

[2] "Au greffe du Tribunal civil."

[3] This *Journal* is at present in the London College of Arms, the authorities of which demand a heavy fee for the privilege of asking questions about it. Students will, however, find it reproduced in its entirety in the Rev. David Agnew's *French Protestant Exiles* (London, limited edition, 1886), vol. ii. p. 447. One may also consult the *Publications of the Huguenot Society of London*, vols. xvi. and xxi.; and the *Proceedings* of the same Society, vols. ii. and iii. On page 394 of the latter volume we are told that David Garrick, the actor, belonged to the family of the Garrigues, of which Pierre Bouffard, Sieur de la Garrigue, was the head, and the seat of which was at Castres; but no proof is given in support of this assertion.

[4] Consult, on this point, the Registers of Naturalization at Somerset House; all three are there described as being natives of Bordeaux la Bastide, a suburb of the great Gascony port.

We have discovered only one contemporary reference to the actor's supposed noble birth; that is in a pamphlet of thirty-two printed pages in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris (anonymous and undated, but apparently published about 1781–4, very possibly by de La Place), which gives, chiefly according to Davies, a notice of Garrick's life, in which one may read (page 9): "Garrick met at Paris several men of letters, amongst others M. de La Place, who procured him the acquaintance of the Chevalier de la Garrigue, Brigadier-General. That illustrious officer was delighted to see the most celebrated actor that England has so far produced; he found him well-educated and courteous, admired his talents, and owned him as his relation."

That is, doubtless, an excellent social certificate; but it is no better proof of the actor's high birth than the fact reported by his principal biographer, that one of his aunts married a member of the illustrious family of *La Condé*.[2]

David himself was born at Hereford on February 19th, 1716, whilst his father, at that date

---

[1] As to the noble family De la Garrigue, they came from Béarn, having been ennobled by Louis XIII. in 1653 (see d'Hozier, and La Chenaye des Bois, *Dict. de la noblesse française*). Their home was at Thèze, near the western extremity of the Pyrenees. They were and remained Catholics, and furnished many officers to the army and navy up to the time of the Revolution. There was another noble stock, the Du Garric, lords of Uzech, etc., dating from 1505, and remaining apparently Catholic in the eighteenth century, as we possess papers of Lord Gabriel-Simon du Garric, who was Count of Montastruc in 1742.

[2] Fitzgerald, p. 3; we may perhaps add that there is no connection between the *Princes de Condé* and the family *La Condé*; the latter is in no sense illustrious in France.

Captain Garrick, was quartered in the town on recruiting service. He was the third child in what eventually became a family of seven. His parents' home was at Lichfield, and it is there that he lived until the age of twenty-one. There he was educated at the Free School, and laid the foundation of that classical knowledge of which his friend Samuel Johnson was to speak in so contradictory fashion in later years.[1]

Three interesting incidents mark the course of his youth and help us to follow the development of the future actor's character. First, when David was eleven years old, a company of strolling players passed through Lichfield. Their performance touched a sympathetic chord in the boy's heart; with the assistance of his sisters and some school-friends he organized a performance of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, in which he played the part of Kite.

A little later his uncle David, a prosperous wine-merchant at Lisbon, wishing no doubt to lighten his brother's family cares, proposed to take one of Peter's boys and teach him his business. It was on our young hero that the choice fell; but at Lisbon he seems to have gained more praise for his recitation of verses and of scenes from plays, with which he amused his uncle's friends, than for his assiduity in the counting-house or the shipping-yard. The experiment was, no doubt, premature; his uncle decided that he was unfit for commerce and sent him back to his parents. David took up the broken thread of his studies at the Lichfield Grammar School; but in this expedition he had had a foretaste of the two callings which were to dispute his future, and he had already shown towards which his inclination directed him.

---

[1] Johnson said of Garrick: "He has not Latin enough. He finds out the Latin by the meaning, rather than the meaning by the Latin." Yet we find Boswell writing to Garrick: "Mr. Johnson is ready to bruise any one who calls in question your classical knowledge, and your happy application of it." (See Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. ii. p. 377; *Corr.* vol. i. p. 622.) Such was ever Johnson's attitude towards his old pupil: he criticized his weaknesses, but he would allow no one else to do so. His feeling for David was compounded of love and respect for the man, contempt for his calling, and jealousy, usually repressed, of the rewards it had brought. It is ridiculous, and unfair to a noble character, to exaggerate this into a settled animosity (see Fitzgerald, p. 350), or to emphasize unduly some of the doctor's ironic remarks, without taking into consideration the circumstances and the manner in which they were said. And, after all, whom are we to criticize if not our friends? Our enemies do not merit such preoccupation on our part.

In 1731 Captain Garrick, who had for some time past been on half-pay, found himself obliged by the pressing needs of his large family to go once more on active service. He was sent to Gibraltar, and his absence from home gave David the opportunity of writing him some charming letters, which contain an expression of sincere affection and of precocious sympathy for his much tried parents.

> LICHFIELD, *Jan^{ry}* y^{e} 21, 1732–3.
>
> HON^{D} SIR,
>
> It is not to be exprest y^{e} joy that the family was in at y^{e} receipt of Dear Pappa's letter which we receiv'd the 7th of this month. My poor Mamma was in very good Spirits two or three Days after she receiv'd your Letter, but now begins to grow moloncolly again and has little ugly fainting fits; she is in great hopes of y^{e} Transports going for you every Day, for we Please ourselves with y^{e} hopes of your spending this Summer with y^{r} Family. My Mamma rec'd y^{e} thirty Pounds you was so good to send her; she has Paid ten Pounds to M^{r} Rider for one Year's Rent, and ten Pounds to the Baker, and if you can spare a little more as you tell her you will, she is in hopes of paying all y^{e}

> Debts, that you may have nothing to fret you when you come home. . . . My Grandmother is very poorly and sends her blessing and would fain live to see you once more, my Brother and Sisters their Duty and am in a particular manner,
>
> Dear Sir,
>
> Y^r ever Dutifull Son
>
> DAVID GARRICK.

Thus he writes in the month of January, 1732; the letters that follow are no less affectionate. His father, separated from his dear ones, must have found in his son's epistles a great source of consolation and have looked forward with pleasure to their arrival. That is possibly the reason why he reproaches him with writing too seldom. Against these accusations of indifference David defends himself warmly and then adds, in a staid and dignified tone worthy of *The Correct Letter-writer*:

> If those Persons who have not in any measure receiv'd what tenderness and affection I have from their Parents, are accounted Reprobates, if they omitt to pay all y^e Regard and obedience to them they possible can, what on y^e contrary can be said for him who in every instance of Life has had y^e greatest indulgence from a most kind father, whose study has always been to promote the welfare of his children? such a one I think that does non [*not*] return Parental affection is y^e most odious Monster, and rather fit for y^e Society of Brutes than that of Men.

In a later epistle the youth gives a lively description of a miniature painted by the artist Le Grout—a little picture which he values above all the works of Zeuxis and Apelles : "It is the figure of a gentleman," he says, "and I suppose military by his dress; I think Le Grout told me his name was one Captain Peter Garrick; perhaps as you are in the army you may know him; he is pretty jolly and, I believe, not very tall." Then, with a sympathy that betrays a good and tender heart, he adds : "My poor mamma sighs whenever she passes the picture. . . . My mamma sends her most tender affections. She says your presence would do her more good than all the physicians in Europe."[1]

Poor mamma! the husband to whom she was so fondly attached was absent from her for nearly five years in all. With her eldest son serving his country on the seas, and six other children (often as ragged as beggars, says David in a letter) to provide for, with £10 on the baker's book and as much more on the butcher's, she must have found life a hard struggle; and, in such circumstances, the constant love of her second boy must have been a great comfort to her. David was a bond of affection between father and mother; to him must be accorded the high praise—is there any higher?—of having been a good son. Even then, Mrs. Garrick's lot was a trying one and there is a heartbreaking note in those few lines of hers of which a copy is preserved in the Forster Collection:

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[1] These letters are all in the Forster Collection. Like those of Peter Garrick, David's elder brother, and in general all the purely family correspondence, they were not published by Boaden and have never been edited in full. This omission is to be regretted, for nothing that Garrick ever wrote allows us to penetrate so deeply into his heart and to reach the man himself under the mask which the actor seldom ceased to wear. There are some long quotations from them in Joseph Knight's *David Garrick*, chap. i. Mr. Fitzgerald, too, has quoted fragments of these letters in the second chapter of his *Life*, but with so many errors, omissions, and even additions, that they are hardly to be recognized. Thus the last sentence of the letter we give on page 23, is printed by Mr. Fitzgerald (p. 11 note) as follows : *My brother and sister send their duty and Ann in a particular manner.* But there was no Ann in the Garrick family; the genealogy given at the commencement of the same *Life* proves this!

In another quotation (p. 15) we read : *Aunt Kinaston, Cousin Bailey, Mrs.——, one night got tipsy here, by drinking, 'To all our Friends by Land and by Sea.'* Why thus destroy the reputations of several members of the Garrick circle at a blow? The original letter confines the breach of sobriety to one unnamed lady, and reads : "My Grandmother sends her blessing, Mrs. Lowndes her love and service, togeather with Aunt Kinaston and Cousin Bailye's family. Mrs.—— one night got tipsy by dringing here is to all our friends by land and by sea."

> I must tell my Dear Life and Soul that I am not able to live any longer without him for I grow very jealous; but in the midst of all this I do not blame my dear. I have very sad dreams for you . . . but I have the pleasure when I am up, to think, were I with you, how tender my Dear Soul would be to me, nay, was when I was with you last. O that I had you in my arms! I would tell my Dear Life how much I am his.

When they did meet again, it was only to prepare for another and greater separation.

The father returned to England in 1736, and the same year David, with his younger brother George, was admitted amongst the very select band of pupils that Samuel Johnson had succeeded in assembling in his Academy at Edial. The Garricks had hoped to send their son to the University; in this plan they had counted, perhaps, on the assistance of Mr. Walmesley, the Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court at Lichfield, with whom David was a warm favourite. A marriage late in life turned this patron's charity in a homeward direction, and, as the captain's very modest resources hardly warranted him in pursuing the project without aid, it was decided that the young man should go to the Bar. So when in March, 1737, Johnson, his heart light with hope and his pocket heavy with his tragedy of *Irene*, abandoned his unprofitable school and took the road that led to London and to literary fame, his pupil accompanied him. On his arrival in the capital David entered his name on the books of Lincoln's Inn; he then continued his way to Rochester, where, in the house of the Rev. John Colson, he was to prepare for a forensic career by a course of instruction in "mathematics, philosophy, and humane learning."

But during the few months he passed with Colson two successive deaths upset all his plans. The first was that of his father, who died soon after his son's departure from Lichfield; the second, that of his uncle, the Lisbon wine-merchant. In his will Captain Garrick left his son the proverbial shilling of the disinherited; this seeming harshness is, however, probably to be ascribed not to anger at misconduct on David's part, but to the fact that the uncle had, before his death, announced his intention of leaving him, his favourite nephew, the sum of £1,000. Moreover, the poor captain had little to distribute among his children.

With a part of his uncle's legacy David paid his board and his teaching at Mr. Colson's; then, seeing that to help his mother and the younger children some speedier road to fortune was necessary, he abandoned his preparation for the Bar, united his small capital with that of his elder brother, Peter,[1] and founded with him a wine business at London and Lichfield. David took charge of the town office, while Peter remained, as head of the family, at Lichfield and made a home there for his mother and sisters.

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[1] Peter had, no doubt for reasons similar to those that guided his brother, given up his career in the Navy.

II

LIFE AT LONDON

Of all the parts that Garrick played in life, that of the wine-merchant is the least known to us to-day. His biographers have had, as a rule, to content themselves with representing him in his cellars at Durham Yard, Strand, close by the spot on which rose, some thirty years later, that Adelphi Terrace where he died, and with quoting Foote's very sour description of his stock as "Three quarts of vinegar." Yet two letters of his, dating from this period, exist, which allow us to see what kind of affairs he was treating and into what circles he was making his way:

London, *July 5th*, 1740.[1]

Dear Peter,

> I received y^{rs} with a double pleasure, y^{r} safe arrival and my mother's better health being mention'd therein. I shall send the sugar as powder and would have sent y^{e} white wine, but I thought the grocer's packing would be better and have put it off to a better opportunity. I wrote to you by M^{r} Robins and sent y^{r} wig; I hope before this you will have comply'd with y^{e} contents of It [*i.e. of the letter*] with regard to Giffard; my L^{d} Chamberlain[2]

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[1] This letter, which comes from the Forster Collection, vol. xxvii., is here printed for the first time.

[2] That is, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain and licenser of the theatres. This letter alludes, no doubt, to the efforts made by Giffard to secure permission to reopen his theatre at Goodman's Fields, which had been closed by the passing of the Licensing

has given him a very hopefull answer and I have no doubt of his success. He has had several friends back his interest and I believe if you could anyways get a lett^{r} from M^{r} Webster, whom you mentioned in y^{r} last and is a very good natur'd man, to one M^{r} Maddox to use his interest with y^{e} Duke it would forward y^{e} thing very much, if you tell how Giffard has recommended us and that there is no great obligation in such a trifle, being only to corroberate [*sic*] y^{e} interest he has already made, I am sure (and so is Brouncker, who put this into Giffard's head) it would do him service.

I have y^{e} custom of y^{e} Bedford Coffee house, one of y^{e} best in London, by Giffard's means; I would help him all in our power, as I dare answer you would. Pray my best services to Mr. Sadal and tell him his nephew is at present very well, tho he has been troubled with his old disorder. I have got Dapar [?] to take him to D^{r} Pellet, a very eminent physician, who has prescrib'd for him, and I don't doubt but will relieve him; he is a very honest, sober, sensible young fellow, and I don't doubt but will turn out well; he coundt [*sic*] get into y^{e} Hospital till Michelmas; he is therefore advis'd till then to attend D^{r} Nichols lectures, which will be of infinite Service to him and serve by way of preparation to ye Hospital studies. I will take care of him till then and preach up economy and virtue to him; I have already given him a first detestation for y^{e} lewd night walkers and

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Bill in 1737. It is to be supposed that the intervention of Messrs. Webster and Maddox was unsuccessful; for in October, 1740, Giffard had certainly not obtained the needful permission. To evade the stipulations of the Act, he then hit on the ingenious device of giving *free* performances of plays, after a concert at which the audience paid for their seats.

vile polluters of youth ; he always smiles when I begin my lecture and cries *Flee y^e*, you talk *welly* as well as M^r Hinton [a favourite clergyman of his at Lichfield]. Dapar gives him all the Instruction he can and sends him to visit his patients every day ; he likewise tells me he is an understanding youth and wants nothing but a little polishing of his dialect, which has much of y^e Staffordshire twang with it. I would advise M^r Sadal to let him attend D^r Nicols lectures ; tell him I say so, and that, Damn him, I have a small veneration for his rotund Paunch and no despicable opinion of his Brains, and that likewise I have a much greater for y^e Rest of his family.

I shall receive the Kinaston's pension next week and will give you notice accordingly. I am glad my mother is much better and I hope each of y^r following letters will still give me more pleasure by the same account. Pray my love and service to Broth^{rs} and Sisters and let —— know I will answer her letter when I can have time to write a correct one.

I am etc.,

D. GARRICK.

Peter seems to have done his best to oblige the friend who had been so useful in recommending Garrick Bros. to the Bedford Coffee-house, for in a later communication of David's we read :

DEAR PETER,

I have receiv'd Giffard's Note safe, and he returns his Thanks and will pay you y^e Expences You have been at when he sees you. M^r Hassell shew'd me yesterday a Letter from his Father wherein he mentions his having paid You y^e Money I lay'd down for him, if It is pay'd I must desire you to

> Send Me up a Bill as soon as possible, For cash is rather Low and Brounker wants his Money, pray let me have It as soon as possible. I am very uneasy till you send Me a particular Acc't of my Mother; I hear by Severall hands she is in great Danger, pray my Duty, and I desire nothing may be conceal'd from Me. Doctor James[1] is come to Town for good and all, I [think ?] he'll do very well, pray my Services to Sadal's Family, Love and Services to Brothers and Sisters, and believe me,
>
> Dear Peter,
> Y^rs sincerely,
> D. GARRICK.
>
> The Ale I have receiv'd safe. Y^e Carriage came in all to about 11 shillings. I believe it will prove good.
>
> I should be glad of some orders.[2]

The fears that David here expresses for the health of his mother were only too well founded. Three weeks later she died, and was buried at Lichfield on September 28th, 1740. The date is of some importance, as all save one of the actor's biographers have assigned Mrs. Garrick's death to the same year as that of her husband.[3] Had this statement been correct Garrick could hardly have declared that "his regard for his mother's peace and happiness prevented him from appearing on the stage till after her death, and that he imagined this circumstance greatly contributed to the vast success he had met with; for, being then turned of thirty, his judgment was more mature, and occasioned his avoiding many errors which he might have run into had he begun earlier in life."[1] What Garrick says here is substantially correct. Although his inclination was already, as formerly at Lisbon, overmastering his attempts at business and carrying him towards the stage, he refused to darken the last years of his mother's life by embarking on a career which was considered dishonourable, and which her old-fashioned, cathedral-town respectability would have regarded with horror. He showed here, as in his earlier relations with his parents, a tender respect which is all to his credit.

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[1] The celebrated inventor of that panacea, Dr. James's Powder.

[2] September 4th, 1740. Quoted from G. P. Baker's *Unpublished Correspondence*, p. 4.

[3] See Davies, p. 15; Knight, p. 14; Fitzgerald: *in little more than a year from his father's death*, p. 27. Mrs. Parsons gives the date of Mrs. Garrick's burial in her *David Garrick and his Circle.*

How difficult the temptation must have been to resist is plain from the first of the two letters quoted above. There we see him on friendly terms with the actor-manager who was, in the following year, to present him to the public in *Richard III.*; so intimate with him, indeed, that he cares for his interests and supports his demand for a permission to reopen his theatre. There we find him, too, supplying wine to the famous Bedford Coffee-house, the rooms of which were soon to ring with his praises, and were later to hear the railings of Fitzpatrick and his friends against the monarch of the stage. He had already written his first piece, the sketch *Lethe*, and seen it produced at Drury Lane (April 16th, 1740) at a Benefit offered to his friend Giffard.[2] Thus everything drew him slowly but surely towards the stage. He had made the acquaintance of

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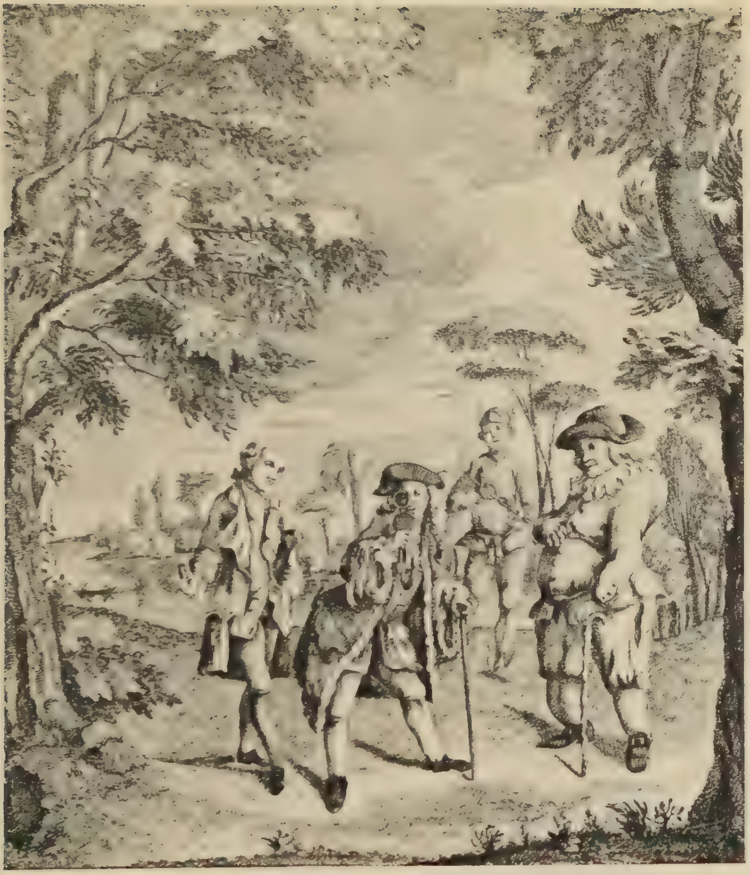
[1] This anecdote is recounted, on the faith of Dr. Mudge, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Memoirs*, by James Northcote, 1813, p. 61. As a matter of fact, the actor was twenty-five, and not thirty, at the date of his first appearance; but this slip is possibly due to Northcote's informant.

[2] Giffard played in the Drury Lane company during the seasons that his own theatre remained closed.



Gabriel Smith fecit.

MR. GARRICK

In the character of "Lord Chalkstone" in the farce of *Lethe.*

Well done, old Boy! pshaw, damn the Gout!
The Chalkstones never fail;
Thy spirits, tho' thy limbs give out,
Are brisk as bottled ale.

From a print in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

Macklin, a member of the Drury Lane company, and, through him, of the celebrated Peg Woffington. With the young Irish actress he fell madly in love, wrote her verses in the public papers, disputed her favours with titled rivals, and passed for being loved by her. He was already a frequenter of wings and green-rooms; and when, in March 1741, his friend Yates was suddenly seized with an indisposition which prevented him from playing his part of Harlequin at Goodman's Fields, our young wine-merchant hid his commercial respectability under the spangled costume and the black mask, exchanged his pen for the cardboard sword, and replaced the sick actor. At that date his mother was dead, and his few remaining scruples were fast melting away. Perhaps had cash not been so low, or had Peter succeeded in sending him more orders, business might have made a better resistance. The unoccupied days left him too much leisure for the conning of parts; the too brilliantly occupied nights made Durham Yard look miserably dingy next morning. The affairs of Garrick Bros. must have languished during the summer months of 1741, while the London partner was touring, incognito, at Ipswich with his friend Giffard's company. Back from this provincial debut, David began to prepare in earnest for an appearance in London; and one day of October 1741 Peter, who suspected little or nothing, read in a letter from his brother: "Last night I played Richard y^e^ Third to y^e^ surprise of Everybody"; and certainly the Lichfield partner was not the least surprised of all!

> "My mind," continues the letter, "(as you must know), has been always inclined to y^e^ Stage; nay, so strongly that all my late illness and loss of Spirits was owing to the

> struggle. Finding that both my inclination and my interest required some new way of life, I have chosen y^e one most agreeable to myself; and though I fear you will be much displeas'd at me, yet I hope when you find that I have y^e genius of an actor, without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be asham'd to own me for a Brother."[1]

There is no need to recount once more in this place the events of that first triumphal season and the incidents of a career which knew few checks. A dozen lines will resume all that needs be stated: in 1742 a new triumph welcomed Garrick to Dublin; from that year till 1746 he was the chief star of the Drury Lane company; 1743 marks his famous quarrel with Macklin. In 1746 he deserts Drury Lane for Covent Garden; then he becomes the partner of Lacy in buying the licence of the former theatre, and establishes himself as actor-manager. In 1749 he marries the dancer, Eva Violetti[2]; 1750-51, a period of intense rivalry with Barry at Covent Garden, saw Garrick's supremacy firmly grounded. In 1751 he makes his first trip to Paris; in 1755 he brings on the stage Noverre's French ballet *La Fête chinoise*, and sees his theatre sacked by a jingo mob. A few years later his acting is bitterly criticized by Fitzpatrick, who foments the *Half-pay* riots. His popularity being somewhat on the wane, he decides to leave England, and travels on the Continent from 1763 to 1765; 1769 is the date of the Shakespearean Jubilee, organized by Garrick at Stratford. In 1776 he retires from the stage, and dies on January 20th, 1779.

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[1] October 20th, 1741; Forster Collection, vol. xxvii.

[2] We cannot enter here into the mystery of Mrs. Garrick's birth and parentage. She was probably an illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Burlington; it seems difficult otherwise to account for the protection extended to her by the Burlington family, and for the fact that the Earl gave her a dowry. The curious are referred to Lee Lewes's *Memoirs*, or to J. Knight's *David Garrick*, pp. 122 *sqq.*, where the different stories are clearly summed up. What is certain is that she was an excellent wife to Garrick, and that the actor was devotedly attached to her. In her letter to George Garrick about his brother's illness (p. 185) and in those she wrote to her nieces at Paris (p. 383) will be found evidence of her good heart and good sense. In old age (she lived to be ninety-eight), her thriftiness developed into a less creditable characteristic. When she travelled with her husband in France she was much admired for her beauty, her gentle manners, and her devotion to David; the letters of Garrick's foreign correspondents refer again and again to his *charmante épouse.*

As it is our intention to study especially those features of his activity which later attracted the attention of his French friends, we will, after this résumé of his life, consider briefly in him the actor, the admirer of Shakespeare, the author, and the man.

III

THE ACTOR

The quality which places Garrick above all other actors is his astonishing versatility. From the very beginning of his career he played all parts with equal ease. Thus, in the course of his first season, he metamorphosed himself into characters so widely different as that *dreadful minister of hell*, Richard III.; Sharp,[1] the wily, knavish valet, a younger brother of Sganarelle; Fondlewife,[2] the old Puritan banker, uxorious and jealous; Witwoud,[3] the affected and ridiculous fop; and Bayes,[4] the farcically conceited author. Yet more; in the same evening, after representing the age and weakness of tortured, maddened Lear, he became the young, stupid, vicious, country-lout, Master Johnny in Cibber's *School-boy*. What great actor would to-day dare assume disguises so diverse? Our modern stage has, indeed, become so highly specialized that such Protean artists are looked upon with some disdain, and relegated to the music-halls.

It is true that in 1740 a similar remark might almost have been made; the chief actors of the time were usually masters in one style, or famous in two or three characters. It was the daring pliancy of Garrick's genius that astounded the public of 1741, and set him at once above his rivals. "The thing that strikes me above all others," wrote a friend,[1] whose critical sense was exercised and refined, "is that variety in your acting, and your being so totally a different man in Lear from what you are in Richard. There is a sameness in every other actor. Cibber is something of a coxcomb in everything, and Wolsey and Syphax and Iago all smell strong of Lord Foppington. Booth was a philosopher in Cato, and was a philosopher in everything else. His passion in Hotspur and Lear was much of the same nature, whereas yours was an old man's passion and an old man's voice and action; and in the four parts wherein I have seen you—Richard, Chamont, Bayes, and Lear—I never saw four actors more different from one another than you are from yourself."[2]

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[1] In Garrick's *Lying Valet*.
[2] In Congreve's *Old Bachelor*.
[3] In Congreve's *Way of the World*.
[4] In the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*.

Even Horace Walpole, who never allowed his exquisitely aristocratic judgment to be seduced by the general admiration for Garrick, was forced to say: "I think him a very good and very various player . . . several have pleased me more, though, I allow, not in so many parts."[3]

Those Frenchmen who saw him act in the Paris *salons* were especially struck by this power of adaptation to all characters: "We saw him play the dagger-scene from the tragedy of *Macbeth*, in a room, in his ordinary clothes, and with no help from scenic illusion; and, as he followed with his eyes that dagger, moving suspended through the air, he became so beautiful that he drew from the whole audience a general cry of admiration. Who would believe that the same man could, the next moment, imitate with as much perfection a pastrycook's boy, carrying a tray of pies on his head, gaping as he walks, letting fall his pastry into the gutter, standing at first stupefied at his misfortune, and finally bursting into tears?"[1]

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[1] The Rev. Thomas Newton, later Bishop of Bristol, and author of a *Dissertation on Prophecies*. At this date he was tutor in Lord Carpenter's family at London.

[2] Boaden, vol. i. p. 7.

[3] *Correspondence*, ed. Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 335

The witness last quoted was a man of letters; professional actors showed no less astonishment. Préville, in his *Mémoires,* after declaring that he has no desire to divert from a theatrical career any one "who does not unite in his person the qualities necessary *for playing all parts in general,*" continues thus: "Nature is sparing of such phenomena; they appear once in a century, for an actor who possesses such talents is a phenomenon indeed. In our century that honour was reserved for England. Garrick had no rival in any country, and the title[2] which was deservedly his is still vacant."[3]

In the passage from the *Correspondance littéraire* quoted above, Grimm draws attention to another of Garrick's qualities: his style and diction were natural and unaffected. This, again, struck all those who witnessed his first performances. The young actor had nothing of that measured, rhythmic declamation, of those stiff and heavy movements, of that majestic sluggishness which reduced what should have been *acting* to an exchange of recitatives. On the contrary, he endeavoured "to suit the action to the word and the word to the action," and, following ever the counsel of Shakespeare, "to hold the mirror up to nature."

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[1] Grimm, *Correspondance littéraire,* 1er juillet, 1765.

[2] That is, the title of Roscius.

[3] Obliged by the somewhat illogical construction of the French to translate rather freely, we give here Préville's exact words: "La Nature est avare de ces phénomènes qui paraissent une fois dans un siècle, et c'en est un, sans doute, qu'un comédien qui possède un pareil talent. Pour notre siècle cet honneur était réservé à l'Angleterre: Garrick n'eut de rival dans aucun pays, et le titre qu'il mérita est encore vacant" (*Mémoires de Préville,* ed. Ourry, Paris, 1823).

It is evident, from all the passage to which we have just referred, that such was the manner of the players trained by the great dramatist himself. Moreover, his pieces, like those of his contemporaries, are full of movement; they need to be *lived* far more than to be *declaimed*. This is the essential difference between French and English classical tragedy—a difference the explanation of which is to be found in the character of either race. The French pieces appeal specially to the reason; the poet sets forth everything in words, and the audience might well listen to his verses with closed eyes. On the English stage action plays an important part, and one may say, without exaggeration, that the spoken word often forms the accompaniment and commentary of that action. French tragedy, essentially a literary and aristocratic production, bound by the laws and traditions of antiquity, translates action into verse, and, to avoid the brutal fact shown nakedly on the stage, freely employs confidents, soliloquies by principal actors, and narrations of events by subordinates. English tragedy, presenting its rich picture of life to a general public, ungloved and unperfumed, mitigates nothing of the cruelty of existence, but shows the terrible effects of all the passions—the blow that killed, the corpse that called forth tears and indignation, the madness wrought by folly, and the punishment of vice and inhumanity. Compare Shakespeare's *Othello* with Corneille's *Horace*. See in the one jealousy kindled by Iago's winks and nods and rough-sketched hints, the intrigue all turning on that little piece of white linen (*un mouchoir!* the very word was inadmissible in Gallic tragedy), until with veritable bolsters the swarthy Moor stifles unhappy Desdemona before the eyes of the audience. In the other follow the almost mathematical exposition of the situation, given by Sabine and Camille in their successive confidences with the obliging Julie; the artistically contrived narration of the combat and of the wavering fortunes of Rome and Alba, begun by old Horace and completed by Valère; see the pride of the victor and the agony of his bereaved sister, brought at length face to face; and then, when the tragedy is fully ripe and the catastrophe imminent, see young Horace chase his sister off the stage, kill her in cleanly fashion in the wings, and, returning, declare:

> Ainsi reçoive un châtiment soudain,
> Quiconque ose pleurer un ennemy romain!

There we may plainly discern the difference between the two schools,[1] a difference that Voltaire felt when he called French tragedies "conversations in five acts,"[2]; and that is why he tried, under the influence of Shakespeare, to put more movement into his own pieces. If he did not succeed in making them as living as those of the model he pretended to despise, it was not only that he lacked genius for the stage, but also, as we have already said, that the difference reposed on a dissimilarity of racial temperament. Rousseau was probably right when he declared that, "Le Français ne cherche pas sur la scène le naturel et l'illusion et n'y veut que de l'esprit et des pensées."[3]

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[1] Comparisons by which we might establish the difference are not lacking: cf. *Macbeth* and *Britannicus*; *Manlius* of de La Fosse with *Venice preserved*, by Otway; or Lillo's *George Barnwell* and Moore's *Gamester*, with their *first* adaptations on the French stage; finally, Ducis's arrangements of Shakespeare's tragedies with the originals.

[2] He also called them "des conversations de Clélie" (*Discours sur la tragédie à milord Bolingbroke.*)

[3] *Nouvelle Héloïse*, II., Lettre 17.

Now, since the Restoration, French taste in tragedy had invaded the English stage to such an extent that the tradition of energetic and lively gesture had been considerably impaired.[1] For the last eighty years the public had been regaled with heroic dramas, written in the French style, often in rhyme, which fettered free diction, with long and windy speeches in which the poet "bombasted forth noble sentiments, railed in verse at Fortune and reviled the gods,"[2] and which the actor, advancing to the front of the stage, recited in rhythmic fashion with conventional gestures and in absolute indifference to the movements of his companions on the theatre. Contemporary portraits of the chief players who preceded Garrick are not sufficiently numerous nor precise to allow us to follow in detail the development of this high-flown style; but we know that Quin, the public favourite at the moment of Garrick's appearance, had adopted a monotonous and colourless system of declamation, devoid of action; "he did not distinguish characters from one another," it has been said, "except by costume and by outbursts of fury"[3]; whilst a dramatist of the time gives of him the following description: "With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference that seemed to disclaim the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Unable to express emotions, whether violent or tender, he was forced and languid in action, and ponderous and sluggish in movement. In the great characters of tragedy he was lost, and the most trustworthy of contemporary critics declares that people will remember with pleasure his Brutus and his Cato, and wish to forget his Richard and his Lear."[1]

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[1] "We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts, victorious, triumphed o'er our arms." (Pope).

[2] "Se guindait sur de grands sentiments, bravait en vers la fortune, et disait des injures aux dieux" (Molière, *Critique de l'École des Femmes*).

[3] Mantzius, *History of Theatrical Art* (English translation by Louise von Cassel, 1909), vol. v. pp. 375 *sqq.*

Quin had studied at the school of Betterton and of Booth, the two greatest actors that England had known since the Restoration, so that it is highly probable that his style was modelled on theirs; and, when we see the point which Quin had reached, we may judge what had been the slope followed by theatrical art during the preceding eighty years. Dr. Johnson has well resumed the evolution of this cold and bombastic style in tragedy in his famous Prologue for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1745:

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[1] *Memoirs of Cumberland* (1806), vol. i. p. 80. It will be remembered that, when Quin saw Garrick act for the first time, he declared that, if the young fellow was right, he and the other actors of the day were wrong. Further, he compared Garrick to Whitefield, whose preaching at that time was emptying the regular churches. "Such heresies," said Quin, "never last; after a while people always return to the orthodox faith." It was in reply to this remark that Garrick wrote his well-known epigram:

> Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
> Complains that heresy infects the town;
> That Whitefield-Garrick has misled the age,
> And taints the sound religion of the stage.
> Schism, he cries, has turned the nation's brain,
> But eyes will open, and to church again.
> Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar;
> Thy bulls and errors are revered no more.
> When doctrines meet with general reprobation
> It is not Heresy, but Reformation.

It is only fair to remind the reader that James Thomson has given a very favourable portrait of Quin in *The Castle of Indolence*:

> Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age:
> But called by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
> A noble pride restored him to the stage,
> And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
> Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
> With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
> Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
> Each due decorum; now the heart he shakes
> And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlightened judgment takes.

But there is certainly a good deal of friendly prejudice here; the actor whose supremacy had been seriously threatened by Delane and by Macklin in succession was hardly such a giant.

> For years the power of tragedy declined:
> From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
> Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.

The coldness of the old conventional system and the necessity of substituting for it a more natural diction and a more expressive pantomime—those are questions which Garrick and his friend Macklin must have often discussed. For, in justice to the latter, it should not be forgotten that he was really the precursor of Garrick in the revolution about to be accomplished. In training pupils he counselled them to adopt on the stage a manner of speaking that approximated to that they employed in daily life. His own acting was forcible and lively, though somewhat too rugged; and then, his incurable Irish brogue suggested a want of polish. It was he who, a year before Garrick's first appearance, had reinstated Shylock among the great parts of Shakespearean tragedy, for since 1660 it had been the custom to treat the Jew as an amusing character. It was he who coached his young friend in the rôle of Lear, and who emended by his criticisms Garrick's first attempts. It was he who, later, played Macbeth in a Scotch costume more becoming to the part than the gold-laced uniform and three-cornered hat worn by Garrick and others. In fine, Macklin had the intelligence and the courage necessary in the innovator; but he lacked the physical means and attractions to make the public welcome his ideas.

To a similar artistic conception Garrick brought resources infinitely superior to those of his forerunner. Directly he appeared he amazed all by the whole-heartedness and impassioned force of his acting. His Richard III. made an extraordinary effect on the audience, thanks to the skill with which he emphasized the rapid transitions of the character: the ardour of the court paid to Lady Anne, the hypocrisy with which Richard receives the deputation from the city of London, the fury of his movements on the field of battle. In the celebrated scene of the last act, where, after the procession of ghosts, the tyrant starts from his disordered slumber and attempts to reason down his fears, he was no longer an actor repeating a part, but a weak and miserable man passing through a crisis of terror and anguish. It was with a voice full of force and courage that he cried, "Give me another horse"; and then, in a tone of extreme distress, he added, "Bind up my wounds"; next, falling on his knees, he groaned forth in abject despair, "Have mercy, Jesu!"; and all the speech that follows was broken with sobs, starts, and facial gestures which revealed plainly the tortured soul of the tyrant and composed a tragic picture such as, perhaps, none had ever before presented on the stage; such, surely, as no one in the audience had ever seen. Well might *The Daily Post*, referring to this first performance of a "gentleman who never appeared before on any stage" declare that *his reception was the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion.*

In depicting moments of mental anguish, disorder, and passion he was unequalled. "I liked him best in Lear," says a contemporary. "His saying in the bitterness of his anger, 'I will do such things—what they are I know not,' and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, 'Be these tears wet? yes, faith!' putting his finger to the cheek of Cordelia and then looking at his finger, was exquisite."[1] And, in reference to the same character, another tells us: "He rendered the curse so terribly affecting to the audience that, during the utterance of it, they seemed to shrink from it as from a blast of lightning. His preparation for it was extremely affecting; his throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together and lifting his eyes towards heaven, presented a picture worthy the pencil of a Raphael."[2]

In the same way, at his first meeting with the ghost in *Hamlet*, he gasped forth the words: "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" in a low voice, half-stifled with horror; next came a long pause; he stared straight before him, terror-struck, unable to utter a sound—indeed, when he first performed the part the audience believed that he had forgotten his words; then, mastering his emotion, he continued his address to the shade of his father.

Lastly, we will quote another contemporary description which, whilst insisting on the principal characteristics of Garrick's style, reveals incidentally the defects of those actors whom he had found in possession of the stage: "His voice is clear and piercing, perfectly sweet and harmonious, without monotony, drawling, or affectation; . . . it is neither whining, bellowing, or grunting, but . . . perfectly easy in its transitions, natural in its cadence, and beautiful in its elocution. He is not less happy in his mien and gait, in which he is neither strutting nor mincing, neither stiff nor slouching. When three or four are on the stage with him he is attentive to whatever is spoke, and never drops his character when he has finished a speech, by either looking contemptibly [*sic*] on an inferior performer, unnecessarily spitting, or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators. His action corresponds with the voice, and both with the character he is to play; it is never superfluous, awkward, or too frequently repeated, but graceful, decent and various."[1]

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[1] O'Keefe, *Recollections* (1825), vol. i. p. 81.

[2] Davies, *Dramatic Miscellancies* (Dublin, 1784), vol. ii. p. 181.

We have already seen what a powerful impression of tragic beauty Garrick's acting had left in the minds of those Frenchmen who saw him at Paris. It must be remembered that that effect was produced by the authority of his pantomime, for in the *salons* of the eighteenth century the Parisians who understood spoken English were rare. In these extraordinary mimetic powers, associated, no doubt, with a superior intelligence, seems to have especially resided Garrick's excellence as an actor.

An examination of his portraits reveals how varied were his means of facial expression. His eyebrows were clearly and firmly pencilled; they stood fairly high above his eyes, allowing him to employ every note in the scale of the emotions, from the greatest astonishment to the most threatening anger; his nose was well-formed, the end was rather long and eminently mobile, so that its movements completely changed the expression of his physiognomy; the nostrils were delicate, capable of expanding with indignation or of narrowing in severity; the lips were finely cut and full of vivacity, ready to lengthen with gaiety, to droop in sadness, or to protrude with rage and resentment.

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[1] *The Champion*, No. 455; quoted in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1742.

Garrick relied so much on his facial resources that, according to Murphy, he abandoned the rôle of Othello because he could not employ them properly in that part, the black make-up preventing the audience from following the workings of his countenance.

His eyes were extremely striking, full of fire and movement. "Their cut," says one description, "is what a painter would call bold and perfect; their size, big; the pupil large, strong, lively, active and variable, its colour dark, surrounded and set off with a due proportion of white, that gives to its every motion a brilliancy, a distinctness, a life, that speaks in every glance."[1] All his contemporaries have mentioned those wonderful eyes. When Mrs. Siddons, not yet the Queen of Tragedy, played with Garrick in *Richard III.*, she was so fascinated by them that she forgot her own by-play, in which Garrick had previously instructed her, until a shade of reproach, rising in her partner's regard, recalled her to herself; and she was accustomed to say, later, that she could never think of that brief glance of anger without a shudder of fright.[2]

His eyes expressed his meaning before he began to speak; they communicated to the audience and to those with him on the stage the feelings that animated them at every moment. It is related that when, one day, he turned towards a subordinate with the words: "There's blood upon thy face!" the accusing glance with which he enforced the sentence was so intense that the man involuntarily raised his hand to his cheek and faltered out: "My God! it's true."

So mobile were his features that he could entirely change their expression and create himself a new physiognomy which his friends did not recognize. The anecdote is well known which represents him posing to Hogarth for the portrait of Fielding after the death of that author; or that other, according to which he assumed, during his trip to Paris in 1751, the visage of an Englishman who had been murdered, and so wrung a confession from the astonished and terrified assassin.[1] The truth or the falseness of such stories is not of prime importance; they crystallize the opinion of the actor's contemporaries as to his extraordinary talents and fix in a striking form a reflection, at least, of the truth.

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[1] *Theatrical Review*, quoted by Knight, p. 327.

[2] Fitzgerald, p. 251.

It was no easy task to transfer to the canvas features so changeable. Garrick, as a model, threw painters into despair. Let us listen a moment to Northcote relating Sir Joshua Reynolds's experiences:

"When the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character; which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils on the floor, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture."[2]

When Carmontelle sketched Garrick in water-colours at Le Raincy in 1765, he experienced the same difficulties: "Whilst the actor was being painted, as his liveliness prevents him from remaining quiet for one moment, he practised passing, by imperceptible shades, from extreme joy to extreme sadness, and even to despair and horror."[1]

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[1] From these two anecdotes an unknown French writer drew the material for a vaudeville, acted (?) at the Théâtre des Variétés, 1819, but, as far as we know, unpublished; the MS. is at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Nouvelles Acquisitions Françaises, No. 2920.

[2] Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Memoirs*, pp. 58, 59.

Nor was this mobility limited to his face; he assumed at will the gait and deportment of every age and of all conditions of life. He was perfectly built, somewhat on the small side, and carried himself nimbly and lightly; all his movements were graceful, and full of the vivacity which animated his features; in short, he had an airy sprightliness which one can hardly claim as characteristically English. "His limbs," says a German, who studied him with minute attention, "are most agreeably proportioned, and every part of the man harmonizes in most charming fashion. Not even the most practised eye could discover the least imperfection apparent in him, neither in details nor in the whole, nor yet in his movements. . . . His way of walking, of shrugging his shoulders, of folding his arms, of putting on his hat, now drawn down over the eyes, now on one side and uncovering his forehead—all this with the supplest movements imaginable, as if each of his limbs was his right hand, forms a sight that does one good. One feels light and at ease when one sees the strength and certainty of his movements, and how he appears present in every muscle of his body. . . . The expression of his face is so clear and living that it communicates itself to those who see him. The spectators are grave with him, frown when he frowns, smile when he smiles; in his unrestrained good-humour and his laughing ways, when in an aside he seems to take the public into his confidence, there is something so insinuating that one flies with all one's soul, so to speak, to this charmer."[1]

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[1] *Correspondance littéraire*, 1er juillet, 1765.

A rival actor has left us a somewhat satirically conceived comparison between Garrick's acting and that of Spranger Barry, the *grand amoureux* of the period, in which the superiority of the former peeps forth: "The Garden Scene (in *Romeo and Juliet*) itself is decisive of the whole business. Barry comes into it, Sir, as a great Lord, swaggering about his love and talking so loud, that by G—, Sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. . . . But how does Garrick act this? Why, Sir, sensible that the family of the Capulets are at enmity with him and all his house, *he* comes in *creeping* upon his *toes*, whispering his love, and cautiously looking about him, *just like a thief in the night.*"[1]

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[1] Georg Lichtenberg (Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Göttingen), *Vermischte Schriften* (Göttingen, 1844), vol. iii, pp. 209, 210. If we do not attempt to retrace the portrait of Garrick in our own words, it is because such a reconstitution seems unnecessary after our quotations from contemporary descriptions. Of these we add one more, taken from an obituary notice in *The Whitehall Evening Post*, March 17th, 1779: "David Garrick, Esq., was in figure low, pleasing, manly, genteel, and elegant. He had every requisite to fit him for every character; his limbs were pliant, his features ductile and expressive, and his eye keen, quick, and obedient, versant to all occasions and places. His voice was harmonious, and could vibrate through all the modulations of sound; could thunder in Passion, tremble in Fear, dissolve into the softness of Love, or melt into every mood of Pity and Distress. These liberal dowries of Nature were ornamented by the most refined acquisitions of Art: Music, Dancing, Painting, Fencing, Sculpture, gave him each their respective graces; from them he borrowed his deportment, his ease, and his attitudes. . . . Every degree of Age—every stage, scene, and period of life, from the hot and youthful lover up to the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon—all were alike to him. At twenty-four he could put on all the weaknesses and wrinkles of the greatest age; and at sixty he wore in his appearance and action all the agility of buxom and wanton youth. . . . If he was angry, so was you; if he was distress'd, so was you; if he was terrified, so was you; if he was merry, so was you; if he was mad, so was you. He was an enchanter, and led you where he pleased."

Such, then, were some of the qualities which, added to the resources of his mind and of his heart, made of Garrick the greatest actor of his age—indeed, one runs but little risk of being accused of exaggeration in saying, or of any other age.

Whilst rendering sincere homage to his great merits, one reserve suggests itself to our judgment: was not his style of acting somewhat *too* emphatic at times?[2] It is to be doubted whether to-day, in a century which professes at least to hate romantic excess and to sigh after simplicity and realism, we should appreciate a stage presence so powerful as was his. On this point let us consult Lichtenberg once again and see if his enthusiasm has not noted details somewhat too prominent, patches somewhat too purple.

This is how he describes Garrick in the ghost-scene of *Hamlet*: (At Horatio's words, "Look, my lord, it comes!") "Garrick turns abruptly round and, at the same moment, totters backward two or three steps, his legs giving way beneath him; his hat falls on the ground; his arms, especially the left, are almost fully spread, the hand on a level with his head, the right arm bent with the hand hanging down, the fingers wide apart, the mouth open; thus he remains in a noble attitude, but which well suits the part, as if turned to stone, supported by his friends, who are well acquainted with the apparition and are afraid that he may fall. His features expressed such horror that I felt a shudder run through and through me, even before he began to speak; when at length he does speak, he does not take breath first but uses the end of a respiration, and it is in a trembling voice that he says, 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us.'"[1]

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[1] This anecdote is reported, under the form of a conversation between Garrick and Macklin, by Henry Angelo in his *Pic-nic* (1834; reimpression 1905). Angelo adds that Garrick did not at all appreciate the last part of the comparison.

[2] Especially in the earlier part of his career; it is evident that age, experience, and what he saw in France made Garrick's acting much more polished.

It is difficult not to suspect here something too theatrical, too strongly underlined, offensive to the intelligence of the finer part of the audience. Is it necessary to rewrite the poet's meaning in letters so gigantic?

If we pass to comedy parts, the same characteristics are at times in evidence. Let us quote a newspaper account of the first performance of Garrick's *Miss in her Teens*. The critic, after detailing the incidents which form the somewhat unsubstantial foundation of the plot, goes on to regret that the actor has thus set himself the difficult task of "diverting us with the trifling circumstances of *a piece of black silk on his finger; a cambrick handkerchief on his neck;* the POSTURE *in which he presents a pill-box*; the ARMING *of a chair*; the ADVANCES *to a duel*; the *trip-on* and *jaunt-off* the stage. It is a pity that *Mr. Garrick* should impose the ridiculous task upon himself of diverting us in so unaccountable a manner."[2]

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[1] Lichtenberg, *op. cit.*, vol. iii. pp. 214, 215. With this description of Garrick in Hamlet may be compared that given by Fielding, *Tom Jones*, book xvi. chap. v., "Partridge at the Play": "If that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. . . . There, sir, now! What say you now? Is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world," etc. Johnson, on the other hand, seems to have considered that Garrick over-emphasized the Prince of Denmark's terror. When Boswell asked him, "Would you not, sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" he answered: "I hope not. If I did, I should frighten the ghost." See Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. v. p. 38.

[2] *The Anatomist and News Regulator*, Jan. 31st, 1747. We reproduce the italics and capitals of the original.

Here, again, there is something of that senseless exaggeration of the futile which merges the comic in the ridiculous; something perilously like the red nose, yellow whiskers, and swollen umbrella of the music-hall artist.

Lastly, we will consult a critic frankly unfavourable to Garrick, one of the comedians whose place he had taken in the favour of the public, but who, in spite—perhaps, because—of his hostility, is not lacking at times in keenness of perception and alertness of judgment: "Tho I have as quick a perception of the merits of this actor as his greatest admirers . . . yet I am not therefore to be blind to his studied Tricks, his overfondness for extravagant Attitudes, frequent affected Starts, convulsive Twitchings, Jerkings of the Body, sprawling of the Fingers, flipping the breast and pockets: a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the caricature of gesture, suggested by pert vivacity: his pantomime manner of acting every word in a sentence; his unnatural pauses in the middle of a sentence; his forc'd conceits, his wilful neglect of harmony, even where the round period of a well-expressed noble sentiment demands a graceful cadence in the delivery."

Farther on he explains in what manner Garrick acted every word in a sentence: "When Benedick says: 'If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me!' . . . Methinks this slight short sentence requires not such a variety of action as minutely to describe the cat being clapp'd into the bottle, then being hung up, and the further painting of the man shooting at it. . . . Observe the Golden Rule of *not too much*; this Rule every actor should pay regard to."

And once more, describing Garrick in Romeo, the critic says: "Now he's going to the tomb;

his first thought is to dispatch his servant, from whom he conceals his real intent and threatens him to presume to watch him at peril of his life. Yet, on the opening of the scene, the actor, with folded arms, advances about three or four steps, then jumps and starts into an attitude of surprise: at what? Why, at the sight of a monument he went to look for. And there he stands, till a clap from the audience relieves him from his post. Is not this forc'd? Is it not misplac'd? Is it not as improper as ranting loudly those threats to his servant which shou'd be deliver'd in an under voice, expressive of terror, but not mouth'd out loud enough to alarm the watch. . . . These are thy triumphs! thy exploits! O Davy!"[1]

The ill-will of our enemies oft reveals our weaknesses better than the indulgence of our friends. Combining these latter observations with the more favourable criticisms first quoted, the reader will, perhaps, arrive at the conclusion that Garrick had, especially in the earlier half of his career, a certain tendency to strain the cord, to try and make the comic yet more laughable and the awful yet more terrible.[2] The defect is a common one on the stage; it is especially insidious for those actors whose scope is the greatest and who have the power to represent all the emotions and all the follies of men; those whose talents are limited are soon taught by experience not to overtask them. It is to Garrick's credit that, in spite of the adulation, often uncritical, which attended his career, he learnt to correct his faults and to tone down his excesses.

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[1] *Theophilus Cibber to David Garrick, Esq., with Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects.* Pronounced at the Haymarket Theatre, January 1756, and published 1759.

[2] It should be mentioned that Garrick was not content with attempting to be simply realistic; he did not imitate nature, but modelled himself on an ideal personage who, in the particular situation, would be affected in the highest degree possible by the emotions of the moment. "If you act only according to your own standard," he said, "or indeed according to the most perfect natural model that exists, you will never be more than mediocre." See Diderot, *Salon de* 1767; *Œuvres,* éd. Assézat et Tourneux, tome xi. p. 16.

But this particular weakness is one that would pass unperceived by those who could not appreciate the full value of the spoken word; or rather, they would be grateful for so rich a visual translation of the poet's meaning. That is why Garrick's powerful pantomime formed, for those Frenchmen who met him at Paris, one of his greatest attractions and the principal proof of his superiority.

IV

THE ADMIRER OF SHAKESPEARE

But, for the Parisians of 1764, Garrick was not only the modern Roscius; he was the resuscitator of Shakespeare's heroes, the man who had by the fire of his acting given fresh force to Shakespeare's pieces; he was the preacher of the new gospel—or of the new heresy—which for the last thirty years had been making converts in the land of Corneille and Racine.

They made no distinction between Garrick and Shakespeare. The actor was received as the dramatist's heir and representative, self-entrusted with the mission of defending his ancestor's glory. Suard writes: "Without David Garrick, William Shakespeare would be a good many inches shorter."[1] Abbé Morellet calls the manager of Drury Lane: "My dear Shakespeare." Ducis, when writing his tragic pieces, draws his inspiration from portraits of Garrick and of Shakespeare placed on his desk: "To separate them would have inflicted too cruel a divorce"; and he adds that the actor is "the surest confident of Shakespeare's genius."[2] Abbé Bonnet goes further still: "Author, actor, tragedian, comedian, only Shakespeare and yourself could combine all that; and posterity will place the minister beside his idol in the same temple."[1] "Garrick," writes Grimm, "is a great admirer of Shakespeare. He will never forgive M. de Voltaire the ill he has said of him"[2]; and the same M. de Voltaire is delighted to be able to attribute to Garrick's genius the reputation of that *barbare*, that *Gilles de la foire*: "The English seem to have got it into their heads that Shakespeare excels Corneille because Garrick is superior to Molé."[3]

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[1] Letter, July 2nd, 1770; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 569.

[2] Letter of April 14th, 1769; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 559.

For his part, the English actor took care to sustain at every moment the title of Defender of the true dramatic Faith which he had taken as his own; that was an attitude which he never abandoned in public. At Paris, in 1765, he refused to meet abbé le Blanc, because the latter, in his *Lettres d'un Français à Londres*, had spoken disrespectfully of Garrick's adopted ancestor. The Shakespearean question was ever an apple of discord between him and his friend Morellet. "He used to watch me out of the corner of his eye," relates the good Abbé, "when I read Shakespeare and he noted the smallest signs of disapprobation expressed on my face. Then he would come at me like a madman, calling me French dog and pressing me with questions and vindications, in order to make me approve peculiarities which our taste cannot support."[4]

Frenchmen of the period could, however, find a good excuse for thus placing Garrick on the same pedestal as the great Elizabethan; most of the actor's countrymen did the same, and the general opinion of English contemporaries is fairly well resumed in *A Poetical Epistle from Shakespeare in Elysium to Mr. Garrick*, where, in very blank verse, the dramatist thus expresses his gratitude to his interpreter:

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[1] Letter of April 19th, no year (1766); Boaden, vol. ii. p. 476.

[2] *Corr. litt.*, July 1st, 1765.

[3] Letter to M. Vaines, Sept. 7th, 1776.

[4] *Mémoires de l'abbé Morellet* (Paris, 1823), p. 208.

> Thou art my living monument; in thee
> I see the best inscription that my soul
> Could wish: perish vain pageantry, despis'd!
> Shakespeare revives! in Garrick breathes again!

And Walpole notes regretfully the same opinion: "Shakespeare is not more admired for writing his plays than Garrick for acting them."[1]

Was the eighteenth century right in thus exalting the comedian to a place beside the poet; and must we really see in him "the man who resuscitated Shakespeare in his entirety"?[2]

If the latter phrase means that Garrick, by the intensity of his acting, gave to Shakespeare's plays all the penetrative force of which they are susceptible, and that he showed how much passion and genius they contained, then the answer may well be in his favour; but if, by "resuscitating Shakespeare in his entirety," is meant, placing his works on the stage as he wrote them, then Garrick is far indeed from deserving such praise.

And first of all, it is an error to believe that, at the moment of Garrick's début, Shakespeare's works were buried in oblivion. "The tendency of public taste [*in favour of the Heroic drama*] had not prevented the actors from constantly having the name of Shakespeare on their play-bills. At the time of Garrick's appearance Shakespeare's plays were, at any rate, acted quite as much in London as they are now, and the great, generally-known characters, such as Hamlet, Richard III., King Lear, Shylock, Othello, Falstaff, etc., belonged to the permanent répertoire of every distinguished actor."[1] All the principal players, from Betterton to Quin, had seen in his tragedies the best vehicle for their talents. As to the comedies,[2] they had been neglected for a time in favour of the school of Farquhar, Wycherley, and Congreve; but from about 1730 managers had once more begun to stage them and the public to appreciate them. Garrick, then, inaugurated no movement in favour of Shakespeare; rather did he profit by that already commenced.

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[1] *Correspondence*, ed. Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 335.
[2] Sainte-Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, vol. iv. p. 322.

One must assuredly accord him praise for continuing that movement and for restoring to the stage pieces that had not been played for years.[3] *Antony and Cleopatra*, as well as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was revived in a good arrangement, made by means of cuts only. *Timon of Athens*, which had not seen the footlights since the Restoration, was given at Drury Lane in 1771, but in a version which still contained no few verses foreign to the original. *Macbeth*, considered since 1660 as a melodrama of which the first two acts were capable of pleasing by their animation, but the last three were dull and void of interest, became once more a tragedy of the highest class; our actor-manager suppressed the additions due to Dryden and D'Avenant, but he retained verses introduced from Middleton, and, with his own hand, added to his own part a speech *in articulo mortis*.

This revival was discretion itself compared with his "improvement" of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is true that these pieces had not been seen for many years; but can one say that they were seen beneath the disguise with which Garrick loaded them? In his hands the first became *Katharine and Petruchio,* and figures under that title in the actor's *Dramatic Works.* The under-plot is entirely removed; we find Bianca already married to Hortensio, and thus the amusing scenes between the different suitors for her hand disappear. With them vanishes Petruchio's reason for demanding Kate in marriage. Thus simplified and reduced to classic unity, the play falls into three parts: Petruchio's courtship of the shrew; the marriage, the hurried departure of the couple, and their arrival at the bridegroom's home; the scenes (much abridged) in which Kate is brought to reason, and the tableau which shows us the scold reduced to meekness. With characteristic clumsiness Garrick takes from Katharine a portion of her final speech on the duties of the model wife, and, by transferring it to the victorious husband, destroys all its veiled comic tone. Shakespeare's joyous farce finishes on a grave note suitable for a homily on the whole duty of woman.

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[1] Mantzius, op. cit. vol. v.

[2] Quin was celebrated as Falstaff, a part for which his build naturally suited him.

[3] A review of the Shakespearean pieces played by Garrick will be found in the Appendix.

As to the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* it was coolly turned into an opera,[1] for the use of the reigning tenor and of two Italian singers, by the addition of twenty-eight songs or choruses, the words of which were borrowed from other pieces of Shakespeare's, from Milton, Waller, Dryden, or written by Garrick himself. Needless to say that such vulgarly comic characters as the Athenian artisans found no place amid the trills and recitatives; with them disappeared "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby." The love-passages between

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[1] *The Fairies,* produced with success February 3rd, 1755; revived in a slightly different version November 23rd, 1763, but without success; played one night only.

Demetrius and Helena, Lysander and Hermia, are also removed. Titania becomes amorous, for no reason whatever—but then, this is an opera—with a clown whom she finds sleeping in the forest. In a word, all the dreamy fancy and all the rich playfulness of the charming pastoral are suppressed; and in that lies the importance to the literary historian of Garrick's alterations of Shakespeare: they mark French influence at its high tide, just before the turn. The French mind, positive, realist, and intellectual, has never shown much sympathy for the visionary creations, so unlike anything in heaven or on earth, of our romantic imaginative poets. Now Garrick's was a French mind, formed in what may be called a French century.

But in the place of what he destroyed he set original productions from his own pen—songs, terrible in their triviality, their nudity unadorned save by strings of commonplaces. Thus:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.
The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Or,

  Joy alone shall employ us,
  No griefs shall annoy us,
No sighs the sad heart shall betray;
  Let the vaulted roof ring,
  Let the full chorus sing,
Blest Theseus and Hippolit-a.

Dare we set in comparison with such verses some of the original lines discarded by Garrick?

Let us risk, at least, a short and well-worn passage:

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies."

If music was necessary, is that unworthy of music?

For this production Garrick composed a Prologue, one of his weakest, in which he asked pardon for daring to put an English opera on the stage:

An Op'ra too! play'd by an English Band!
Wrote in a Language which you understand!
I dare not say *who* wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters, Signor Shakespearelli.

And he adds, with becoming modesty:

This awkward Drama (I confess the offence)
Is guilty, too, of Poetry and Sense.

Except for the remains of Shakespeare's poetry, the piece cannot fairly be declared guilty on the first count; and, as for the second, the play has been so cut about that little sense remains. But then, as Garrick remarks: "Even the best poetry would appear tedious when only supported by Recitative."

The truth is that Garrick was not capable of appreciating Shakespeare as a poet; fanciful pieces like the *Dream* or *The Tempest* were to him formless and barbaric compositions. As to the latter play, our self-styled admirer of Shakespeare, once enthroned at Drury Lane, revived the ridiculous pantomime into which Dryden and D'Avenant had turned it; and that, although Shakespeare's *Tempest*, almost in its pristine beauty, had been acted at the same theatre two years earlier.[1] One can imagine with what raciness Peg Woffington must have played the part of Hippolyte, the man who has never seen a woman—a character added to balance that of the innocent Miranda—and how she must have fired off her share of the broad jokes which pass between Miranda, Dorinda, Ferdinand, and Hippolyte on the subject of marriage and children!

After this first attempt Garrick allowed *The Tempest* to slumber until 1756; then he turned it into another opera in the style of *The Fairies*, which the same composer, Smith, fitted with music and in which the same tenor, Beard, played the principal part.[2]

A like heaviness of touch and the same

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[1] January 31st, 1746. In this revival, however, Dryden's masque of *Neptune and Amphitrite* had been retained.

[2] We attach little importance to the fact, reported by Mr. Fitzgerald (*Life*, p. 156) that Garrick, when accused by a correspondent of the authorship of these monstrosities, denied the charge. It is true that these operas are not included, as are others of Shakespeare's pieces rearranged by him, in his *Works*; but they are given as his in all contemporary lists of his writings—for example, in that placed by Kearsley at the head of his edition of the *Poetical Works*, 1785. This editor affirms that, in compiling his list, he had the assistance of Garrick's friends; and he adds that *he is informed* that it is perfectly accurate. The latter phrase seems to suggest that he had submitted it to members of the actor's family, or to other competent judges. Moreover, the words used by Garrick in the Prologue to *The Fairies* ("I confess the offence") point to him as author of the arrangement. The composer Smith, Handel's friend and secretary, wrote music to *The Fairies*, *The Tempest*, and *The Magician*. All three of these operas were played at Drury Lane and published by Tonson; of *The Magician* Garrick formally acknowledged the authorship. Several critics, especially Theo. Cibber, accused him, during his life of having cut up Shakespeare's pieces into operas; Garrick never denied these accusations. In any case, the operas were performed at his theatre and under his direction.

absence of all poetic feeling characterize his remodelling of *Romeo and Juliet.*[1] "The chief design of the alteration in the following play," declares Garrick in his *Advertisement*, "was to clear the original as much as possible from the jingle and quibble which were always the objections to the reviving it. The sudden change of Romeo's love from Rosaline to Juliet was thought by many, at the first revival of the play, to be a blemish in his character; an alteration in that particular has been made, more in compliance to that opinion than from a conviction that Shakespeare, the best judge of human nature, was faulty. Bandello, the Italian novelist, from whom Shakespeare has borrowed the subject of this play, has made Juliet to wake in the tomb before Romeo dies: this circumstance Shakespeare has omitted, not, perhaps, from judgment, but from reading the story in the French or English translation, both which have injudiciously left out this addition to the catastrophe."

Consequently Garrick, following the example of Otway, who had already demolished *Romeo and Juliet* to construct *Caius Marius* with the débris, takes upon himself the task of correcting the author whom he was wont to call, "The god of my idolatry."

The changes introduced are of two sorts: the first have reference to the structure of the piece, the others to detail and poetic form. All allusion to Rosaline having been suppressed, Garrick is obliged to make cuts in the first two acts and to

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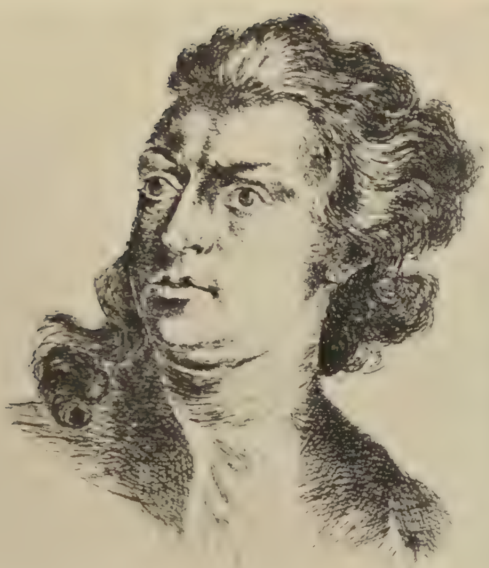
[1] Produced November 29th, 1748, with Barry and Cibber in the principal parts. It ran for nineteen nights; the success seems to have encouraged Barry and Cibber to attempt rivalry with Garrick at Covent Garden in 1750. At this theatre they added a dirge and funeral procession at the beginning of Act V. Garrick, who was acting his own version with Miss Bellamy, replied by a similar attraction. The piece is printed in his *Works*, vol. ii. 1768.



GARRICK AS HAMLET.

From an anonymous engraving of the period in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

change the order of certain scenes. A grave alteration, in more than one sense, is that by which he awakens Juliet in the tomb before Romeo is yet dead, thus introducing a sensational scene, with plenty of contortions and groans for himself, followed by a funeral procession and a dirge, to verses of his own composition, worthy, perhaps, of a place in some opera libretto, but hardly equal to the society in which they find themselves. Thus the actor reinforces the value of his own part, the manager makes his "show" more splendid and more attractive, and the shade of Shakespeare is, doubtless, enchanted at seeing his omissions repaired.

The changes in poetical form bear especially on two points: the romantic spirit and somewhat euphuistic fancy of this work of Shakespeare's youth are carefully eliminated. All "quibble" is removed; for example, the second scene of Act I., where Romeo and Benvolio indulge in a duel of wit, and several of Mercutio's dazzling verses, not forgetting the objectionable pun: "Ask for me to-morrow, and you will find me a *grave* man." All expressions that might seem excessive are suppressed or toned down; thus in—

> These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
> That, as they *kiss* consume;[1]

Garrick decides that "kiss" is passing strange, and alters it to "meet." Juliet's cry—

> Prodigious birth of love it is to me
> That I must love a loathèd enemy,[2]

is omitted entirely.

Thanks to this fondness for curtailing, pruning, and attenuating, some ridiculous errors slip into the text; thus, for Tybalt's fine antithesis:

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[1] Act II. sc. vi.

[2] Act I. sc. v.

> Romeo, the *love* I bear thee can afford
> No better term than this—thou art a villain,[1]

Garrick substitutes, "the *hate* I bear thee"; which is, of course, more readily intelligible to the pit. In the same way the charming exaggeration in which Juliet anticipates the weariness of the long hours which are to separate her from her lover, "I must hear from thee every day in the hour," is garrickized into "I must hear from thee every hour in the day"; and that is certainly more ordinary and easily understanded of the people. But why, instead of the original reply assigned to Romeo—

> I will omit no opportunity
> That may convey my greetings to thee,

why do we read in Garrick, "I will *admit* no opportunity?" Let us hope that this correction is due to the printer's humble but enthusiastic collaboration.

Secondly, all the rhymed portions of the play are reduced to prose, so that no inharmonious "jingle" may remain; in other words, Garrick dared to *unpoetize* some of the finest passages, so as to produce a form of speech more closely assimilated to everyday conversation. We append an example, taken from Act II. sc. iii. Here Friar Laurence's opening speech is cut down, but the rhymes are left, it being evidently considered more as a lyric than as a piece of dialogue. Then:

Enter Romeo

Rom. Good-morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite*!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

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[1] Act III. sc. i.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy *pillow*.[1]
Care keeps his watch on every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never *bide* ;
But where *with unstuft brain unbruisèd youth*
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep *resides* ;
Therefore thy earliness *assureth me*
Thou art uprous'd by some distemperature :
(*Six lines omitted.*)
What is the matter, son?
Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again ;
I have been feasting with my enemy,
Where to the heart's core one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic *lie.*
(*Two lines omitted.*)
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.
(*One line omitted.*)
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On Juliet, *Capulet's* fair daughter ;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine :
(*Line and a half omitted.*)
When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of *vows*,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I *beg*
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is this !

(Passage about Rosaline omitted; after which, Garrick comes to the rescue with the following lines) :

But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,
Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain ?
Be heedful, and see you stop betimes,
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
O'erleaping duty and each due regard,
Hurry thee on, thro' short-liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,
To cureless woes and lasting penitence. Etc.

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[1] Our italics call attention to changes, and will assist the reader in guessing the original rhymes.

Lastly, let us quote the scene added by Garrick to Act V.:

Rom. [No more—here's to my love! Eyes, look your last;
(*Drinking the poison.*)
Arms, take your last embrace; and, lips, do you
The doors of death seal with a righteous kiss]:
Soft! she breathes, and stirs!
(*Juliet wakes.*)

Jul. Where am I? Defend me!

Rom. She speaks, she lives! and we shall still be bless'd!
My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now
For all my sorrows past. Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
And call thee back to life and love.
(*Takes her hand.*)

Jul. Bless me! how cold it is! Who's there?[1]

Rom. Thy husband.
'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet; rais'd from despair
To joys unutt'rable! Quit, quit this place
And let us fly together—
(*Brings her from the tomb.*)

Jul. Why do you force me so? I'll ne'er consent;
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd.
I'll *not* wed Paris—Romeo is my husband.[2]

Rom. Her senses are unsettl'd—Heaven restore them!
Romeo is thy husband; I am that Romeo,
Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Jul. I know that voice. Its magic sweetness wakes
My trancèd soul. I now remember well
Each circumstance. Oh, my lord, my husband!
(*Going to embrace him.*)
Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? let me touch
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips.
You fright me—speak! Oh, let me hear some voice
Beside my own in this drear vault of death,[3]
Or I shall faint—support me——

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[1] "Bless me, heav'n! 'tis very cold" (Otway).
[2] Otway.
[3] Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*

Rom. Oh, I cannot.
I have no strength, but want thy feeble aid:
Cruel poison!
Jul. Poison! what means my lord? Thy trembling voice,
Pale lips and swimming eyes! Death's in thy face!
Rom. It is indeed; I struggle with him now.
The transports that I felt to hear thee speak,
And see thy op'ning eyes, stopt for a moment
His impetuous course, and all my mind
Was happiness and thee; but now the poison
Rushes thro' my veins—I've not time to tell—
Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,
Last farewell of my love and with thee die.
Jul. Die? was the Friar false?
Rom. I know not that.
I thought thee dead; distracted at the sight
(Fatal speed!) drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave;
But in that moment—oh!——
Jul. And did I wake for this?
Rom. My powers are blasted;
'Twixt death and life I'm torn, I am distracted!
But death's strongest. And must I leave thee, Juliet?
Oh cruel, cursèd fate! in sight of heav'n. . . .
Jul. Thou rav'st; lean on my breast. . . .
Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em.
Nature pleads in vain; children must be wretched.
Jul. Oh, my breaking heart!
Rom. She is my wife; our hearts are twined together.
Capulet, forbear; *Paris*, loose your hold.
Pull not our heart-strings thus; they crack, they break.
Oh, Juliet, Juliet. . . .
Jul. Stay, stay for me, Romeo—
A moment stay; fate marries us in death
And we are one—no power shall part us.
(*Faints on Romeo's body.*)

It is of this feeble stuff that we are told that it is "a clever Pasticcio," and that Garrick "deserves some credit for the manner in which he has fallen into the tone of the situation, and caught up the sweet key of Shakespeare's music."[1] But where is one to recognize a few notes of that sweet key? Is it in the charming line, "Bless me! how cold it is!"? Or in the forcible reply of Romeo to Juliet's cry, "Death's in thy face": "It is indeed; I struggle with him now"? Or in the miserably disjointed prose, "I thought thee dead; distracted at the sight (fatal speed!), drank poison," etc.? Or in the constant employment of worn-out phrases, such as: "Call thee back to life and love"; "magic sweetness"; "oh, my breaking heart!" etc.? Or in the absence of any striking thought or image except such as are reminiscences of Shakespeare? No, no; "let him that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds," hail this as Shakespeare's harmony; for our part, we refuse to hear in it anything but a very poor variation on a fine theme, played by an inferior musician on a wretched instrument.

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[1] Fitzgerald, p. 120.

To sum up this examination of the new *Romeo and Juliet*: Garrick wanted a piece free of all fancy and of purely poetical declamation, a piece in which the dialogue should be as natural as possible, giving free scope to the actor; he wished, moreover, to make Shakespeare's tragic force yet more powerful and to create for himself an opportunity of playing one of those terrible scenes of passion and death in which he excelled. To reach these ends he sacrificed the poet to his own pretensions. He was neither the first nor the last actor-manager to do so; may these pages be a warning to his successors![1]

In preparing the *Winter's Tale* for the stage,

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[1] While the original French edition of this book was being written, M. Antoine produced at the Odéon Theatre, Paris, a practically complete version of *Romeo and Juliet* in a very close translation. While this English edition is passing through the press the same play has once more been "managerized" on the London stage. It is curious that less respect should be shown at home than abroad for our great dramatist's works.

Garrick saw an occasion for correcting other defects in his favourite author. There is, alas! an interval of sixteen years between the third and the fourth act of this play. Garrick found a simple remedy for this lengthy violation of the unity of time: he suppressed the first three acts entirely, and had the events they contain recounted by one of the characters in the opening scene of the piece. There were, then, in the original *Winter's Tale*, two parts: in the first, we follow the growth of jealousy in Leontes' heart, we see the passion suddenly burst forth and turn the just king, tender husband, and faithful friend into a suspicious and cruel tyrant. This exposition, with its condensed and solid action, its rapid happenings and touching scenes, must count among Shakespeare's best work; compared with it, the conclusion, brought about by the well-worn trick of a recognition and by the unexpected change of a statue into a woman, is feeble, and is hardly saved from disaster by some pretty scenes of country life, and by the amusing, but supernumerary, character of Autolycus. Between these two halves, Garrick did not hesitate one moment; with what one is obliged to call his habitual bad taste in such matters, he chose the inferior portion, because it did not infringe the classical rules of unity. In order to make a piece of ordinary length out of the two acts he preserved, he added songs and verses of his own; yet he has the impudence to say in his Prologue, in which Shakespeare's genius is compared to good wine:

In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little Perry's mixt for filling up.
The five long acts from which our three are taken
Stretched out to sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.[1]

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[1] The *Winter's Tale* had, however, been revived at Goodman's Fields, January 15th, 1741, and at Covent Garden, January 21st, 1742.

> Lest, then, this precious liquor run to waste,
> 'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
> 'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan
> To lose no drop of that immortal man !

A little more of Shakespeare's champagne and a little less of Garrick's gooseberry juice would have made a better mixture!

It is of these arrangements of Garrick's that Theo. Cibber said in 1756: "Were Shakespeare's Ghost to rise, wou'd he not frown indignation on this pilfering Pedlar in poetry, who thus shamefully mangles, mutilates, and emasculates his Plays? The *Midsummer Night's Dream* has been minc'd and fricasseed into an indigested and unconnected thing, call'd *The Fairies*: the *Winter's Tale* mammoc'd into a Droll; *The Taming of the Shrew* made a Farce of; and *The Tempest* contorted into an Opera. Oh! what an agreeable Lullaby might it have prov'd to our Beaus and Belles to have heard Caliban, Sycorax, and one of the Devils trilling of Trios! And how prettily might the North-Wind (like the tyrant Barbarossa) be introduc'd with soft Musick! . . . Rouse, Britons, rouse, for shame! and vindicate the Cause of Sense, thus sacrificed to Mummery! Think you see *Shakespeare's Injur'd Shade* . . . sighing over . . . your Non-resistance to this Profanation of his Memory. He grieves to see your tame submission to this merciless *Procrustes* of the stage, who, wantonly as cruelly, massacres his dear remains. . . . Yet this sly Prince would insinuate, all this ill-usage of the Bard is owing, forsooth, to his love of him!"[1]

We do not imagine for one moment that Cibber's criticism is inspired by pure admiration for the great dramatist and by enlightened respect for his works; but it would be idle to deny that his protests are well founded.

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[1] Theo. Cibber, *Dissertations*, p. 36.

Of all Garrick's nefarious attempts on Shakespeare's pieces, the most celebrated is his travesty of *Hamlet*. "I had sworn I would not leave the stage till I had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act. I have brought it out without the Grave-diggers' trick and the Fencing-match."[1] It is evident that the strictures of his French friends had not failed to produce their effect, and that Garrick had not read in vain the writings of that Voltaire whom, like a good Englishman, he detested.[2] So he attempted to clear his favourite poet of all barbarity and vulgarity; and, at the same time, he relieved the *dreamy inaction of Hamlet by plenty of exclamations and business.*[3] It was, doubtless, the very moderate success that attended his well-meant efforts which prevented Garrick from publishing his arrangement. In order to judge at the present day to what lengths his zeal carried him, we must have recourse to contemporary accounts. Here is one of them: "The First Act . . . he divided into two, the first ending with Hamlet's determined resolution to watch, with Horatio and Marcellus, in expectation of seeing the ghost of his father. In consequence of this arrangement, the old Third Act was extended to the Fourth. Little or no change, in language or scenery, was attempted till the Fifth Act, in which Laertes arrives and Ophelia is distracted, as in the old play.[4] The plotting scenes between the King and Laertes, to destroy Hamlet, were entirely changed and the character of Laertes rendered more estimable. . . . The Gravediggers were absolutely thrown out of the play. The audience were not informed of the fate of Ophelia; and the Queen, instead of being poisoned on the stage, was led from her seat and said to be in a state of insanity, owing to her sense of guilt. When Hamlet attacks the King, he draws his sword and defends himself and is killed in the rencounter. Laertes and Hamlet die of their mutual wounds. . . . The people soon called for *Hamlet* as it had been acted from time immemorial."[1]

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[1] Letter to Sir William Young, Jan. 10th, 1776; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 126.

[2] For example, *L'Appel à toutes les nations de l'Europe*, 1761, where in a long analysis of *Hamlet*, he throws ridicule on the piece, and especially on the parts altered by Garrick in 1772.

[3] Fitzgerald, p. 369. Mr. Fitzgerald adds that, by the town, Garrick's version was considered to approach a burlesque.

[4] In the original, the arrival of Laertes and the madness of Ophelia are in Act IV. sc. v.

The two Shakespearean parts which Garrick made especially his own were Richard III. and Lear; but it should not be forgotten that he never played them according to the poet's original conception. He always presented *Richard* in the horrible mixture we owe to Colley Cibber, and of which half comes from that scribbler's inkpot or has been looted by him from other plays of Shakespeare's.[2] The tent scene has notably suffered from Cibber's emendations; the primitive version is much more effective. As to *King Lear*, Garrick always gave it under the form it owed to Nahum Tate's efforts, with a sub-plot in which Edgar is made amorous of Cordelia; this Tate had added, from a feeling natural enough in a hymn-writer, in order to soften by gentle interludes the horror of the terrible tragedy. The same tenderness of heart caused Mr. Tate to bring all to a happy ending: the rebels were vanquished in time, Cordelia and Lear were rescued from the prison into which they had been thrown, but not before the old king had had an opportunity of defending himself against villains sent to murder him, and of killing two of them, in a scene which always brought Garrick a round of applause.

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[1] Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 86. It is almost unnecessary to add that this latest concession to French criticism of Shakespeare's *barbarisms* delighted more than one of Garrick's friends abroad. Voltaire publicly approved in his *Lettre à l'Académie*, 1776; whilst de La Place, writing in January 1773, says: "Accept my best compliments on your recent successes, and especially on that of the very risky enterprise attempted by you in your remodelling of the *Tragedy of Hamlet*. On my honour, I could have trembled for you (for I know the English populace), to see you rash enough to deprive it of the Grave-diggers' scene, which for ages has been its delight. That proves, my friend, not only how great an empire your rare talents as an actor have acquired among your nation, but still more, the perfect esteem it has conceived for your enlightenment and taste as an author: those two titles have never, I fancy, been united but on two heads, Molière's and yours. . . . I have written a rather full Notice of your double success in connection with *Hamlet*, for the editor of the *Observateur Français* at London," etc. See Boaden, vol. ii. p. 600.

[2] *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, *V.*, *VI.*

Resuming, then, this question of Garrick's attitude towards Shakespeare's plays, we may say that his enthusiasm, undoubtedly sincere, for the dramatist was corrupted by two influences: first, by the taste of an age which mingled many reserves with its admiration for the great Elizabethan—the eighteenth century, nourished on the criticism of Boileau, Rapin, le père Le Bossu, and of their English disciples, Rymer, Dennis, Gildon and others, did not appreciate Shakespeare's luxurious fancy, deplored his ignorance of rules, and regretted his many "deviations from the art of good writing"[1]; and, secondly, by the exigencies of the actor-manager, who was anxious to increase the effect of his own parts at the poet's expense, and to present a spectacle capable of pleasing the general public. To this latter influence are chiefly due the adaptations of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Macbeth*, as well as the preservation of Cibber's and of Tate's monstrosities. The two influences combined produced the opera of *The Fairies* and that of *The Tempest*. The first drove Garrick to regularize *A Winter's Tale* and *The Shrew* and to expurgate *Hamlet*. It is here that the actor's panegyrists, by pleading the taste of the day, can find for his sacrilegious doings the best excuse; but even here, it should be added, Garrick was a reactionary.

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[1] Johnson.

The publication of Johnson's Preface in 1765 marks the end of a school of criticism which deemed it necessary to judge Shakespeare by the rules of the classic theatre, to which he had never attempted to conform. Thenceforth commentaries tend to become explicative rather than destructive: Farmer's important *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*; Mrs. Montagu's enthusiastic, if at times inefficient, study; Morgan's curious examination of the character of Falstaff; later, Schlegel's *Lectures* and Hazlitt's writings,—all these are tributaries to the same current of opinion. Before the two last appeared the Romantic revival had brought about a general condition of thought more in sympathy with that of the dramatist. The man, who in 1772, was still removing excrescences from the *forest-oak* and trying to lop it down to the size of the *garden-shrubs of Marly*[1] was already a survival from another age, and his taste was out of date; the very lukewarm reception accorded by the public to his efforts proves that.

Garrick, born in 1716, had been educated in the respect of the classical rules and theatrical proprieties; his knowledge of the French stage and his relations with French men of letters prevented him from throwing off this yoke.[2] At bottom, his admiration for Shakespeare was not as far removed as he believed from that of the foreigners whose

[1] See Voltaire's *Lettres Philosophiques*; xviii. : On Tragedy.

[2] Others who came under the same influence retained the same opinion of Shakespeare. Chesterfield, writing to Mme de Tencin in 1748 and 1750, declares that the French do too much honour to the English by translating their novels and plays. He considers that the French theatre is too precise and refined to put up with the irregularity and the indecency of the English pieces; but then he prefers the French stage to all others, not excepting that of ancient Greece.

acquaintance he cultivated[1]; in spite of his uncompromising attitude and his movements of impatience, in spite of his exclamations of "French dog!" and "Scoundrel!", the gap that separated him from the school of Voltaire was not very wide; a few mutual concessions would have produced an understanding. It was to Frenchmen especially that Garrick looked for sympathy in his efforts to shape the rough-hewn idol of his worship; and they did not fail to greet his labours with benevolent approval.[2]

Hume, in his *History of England*, dwells on the poet's "many irregularities and even absurdities" and on "his total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct," and he declares him "incapable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience." Horace Walpole was of the opinion of Chesterfield, and when Mme du Deffand praised Fielding and Richardson he disparaged the English novel and theatre for their vulgarity. Gibbon, in his *Memoirs*, says that after seeing Voltaire (of all people!) act his own plays he began to feel a liking for the French dramatic system and found the idolatry of Shakespeare which had been inculcated in youth somewhat diminished.

[1] It is easy to sympathize with Garrick's indignation at the coarseness and unfairness which Voltaire had shown in his criticisms of Shakespeare; but one is somewhat astonished at his harshness towards poor abbé le Blanc, who had been frank enough to say and to print what Garrick must have secretly thought about more than one of Shakespeare's pieces. (See, for example, the criticisms of *Hamlet* in Le Blanc's *Lettres d'un Français*, vol. ii. p. 395.) On the other hand, Le Blanc did not refuse to recognize Shakespeare's merits: "He knew how to paint all passions, except the passion of love. If he is revolting because of the pettinesses which are common to him, he is yet more astounding by the sublimity of his genius . . . of all authors, ancient or modern, he is the most original. . . . He is, indeed, a great genius. Sometimes, when reading his pieces, I am surprised at the sublimity of his vast genius; but he does not allow my admiration to last long. Portraits in which I find all the nobility and loftiness of Raphael are followed by miserable pictures, worthy of the tavern-painters who copied Teniers," etc. Could one ask more from a Frenchman of that date? One could easily establish a parallel between Johnson's attitude towards Garrick and Garrick's toward Shakespeare; of both it may be said: "He allowed none but himself to speak ill of his friend."

[2] For instance, Marmontel, in his *Discours sur la tragédie* (1773), quoted approvingly by Voltaire in his *Lettre à l'Académie française* (1776), says: "Shakespeare is abridged and corrected every day; the celebrated Garrick has quite recently suppressed at his theatre the grave-diggers' scene and all the fifth act (of *Hamlet*). The piece and its author have been applauded none the less for that."

V

THE POET

WHEN one reads *The Poetical Works of David Garrick, Esq.*, one sees at once why he would have been well advised in not meddling with Shakespeare's plays. It would be incredible that he could ever have imagined his poetical powers sufficient to allow him to correct the great writer's defects and to match his majestic verse, did we not remember that rhymers even feebler than he had dared undertake the same task.[1] What is particularly lacking in Garrick is originality, both in conception and in execution, in the whole scheme of a poem and in its details. When he tries his hand at a satire,[1] he imitates Pope and Churchill, but remains far behind his models. When he wishes to write a fable in verse,[2] he takes La Fontaine's magic pen; but, ignorant of the spell that made dumb things speak and lacking the *bonhomme's* delicate fancy, he produces a laborious compilation, void of grace. In his most ambitious attempt, the *Ode* to Shakespeare, he borrows his form from Dryden; but he does not succeed in discovering one new or personal thought, and the images which he employs are either commonplaces or quotations, avowed and unavowed. It is certain that in this piece, written for so important an occasion—the apotheosis of Shakespeare and himself—he has given the fullest measure of his talent; and the result is a perfect cento, a collection of tags, odd-ends, and copy-book lines, brought together from every quarter; true actor's poetry, owing its inspiration to memory alone. We do not, of course, reproach him with the use of phrases quoted between inverted commas, such as: "The god of our idolatry" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. ii.); "On the torture of the mind they lie" (*Macbeth*, Act III. sc. ii.), etc.; but at every moment epithets and metaphors shamelessly stolen are to be met with. We note at random: "Fame . . . with all her trumpet tongues" (cf. "His virtues . . . trumpet-tongued," *Mac.*, Act I. sc. vii.); "The penitential tear" (cf. "Penitential groans," *Gent. of Verona*, Act III. sc. iv.); "Marble-hearted monster" (cf. "Marble-hearted fiend," *Lear*, Act I. sc.

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[1] It is amusing to read, in this connection, the two letters (Boaden, vol. i. pp. 514, 573) of Dr. Hoadley, brother of the author of *The Suspicious Husband*, and himself an ecclesiastic far happier in the court he paid to possessors of fat livings than in that he offered to the Muses. He refers to Garrick's revision of *Hamlet* and "fears too little has been done." *He* would have made Hamlet's character more tender and improved his behaviour to Ophelia. With a grave sufficiency that is delightfully comic, he suggests the addition of lines such as these :

Ham. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia ! I have made too free
With that sweet lady's ear. My place in Denmark,
The time's misrule, my heavenly-urged revenge,
Matters of giant stature, gorge her love
As fish the cormorant. She drops a tear,
As from her book she steals her eye on me.

And later :

Laer. Ophelia ! Dead ! I'm angry at these tears :
But 'tis our trick ; Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone
The woman will be out. Oh, speak the manner . . .
O rose of May, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
By heaven, thy death shall be o'erpaid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam. D'ye see this, Gods,
And Hamlet still alive ? Etc.

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[1] *The Fribbleriad*, a reply to Fitzpatrick's attack (see p. 153); an imitation of *The Dunciad* and *The Rosciad*; the portrait of Fitzpatrick is not wanting in force, but the tone of the poem is coarse and too offensive.

[2] *The Sick Monkey*, written to announce his return to England in 1765.

iv.); "Nature's glory, Fancy's child, Never sure did witching tongue, Warble forth such wood-notes wild" (cf. "Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood-notes wild," *L'Allegro*); "And modest Nature holds her sides" (cf. "And laughter holding both her sides," *ibid.*); "Leading the nymph Euphrosyne, goddess of joy and liberty" (cf. commencement of *L'Allegro*); "Songs of triumph to him raise" (cf. "See, the conquering hero comes," in Handel's oratorio *Saul*, libretto by Morell), etc. Even those expressions which cannot be assigned to any particular author are old and worn and belong to all the hack writers; for example: magic art—full tide of harmony—our humble strains—demons of the deep—spirits of the air—buskin'd warriors—tuneful numbers—etc., etc.

When Garrick writes society verses and occasional lines he is more at ease. He possessed the knack necessary for turning a neat compliment to a lady, the wit required for aiming a dart at some rival or critic. In throwing off these trifles he had no need of poetry, and in this subordinate class there is nothing better than his verses—

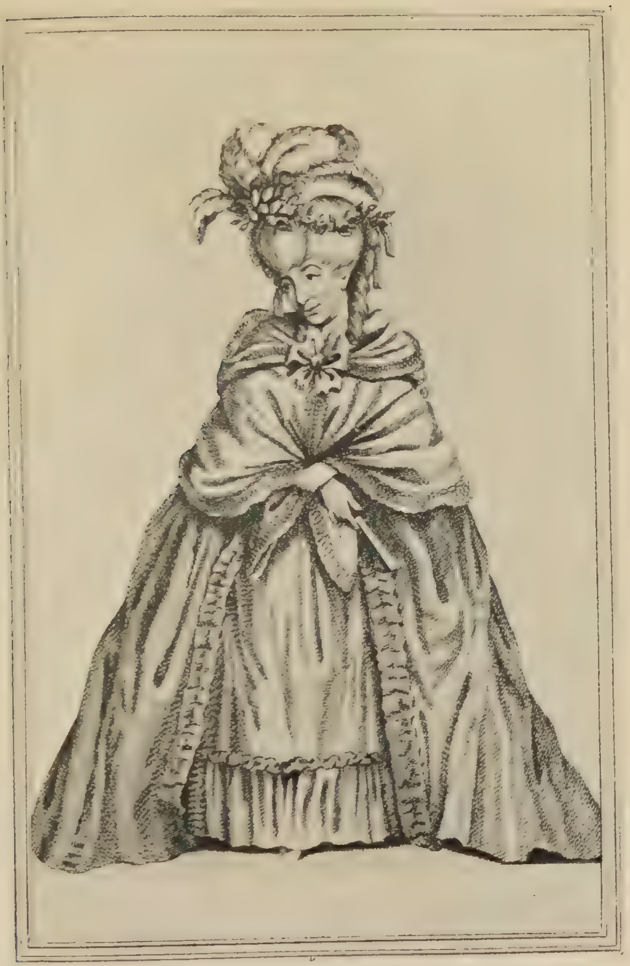
To the Countess of Burlington

(Written in a Prayer-book she gave him)

This sacred book hath Dorothea given
To show a straying sheep the way to heav'n;
With forms of righteousness she well may part
Who bears the spirit in her upright heart.

Or those on Johnson's Dictionary, completed in 1755:

Talk of war to a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That one English soldier will beat ten of France; . . .
First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole Drama and Epic to flight;



J. Roberts del.

MR. GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN BRUTE.
—So! how d'ye like my shapes now?

From a print in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

In Satires, Epistles, and Odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.[1]

In the same style were the Prologues and Epilogues of which he rhymed more than a hundred, turning them off at the rate of one in a couple of hours. These little monologues often represented a whole scene in epitome, and were, no doubt, sprightly and effective when spoken and *played* by a good actor; to-day, when we *read* them, after the lapse of a century and a half, much of their brilliancy has departed and they remind one of the faded tinsel of some theatre wardrobe. Here is Peg Woffington complaining of a new regulation which forbids beaux to penetrate behind the scenes:

No beaux behind the scenes! 'tis innovation
Under the specious name of reformation!
Public complaint, forsooth, is made a puff;
Sense, order, decency, and such like stuff.
But arguments like these are mere pretence;
The beaux, 'tis known, ne'er gave the least offence,
Are men of chastest conduct and amazing sense.
Each actress now a locked-up nun must be,
And priestly managers must keep the key. . . .[2]

Or let us listen for a moment to Mrs. Pritchard, in her rôle of Queen Bess, indulging in patriotic sentiment:

If any here are Britons but in name,
Dead to their country's happiness and fame,
Let 'em depart this moment; let 'em fly
My awful presence and my searching eye.
No more your Queen, but upright judge I come
To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home. . . .

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[1] The allusion is, of course, to the forty French Academicians who had taken fifty-five years to complete the first edition of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, 1639–94.

[2] "For the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 1747."

> Since that most glorious time that here I reigned,
> An age and half! what have you lost or gain'd?
> Your wit, whate'er your poets sing or swear,
> Since Shakespeare's time is somewhat worse for wear.
> Your laws are good; your lawyers good, of course;
> The streams are surely clear, when clear the source.
> In greater stores these blessings now are sent ye;
> Where I had one attorney you have twenty . . .[1]

Lastly, let us hear Garrick, *propriâ personâ*, reciting for the command night which brought him back to the stage, November 14th, 1765, a prologue which ended thus:

> The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
> Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars,
> Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach
> To march—present—to fire—and mount the breach.
> Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
> For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve;
> Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest:
> "'Tis for my king, and, zounds! I'll do my best."

To these sketches of his old pupil's Johnson accorded no small praise when he said: "Dryden has written prologues superior to any that David Garrick has written, but David Garrick has written more good prologues than Dryden has done. It is wonderful that he has been able to write such a variety of them." But that was the limit of his poetic talent.

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[1] Prologue to Henry Brooke's *Earl of Essex*, January 1761.

VI

THE DRAMATIST

His comedies had much the same qualities as his prologues—plenty of "go" and a number of brightly, if roughly, sketched characters; but they were lacking in originality, and were usually borrowed from French pieces.[1] We will give a rapid outline of *Lethe*, his first attempt, produced in 1740, revived in 1756, and constantly touched up and altered by the author.

Pluto, at Proserpine's request, has granted a boon to mortals: all those who wish to forget some of life's ills may come and drink of the waters of Lethe, provided that Æsop, stationed as examiner on the near bank, consider the reasons they give for their desire sufficient. Thus a whole series of characters defiles before the audience: a poet who would forget the ill success of his latest play; a miser who would forget that he must one day die and leave his money; etc. The most amusing sketches are old Lord Chalkstone and Mrs. Riot; the former (founded on Lord Foppington in Cibber's *Careless Husband* and developed later into the Lord Ogleby of *The*

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[1] *Miss in her Teens*, taken from *La Parisienne*, by Dancourt; *Neck or Nothing*, from *Crispin rival de son maître*, by Le Sage; *The Guardian*, from *La Pupille*, by Fagan; *The Irish Widow*, from *Le Mariage forcé*, by Molière. *The Lying Valet* is taken from *The Novelty; or, Every Act a Play*, by Motteux (1697), and has certain resemblances with the *Souper mal apprêté*, by Hauteroche. Mercier drew from it his *Demande imprévue*, 1780.

Clandestine Marriage) is an old roué, eaten up by the gout, but perfectly contented with life, thanks to wine, women, and his flatterer, Mr. Bowman; the second a would-be fine lady, to whom Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop perhaps owed a hint. There is also a Frenchman, who is in England "pour polir la nation," and who states thus his qualifications for the task: "I speak de French, *j'ai bonne adresse*, I *danse un minuet*, I sing de littel chansons, and I have—a tolerable assurance; *en fin*, Sir, my merit consists in one vord—I am foreignere; and, *entre nous*, vile de Englis be so great a fool to love de foreignere better dan demselves, de foreignere vold be more great a fool did they not leave deir own countrie, vere dey have noting at all, and come to Inglande, vere dey want for noting at all, *perdie. Cela n'est il pas vrai, Monsieur Æsop?*" Æsop advises him to return to France, but the visitor replies that he prefers to be *le Marquis de Pouville* (horrible name!) in England rather than to remain plain *Jean Frisseron le coiffeur* in France.

This little sketch is light, but sparkling; the dialogue is good and the characters vigorously drawn. From it one may judge of the meaning of the word *comedy* for Garrick—a series of situations in which amusing and ridiculous types of humanity can be brought together to expose their peculiarities before the eyes of the audience. As for the plot, that was always as slight as might be, and he preferred to take it ready-made from the works of some predecessor. Here, as in the poems, composing power is lacking, and it is worthy of note that, in the only one of his pieces which is important from its structure, he had the assistance of his friend George Colman.[1]

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[1] *The Clandestine Marriage*, 1766. Colman would never admit that Garrick's collaboration had been an effective one, and, as Joseph

A full analysis of his other comedies, farces, and interludes would not adduce much fresh evidence in his favour as a playwright; we will content ourselves with a brief mention of the most important.

The Lying Valet—a development of the second act of Motteux's curious medley, *The Novelty; or, Every Act a Play*, with reminiscences of a French comedy by Hauteroche—turns on the endeavours of Sharp, valet to Gayless, an indebted beau, to prevent Melissa, his affianced bride, from discovering the true state of the master's fortunes. The situations are amusing, if somewhat forced. Sharp, a close relation of the *valet fourbe* that Molière and Beaumarchais have rendered immortal, is a lively rogue. Garrick, when young, must have been very vivacious in the part.

A Miss in her Teens, or A Medley of Lovers, provides a somewhat insufficient frame for the portraits of Fribble, an effeminate dandy, and Flash, a cowardly bully, two suitors with whom Miss Biddy has amused herself during her lover's absence at the wars. In his adaptation Garrick has certainly not weakened the French piece on which he has founded his own. Fribble and Flash are better drawn than the original Dorante and Lisimon; but they owe a good deal to Maiden, in *Tunbridge Walks*,[1] and to Captain Brazen, in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*. But, indeed, bullies and dandies are favourite characters in all the comedies of the day.

The Male Coquet, acted at first in 1757 as *The Modern Fine Gentleman*, again runs on old lines.

Knight says in his *David Garrick* (p. 227), the piece is so much better "than any other comedy in which Garrick had a hand that one is justified in supposing the lion's share to belong to his coadjutor."

[1] Attributed to Baker, 1703.

Daffodil is a male flirt who loves to have the reputation of a gallant, but who never lets his passion pass beyond the platonic stage. Several married women whose affections he has trifled with decoy him to a rendezvous in Hyde Park, and expose him to the laughter of their friends. Daffodil is an amusing character, but he reminds one of Congreve's Vain-love and Tattle.

In the same way, when in *Neck or Nothing* we see Martin Belford's servant disguise himself as a gentleman in order to marry a woman of fortune, we are reminded of a part of *The Way of the World*. *A Peep behind the Curtain* is likewise, as its sub-title *The New Rehearsal* confesses, only another version of the Duke of Buckingham's famous farce. *The Guardian*, in which we see the middle-aged Mr. Heartly slowly brought to understand that his ward, Miss Harriett, prefers him to the very foolish young suitor he had proposed for her, is a really excellent little comedy; but it is a very close adaptation of Fagan's *La Pupille*, of which Voltaire used to declare that it was the best short piece in the French language.[1]

These pieces, then, betray little talent on Garrick's part beyond that of knowing how to choose in his predecessors' works incidents or characters capable of development in different surroundings, and of giving them new life by the addition of smart, up-to-date dialogue; that *is* talent, of course, but not of a very high class. In France his value as an author was never overrated. Although Madame Riccoboni, a fervent worshipper, might tell him, "I have re-read all your charming pieces; you have embellished many of our subjects," yet even she had to admit that they had not the charm of novelty.[1] Grimm, in spite of his admiration for the actor, says plainly: "Garrick is the author of several pieces, but they are said to be mediocre"[2]; and later Meister, when he directed the *Correspondance littéraire*,[3] declared, after having read the French translation of Garrick's dramatic works, that he knows not whether to attribute its want of interest to unskilfulness on the translator's part or the feebleness of the pieces themselves.[3]

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[1] We pass over *The Irish Widow*, and the operas, *The Enchanter*, *Lilliput*, *Cymon*, etc., which present no particular interest.

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[1] October 1768, Boaden, vol. ii. p. 544.
[2] *Corr. litt.*, 1er juillet, 1765.
[3] *Corr. litt.*, avril 1788.

VII

THE MAN

SHALL we be accused of demolishing with ruthless hand Garrick's reputation as a dramatist, or of plucking too many laurels from the brow of one whom his friends deemed as worthy of the Laureate's crown as the illustrious Paul Whitehead? Our only desire is to judge according to the evidence, and, whilst despoiling Garrick of meretricious and unjustifiable glories, to leave him clad in one that is truly his own: the glory of having been a very great and very versatile actor. He was one of those chameleon men who can change their personality at will, and adapt themselves at pleasure to the characters of every human type. But this very plasticity of mind is the negation of that originality in thought and temper which is needed to achieve distinction as an author. Johnson would have been a poor comedian; his pupil was a poor writer.

To one more encomium Garrick has, however, every right: he was an honest man; good-hearted, generous, ready to help his friends—more, to aid his enemies. Certain weaknesses he had, the defects of those qualities which conducted him to success on the stage, and which the adulation attending his career served to nourish. He was vain; but not uncommonly so, given the atmosphere in which he lived—and his good sense prevented the disease from becoming more than skin-deep. He was changeable, inclined to follow his impulses and to promise more than he always cared to perform after reflection. The fact is that he brought to his calling more thoughtfulness than is often the case; the readiness of sympathy necessary in the translator of the feelings of fictitious characters was balanced in him by a strong common sense that saw things as they are. He was Celt and Anglo-Saxon combined; and that is why he was so successful an actor-manager. That also explains why he was careful, even parsimonious at times, in small matters, but ever ready to *faire un beau geste* and to give freely. "He had," says his latest biographer,[1] in an almost regretful tone, "a beautiful habit of sending back IOU's with such words as 'I beg you will light a bonfire with the enclosed'"—beautiful indeed, and very rare. Johnson declared that, whenever he drew Garrick's attention to some case of distress, he always received from him more than from any other person, and always more than he expected: "Sir, he was a liberal man. He has given away more money than any man in England. There may have been a little vanity mixed, but he has shown that money is not his first object."

He gave proof of much patience in dealing with the unruly members of his company, and bore with equanimity the petty vexations, annoyances, and even insults that they showered upon him; indeed, a little more spirit would not have been amiss, though he could show it on occasion. By the excellence of his private character and the innocence of his life he raised the status of his profession. He was a man of the world, equally at ease among the actors of his theatre or with the greatest in the land—loving, perhaps, the society of the latter somewhat too much. He was witty and vivacious, ever ready to amuse others; anxious to shine, it is true—but then, he was an actor. If in France it was the eminence of his talents that drew the attention of the refined world, it was his qualities of heart which attached to him so many people of diverse ranks and turned his admirers into friends; and Parisian society, as a whole, paid him the immense compliment of long repeating in their drawing-rooms, "Mr. Garrick was made to live amongst us."

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[1] Mrs. Parsons, *David Garrick and his Circle.*

PART II

GARRICK'S FIRST FRENCH FRIENDS. FIRST VISIT TO PARIS, 1751

I

JEAN MONNET AND THE FRENCH ACTORS AT LONDON, 1749

The first Frenchman to leave any trace in the history of Garrick's life is Jean Monnet. They met at London in 1749, and the friendship then begun lasted for thirty years; in the Forster Collection is a letter that Garrick received from Monnet only a few weeks before his death. Garrick paid a visit to Monnet in 1751; he met him again during his stay in Paris in 1763–5; Monnet came to see the English actor in London in 1766. From 1765 to 1779 they exchanged a regular correspondence, the French part of which, consisting of more than fifty letters, was carefully preserved by Garrick. It is interesting and touching to follow through these papers yellow with age, the progress of this affection ever fresh. As Monnet grows older his letters become less frequent and the writing feebler; but the friendship which united him to the Englishman does not lose its force.

Monnet interests us here in three ways. First, as an early impresario, a fore-runner of those cosmopolitan managers who have, since his day, led troops of comedians from Paris to London, New

York, and the ends of the world. Next, from a personal point of view: his life-story is interesting and full of incident, and will help us to know the man for whom Garrick had so much sympathy. Thirdly, the details of his visit to London are especially worthy of our consideration and throw light on the relations between the theatres of France and of England in the eighteenth century.

In order to set Monnet in his historical place as travelling impresario, we must remind our readers that, in 1749, French actors were not exactly a novelty in England.[1] As early as 1629 a troop of French players, men and women, had been authorized to give performances at the Blackfriars Theatre. The appearance of actresses on the stage had excited great interest, and, at a date when the opinion of London was becoming more and more Puritan, no little indignation. "Some Frenchwomen, or monsters rather," writes Prynne four years later in his *Histrio-mastix*, "in Michaelmas Term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Blackfriars, an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than whorish attempt." And a certain Thomas Brande, writing probably to the Bishop of London, says: "Furthermore you should know that last daye [*i.e.* yesterday] certaine vagrant French players, who had beene expelled from their own countrey, and those women, did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well-disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tongue, at the Blackfryers. Glad I am to saye they were hissed, hooted and pippin-pelted from the stage, so as I do not thinke they will soone be ready to trie the same againe. Whether they had licence for so doing I know not; but I do know that, if they had licence, it were fit that the Master[1] [of the Revels] be called to account for the same."[2]

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[1] On all this question of the visits of foreign comedians, cf. Malone, *History of the English Stage*; Collier, *English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage*; and especially L. Charlanne, *L'Influence française en Angleterre* (Paris, 1906), to whom we are indebted for much guidance.

In spite of Puritan outcries, the visitors played again at the Red Bull and at The Fortune theatres; but they do not appear to have harvested much more than pippins, for we find Sir Henry Herbert, the aforesaid Master of the Revels, returning them £1 out of two paid for the right to act, because of their ill luck.

But if the London merchants and apprentices looked askant at such ungodly foreign invasions, the Court, presided over by a French queen inordinately fond of shows and spectacles, did not hesitate to encourage them. In 1635 a second French company sought the protection of Queen Henrietta, and was allowed to play in the Cockpit at Whitehall; they gave, before Charles I. and his royal mate, Corneille's comedy of *Mélite*,[3] and received for their services a present of £10. Furthermore, the king allowed them to perform at Drury Lane Theatre twice a week during Lent, on sermon-days—a manifest injustice to the English actors, who were debarred from showing at those times. The visitors gained in the six weeks some £200, besides many fine costumes given them by the nobles of the Court. If we may believe Sir Henry Herbert, they were even authorized to play all Holy Week—a most extraordinary permission and one calculated to offend other than Puritan susceptibilities. Not content with these favours, Charles ordered his own riding-school to be turned into a theatre for the foreigners, when they were, after Easter, obliged to leave the Drury Lane stage free to the English company to whom it belonged. We find them established in their new quarters next winter and playing tragedies and comedies before the king and queen. It is not astonishing to hear that the native actors complained bitterly of this unfair rivalry; but Henrietta was so fond of her own countrymen, and had so much influence with her husband, that their protests passed unheeded. Not many years elapsed, however, before the decree of the Long Parliament reduced all these rivalries to silence.

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[1] Sir Henry Herbert, Deputy Master of the Revels, 1623, from whose office-book Collier quotes more than once.

[2] See Collier, *op. cit.*, vol. i. p. 452.

[3] Produced at Paris, 1629.

Under Charles II., French actors were again so lavishly patronized by the Court that their English competitors found their occupation gone. In 1661 we find the generous monarch distributing £300 to the members of a company directed by a Jean Channoveau and allowing him to bring scenery and dresses into the kingdom free of duty. When the new theatre at Dorset Gardens was opened in 1671 its lighting, decorations, and machines of all sorts were imported from France. Smart society flocked to hear the French comedians play in their native tongue, and those that understood least applauded most, from fear of being thought ignorant; how different from what we see at London to-day! The English actors again raised pitiful moan. Dryden's prefaces and prologues are full of allusions to the subject:

> A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight,
> Who with broad, bloody[1] bills call you each day
> To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
> Or see some serious piece, which, we presume,
> Is fallen from some incomparable *plume*. . . .
> We dare not on your privilege intrench,
> Or ask you why you like them? They are French.

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[1] Their announcements were printed in red.

Therefore some go, with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;
Each lady striving to outlaugh the rest
To make it seem they understand the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play;
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge for them to understand:
Meantime we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company![1]

And again, for the opening of the new theatre in Drury Lane, 1674:

'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a play-house while you throw down plays;
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain;
While troops of famished Frenchmen hither drive
And laugh at those upon whose alms they live.
Old English authors vanish, and give place
To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you submit,
You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of these men of France,
Keep time, cry *Ben!* and humour the cadence.
Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood
That French machines have ne'er done England good.[2]

Bayes's eloquence and satire were all in vain; Charles II. did not cease to support the intruders, and we are told that he did not miss a single performance of a troop that played at London in 1678. Besides actors, French singers, dancers, and musicians were all in fashion, and earned large sums, while their English rivals were entirely neglected.

The accession of William III. to the throne changed this state of things. During Anne's reign and that of George I. and George II. France became the national enemy; to encourage French arts or commerce was to be a Popish Jacobite. As masters of deportment, of singing, and of cookery they still remained in vogue; but even in the intervals of peace, troops of French actors dared not cross the Channel. Thus when Monnet, in 1749, brought his band of comedians to the Haymarket, the recollection of the former visits of his countrymen had long been lost, and his attempt seemed a greater novelty than it was in reality.

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[1] 1672, Prologue to *Arviragus and Philicia.*

[2] The theatre had been rebuilt by Wren; its interior was spacious, but plain. At this date Saint André was drawing crowds to Dorset Gardens with his ballets.

Next, as to Jean Monnet himself.[1] Let us resume his life up to the time of his arrival in England. He was born at Condrieux, on the banks of the Rhone, in 1703, the son of a poor baker. Thanks to friends at Paris, he was taken into the household of the Duchesse de Berry, where he became a page. Unfortunately his patroness died while he was still young, and Monnet found himself without resources. He did not, however, lose courage, and proved himself ready to turn his hand to any calling, honest or otherwise. We find him earning a precarious living as printer and author; succeeding in the world, thanks to his physical advantages and the favour they won him with the fair sex—in other words, *homme à bonnes fortunes*; then, disgusted with the world and thinking of becoming Trappist. Another incident, forgotten by Monnet when he wrote his autobiography, was a stay in the Bastille as "auteur de mauvais ouvrages, vers et chansons infâmes." This proved to be the turning-point in his career; he had hardly emerged from his retirement when he was, in 1743, appointed Director of the Opéra Comique. He found this subordinate theatre, established at the fairs of St. Laurent and St. Germain,[1] practically ruined in reputation and budget; and, with that energetic "pushfulness" which was his triumphant quality, he set to work to restore it to its former glory. Monnet was a born manager, with a most extraordinary eye for "budding talent." He sought out, and brought to Paris from Rouen, an actor whom he had seen there in a miserable provincial company a few years before; this was Préville, soon to be acknowledged by all as the greatest French comedian of the century. He engaged, as author, reader of plays, and stage-manager, Simon Favart, like himself a baker's son, who was just rising into notice, and who had made all Paris laugh in 1741 with his *Chercheuse d'esprit.* His *chef d'orchestre* was Rameau, the operatic composer; his scene-painter and costumier Boucher, the well-known artist; his ballet-master was Dupré, who brought with him a young pupil named Noverre, destined to become Master of the Revels to every Court in Europe and to revolutionize the stage-dances of the day. With such assistants success was assured; and it came so soon and so fully that the very next year we find the regular actors of the Comédie Française and the Comédie Italienne protesting against the unfair competition of their inferior brethren at the Fair. Their prayer was heard: Monnet's privilege was taken from him, and the Opéra Comique closed its doors.

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[1] On Monnet one may consult his *Supplément au Roman Comique; ou, Mémoires pour servir à la vie de Jean Monnet*, 2 vol., 12mo, London (Paris), 1772; Arthur Heulhard, *Jean Monnet, vie et aventures d'un Entrepreneur de spectacles au XVIII^e^ siècle* (Paris, 1884); Henri d'Alméras, *Mémoires de Jean Monnet, directeur du Théâtre de la Foire*. For his relations with Garrick we have employed some MSS. of the Arsenal (Portefeuille de Bachaumont) and his letters in the Forster Collection.

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[1] The Foire St. Germain was held every year from February 3rd to the Sunday before Easter in the streets between the church of St. Sulpice and what is now the Boulevard St. Germain. The *Foire* St. Laurent followed, from June 27th till the end of September. It was held between the Faubourg St. Denis and the Faubourg St. Martin, at about where is now the southern end of the Grands Boulevards. See Maurice Albert, *Les Théâtres de la foire* (Paris, 1904).

Monnet did not long remain unoccupied. In 1745–6 we find him Director of the Lyons Theatre, at that date the finest in France. Here he not only gave seasons of tragedy, comedy, and opera, but organized tours to the neighbouring towns. His enterprise did not, however, meet with the reward it deserved, and 1747 found him back at Paris, where for the next two years he seems to have lived partly as a friend and partly as a kind of steward in the household of the somewhat eccentric Mademoiselle de Navarre.[1] This brings us to the date of his English adventures, of which we will quote, in part at least, his own account[2]:

"It was in the month of August 1748," relates Monnet, "that Mr. Rich,[3] director of an English theatre at London, had proposed to me, through one of his friends who was at Paris, that I should form a troop of French comedians. . . . So I undertook the journey to London, with letters of recommendation from the late Marshal S[axe] and the late Lord Sta[fford], who was good enough to give me a seat in his chaise."

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[1] On whom consult *Mémoires de Marmontel.*

[2] After this résumé of Monnet's career, the reader will probably not consider him as a very reputable person. He certainly was no Puritan; but allowance should be made for the circumstances of his life, and for the *milieu* and century in which he lived. In his letters to Garrick and in all his dealings with him he appears a very honest, disinterested, and affectionate fellow. The following portrait in verse probably paints him very correctly:

Peau bise et poil brunet,
Dents blanches comme lait,
Le regard d'un furet,
Le corps bien fait,
L'air guilleret
Et follet.
Ni trop sec, ni trop replet,
Grand ni basset,
Beau ni laid;
Râble nerveux de mulet.
Ami, reconnais-tu ce portrait?
Oui, trait pour trait,
Voilà Monnet.

En amour volage et coquet
Comme un roquet,
Sémillant et vif comme un frisquet.
Toujours, pour remplir son gousset,
Allant au fait,
Et jamais distrait de son objet.
Industrieux, sage et discret.
Aussi ribaud qu'un baudet,
Aussi futé qu'un minet,
Aussi flatteur qu'un barbet. . . .
Engeôlant par son caquet.
Ami, maître, maîtresse et valet.
Oui, trait pour trait.
Voilà Monnet.

Portrait by l'Abbé de Lattaignant, quoted by Henri d'Alméras.

[3] This is, of course, the well-known manager of Covent Garden, celebrated under the name of Lunn in the rôle of Harlequin.

Negotiations were begun and appeared likely to come to a successful issue; but when Monnet demanded a formal contract in order to assure his actors' salaries and his own emoluments, Rich, influenced by Gallophobe friends, refused, and broke off the arrangements. The enthusiastic Monnet had already engaged his company, and was at his wits' end to know how to employ them. "I applied to Mr. Garrick, with whom I was not acquainted. I proposed that he should take Rich's place. He refused, and that for reasons which I could not but approve; he gave me, too, advice worthy of all the uprightness and honourableness of which I have had full experience from him since then."

Following the advice given him by Garrick and by other friends and patrons, Monnet hired the little theatre in the Haymarket, and opened a subscription for a season of French comedy. This soon brought him in £400, and considering that sum a sufficient guarantee, he returned to Paris to complete his arrangements.

His opening night was November 9th, 1749. From the aristocratic subscribers seated in the boxes the visitors had a very kindly reception; but the Jingoes who crowded the pit and the gallery refused most energetically to listen to the foreign artists. The scenes enacted at Blackfriars one hundred and twenty years before were repeated; whistling and cat-calls prevented the actors from being heard; a hail of apples and oranges, mingled with candles borrowed from the sconces, fell on the stage. A combat ensued between the "gods" and the inhabitants of the boxes; the performance ended in confusion.

On the second day the fight was longer and more stubborn. The subscribers had taken into their pay a contingent of Thames boatmen and Smithfield butchers, who cleared the gallery and tumbled their opponents into the pit or the street. "After which," says Monnet, "the performance went on in the midst of a silence so complete that none dared spit nor blow his nose."

All would now have been well had not an election come to trouble the truce. The ministerial candidate, Lord Trentham, was accused by the Opposition of having supported the French actors; new disorders broke out, not only in the play-house each evening, but also in the streets all day long. Finally, the Lord Chamberlain, fearing that serious riots might result, withdrew the permission he had given, and closed the theatre.

The whole cost of these unfortunate accidents fell on poor Monnet. His actors demanded their salaries for the season; the proprietor of the building required his rent. In spite of the assistance of his friends, he was obliged to "fixer sa résidence dans la maison d'un juge de paix"—let us translate, he was arrested for debt. Then fresh subscriptions allowed him to settle a portion of his accounts and to return to France: "We remained a month longer at London to terminate my business, and to show my gratitude to those protectors of whose natural generosity I had had such proof. I was deeply pained at parting from them, and it was with the liveliest regret that I quitted, in particular, the Duke of Grafton[1] and M. Garrick, the first of whom had made me a present of £100, and the second of a benefit on my behalf at his theatre."[1] A "Statement of the payments made by M. Monnet for his spectacle at London" shows that the performance given by Garrick in favour of his unfortunate colleague had produced a sum of one hundred guineas.

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[1] The Lord Chamberlain.

Monnet seems to have gone back to France about the month of April 1750. Two years later his friends at court had succeeded in re-establishing him as Director of the Opéra Comique, and thus set him in the way of earning that income of 6,000 francs a year with which he was able to retire only six years later. In the interval he had received a visit from his friend Garrick, who came to France in 1751.[2]

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[1] The actor Desormes, in a letter published by Fréron in his *Lettres critiques*, December 1749, attributes the ill success of the French company to the fact that, instead of the plays of Molière and other classical authors well known to the English, Monnet had announced only light pieces, taken from the repertory of the Théâtre de la Foire, such as *Le Coq du village*, by Favart. He had given, too, Gay's *Beggar's Opera* in a French version (made by a German, declares Patu, in the Preface to the second volume of his *Théâtre anglais*); and this the spectators had been unanimous in condemning.

[2] For further relations between Garrick and Monnet see Part IV.

II

GARRICK'S TRIP TO PARIS, 1751[1]

GARRICK's biographers have so far contented themselves with the barest mention of this visit; it is true that the actor himself hardly ever alluded to it. Details are, therefore, lacking; but certain information is available, and deserves to be set forth here.

Garrick appears to have reached Paris in the early days of June; on this point let us quote the *Journal* of Collé, the dramatic author[2]:

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[1] Mr. Fitzgerald calls this visit "a wedding-trip . . . delayed." Garrick had married in 1749, and had passed two summers travelling in England with his young wife. It seems to us far more probable that Garrick came to visit his friend Monnet, who was better situated than any one else to aid him in securing dancers for his theatre; see p. 111.

[2] Charles Collé, song-writer and dramatic author, was born at Paris in 1709, and died there in 1783. His family was connected with the law; but young Collé soon showed a preference for the writing of light verse and comedies. He was an intimate friend of Piron (*Qui ne fut rien, Pas même académicien*), and with him, Crébillon the younger, and Gallet, he founded the *Caveau*, ancestor of all the *Cafés-concerts* and *Caves of Harmony*. The first *Caveau* was a friendly union of singers and artists: Saurin, Crébillon père, Duclos, Gentil-Bernard, Rameau, Boucher, and others were among the company. A few amateurs were invited, and good eating was seasoned by witty songs and sparkling epigrams. Collé's reputation grew so great that the merry Duc d'Orléans appointed him his reader and secretary. During the next twenty years Collé composed for the duke's private theatre a succession of comedies—bright, well-written, but nearly always licentious; it is sufficient, perhaps, to say that he usually chose his subjects in the Tales of La Fontaine and of Crébillon fils. From the duke's theatre some of his plays passed to the public scenes, where they achieved great success. His songs, too, were in every mouth, and the celebrated one on the capture of Port Mahon in 1756 brought him a royal pension of 600 frs. Collé

"June 1751. On the 7th of this month Pelletier[1] arrived at Paris, where he found his friend Denis,[2] the English surgeon, whom he had not seen for seventeen years. The latter had come here with Garrick, the most celebrated actor in England, and Director of the London play-house. Denis, who saw Baron act during the eight or nine years that he was studying surgery in Paris, considers Garrick is much superior to that famous actor. There may be, indeed there surely is, some little prejudice in favour of his England in this judgment; but that very prejudice shows that Garrick is, at any rate, no ordinary man."[3]

A few days later the "French Anacreon" had become acquainted with the "English Roscius," had dined in company with him, and seen a sample of his powers:

"July 1751. I dined yesterday, the 12th, with Garrick, the English actor. He gave us a scene from one of Shakespeare's tragedies, in which we could easily perceive that the great reputation which he enjoys is by no means unjustified. He gave us a sketch of that scene where Macbeth thinks he sees a dagger in the air, leading him to the room where he is to murder the king. He filled us with terror; it is

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kept a private *Journal*, to which every evening he confided a very satiric commentary on the manners of his age; it is from this record that we quote above.

[1] The rich Fermier-général.

[2] Perhaps Charles Denis, a brother of the admiral, Sir Peter Denis. Charles Denis translated into English, verses by J. B. Rousseau, Cazotte, La Fontaine, and others (see *The Gentleman's Magazine*). He translated also de Belloy's *Siège de Calais* (see Part IV.).

[3] *Journal de Collé* (Paris, 1868), vol. i. p. 324. On the English side we have found only one letter written to Garrick during this journey. It is from the Duke of Devonshire, who says, on June 11th, 1751: "I hope you think of returning to England, when I shall be able to tell you how my engagements stand, and how desirous I am of showing my regard for you." Garrick had asked him for a place for his brother George (Forster Coll. vol. v.).

impossible to paint a situation better, to render it with more warmth of feeling, and at the same time to remain more master of oneself. His face expresses all the passions one after the other, and that without any grimace, although that scene is full of terrible and tumultuous movements. What he played before us was a kind of tragic pantomime, and from that one piece I would not fear to assert that that actor is excellent in his art. As to ours, he considers them all bad, from the highest to the lowest, and on that point we fully agreed with him."

We know, too, from later references in Monnet's letters, that during this visit Garrick made the acquaintance of Favart, with whom he remained on friendly terms and for whom he had much admiration. So it seems probable that in 1751 he frequented especially the society of his friend Monnet, and that he knew little of the literary and philosophic circles from which he was to have so flattering a welcome in 1764. He saw Mademoiselle Clairon act and prophesied her future success; he had his portrait painted by Liotard,[1] "the Turkish artist," who was very popular

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[1] Liotard, Jean Etienne, born at Geneva in 1702. He was a pupil of Petitot, the enameller; but, having developed distinct gifts for portraiture, he came to Paris in 1725. He was protected by M. de Puisieux, ambassador of France at Naples, and followed him to that city. He next accompanied some rich English travellers on a voyage in the Levant, and, attracted by the life and colour of Constantinople, settled for a time in that city, adopting the native dress and letting his beard grow. He kept the same peculiarities of costume when he went to Vienna some years later, and for that reason was called "The Turkish artist." The Emperor Francis I. received him very cordially, and for several years he was the court portraitist. His reputation was now very great; but when, in 1748, he returned to Paris he was obliged, in the more artistic atmosphere, to abate somewhat of his pretensions. He remained, however, in fashion: later, travelled in England, 1753, where he painted the Princess of Wales and other royalties, and in Holland; finally returned to his native town, where he died.

Examples of his work are very numerous, especially in the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and in Switzerland. Liotard was very apt at Paris at that date. It has been asserted that he was presented to King Louis XV.; but we have found no authority for this statement.[1]

Another incident of this first trip to Paris rests on the sure evidence of official documents. On July 1st, 1751, Louis Basile de Bernage, provost of the Paris merchants, writes as follows to M. Berryer, a Commissioner of Police in that city:

> On what you were good enough to acquaint me with, as to the design which brought to this place Messrs. Garrick and Levié, I have had them sought for but have not succeeded in discovering them. You had given me hopes of sending me information should anything come to your knowledge on this subject, and I am led to believe that you have heard no more of the matter; but I know without any doubt that one of our dancers named Devisse, who left furtively in the month of August last year and passed into England, is at present at Paris. One of our actors assures me that he saw him and spoke to him in this town only a few days ago, and I have reason to believe that the object of his voyage, about

at catching a likeness; but his colour is thin and insipid, and he manages surfaces and indicates light and shade so badly that at times the heads of his models appear almost flat.

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[1] Mr. Fitzgerald (*Life*, p. 142), says that this presentation was duly noted by the English papers; we have found no trace of this. On the French side, neither *La Gazette* nor *Le Mercure de France* include it in the Court News. According to the actor Caillot, Garrick in 1763 went to Versailles to watch the royal procession going to the mass and was remarked by Louis XV. (*Histoire abrégée du théâtre anglais*, p. xxv., in the *Mémoires de Garrick*, Paris, 1822). Thus the actor who was presented to the Court in 1751 had become in 1763 a simple spectator hidden in a gallery! But the best reason for not believing this story of a presentation is the fact that Garrick himself never made any allusion to it.

Another anecdote of this first stay in France is that which shows the actor overwhelming, thanks to his facial powers, the murderer of his countryman, Sir George Lewis, killed in the Forest of Bondy. See Fitzgerald, p. 142.

which he addressed certain entreaties to me, alleging business affairs, is to help forward, by his special knowledge, the steps that Messrs. Garrick and Levié may take to entice some of our actors and actresses and to carry them off with them; perhaps he has already taken measures to succeed in that.

I hope, Sir, that independently of these reasons, his infringement of the regulations and orders of the king will decide you to give orders to have him arrested and carried to the For l'Evêque.[1] The Duc de Gesvres, to whom I have reported this, is of my opinion; and M. d'Argenson will approve your action. The example is absolutely necessary; first, to keep our actors and actresses within bounds and to assure that the public service be properly carried out; secondly, to forestall M. Devisse's evil intentions and the operations of these foreigners.

I beg you to remain ever persuaded of the devotion and respect with which I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,
De Bernage.[2]

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[1] The origin of this name is disputed. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it is usually found spelt Fort l'Evêque; but it was in no sense a fort. Others derive it from *Four* (oven), on the supposition that there was formerly a *Four banal*, or common oven on this spot, where the bishop allowed the people of Paris to bake their bread. But the proper derivation seems to be from *Forum*, this being the original *seat of jurisdiction* and prison of the Bishop of Paris. Later the For l'Evêque became a prison for lesser crimes and misdemeanours—debt, military indiscipline, poaching, offences against morality, etc. It was situated on the Quai de la Mégisserie, opposite the Place Dauphine, and between the Pont Neuf and where are to-day Les Magasins de la Samaritaine. Here actors were confined for "inobservance of the king's regulations," or for "want of respect to the public." See M. Funck-Brentano's interesting book, *La Bastille des comédiens* (Paris, 1903).

[2] Bibliothèque de l'Arsénal: *Archives de la Bastille*, manuscrit 11743; fs. 357-83. See also, Funck-Brentano, *op. cit.*

The provost of the merchants had the right to take an interest in

In accordance with the suggestions contained in this letter, a warrant was issued against Devisse, but he was not arrested till September 25th. Was there any connection between this affair and Garrick's return to England? To this question it is impossible to give a decisive answer; but he seems to have withdrawn in some haste. Collé writing on the 13th of July,[1] is ignorant of his departure, projected or accomplished; and Garrick was back in England and settled at Chiswick with his friends, the Burlingtons, before the end of the month.[2]

It should be remarked that the story of the attempt alluded to in De Bernage's letter may well be true without in any way damaging the actor's honourable reputation. Garrick very possibly did not understand that, in allowing his agents to attempt to induce dancers from the Opéra to join the ballet of Drury Lane, he was making himself guilty of a political crime! He was, without any doubt, intimately acquainted with Levié,[3] who had been formerly employed at Covent Garden and was at this date ballet-master at Garrick's theatre. It is quite possible that Garrick was already thinking in 1751 of increasing his body of dancers, so as to be able to vie with the brilliant spectacles produced at the rival theatre; and, as we shall see, he succeeded, three years later, in attracting to Drury Lane the foremost *maître de ballet* of the day.

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the doings of the dancers of the Opéra because the municipality directed that institution from 1749-80. For the original of this letter see Appendix.

[1] See the passage from his Journal, quoted p. 109.

[2] See letter to Peter, p. 114.

[3] Or Livier, or Leviez; see a letter from Noverre, 9 mai, 1755, Boaden vol. ii. p. 390. Later Levié retired to Paris, where Garrick met him and lent him money in 1764. (Letters from Monnet; Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 437, 446). See also Henry Angelo's *Reminiscences* (London, 1828), vol. i. p. 52. Angelo lodged with him at Paris in 1774.

Whatever may be the exact truth of this affair, Garrick always preserved a discreet silence about this visit. In his *Correspondence* we have only discovered one allusion to it, when, in an unpublished letter to his brother Peter, he writes:

> CHISWICK, *July yᵉ* (?).
>
> [Peter had invited David and his wife to Lichfield], . . . "but when we came to hint it to yᵉ family here we had grave faces and cool answers; so that we have thought it wise and best (knowing that we can make freer with you than greater folks) to defer our expedition into Staffordshire. . . . We have yᵉ greatest obligations to our friends here and as we elop'd from 'em yᵉ beginning of yᵉ summer, they expect (and with reason) that we should stay with 'em yᵉ remaining part and so we shall . . . .
>
> "You ask me how I like France? It is yᵉ best place in the world to make a visit to and I was indeed much satisfy'd with my journey; the particulars of my liking and dislike you shall know when you see me. I had much honour done me both by French and English; and everybody and everything contributed to make me happy. The great fault of our countrymen is, that when they go to Paris, they keep too much among themselves; but if they would mix with yᵉ French as I did, it is a most agreeable jaunt."[1]

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[1] Forster Collection, vol. xxvii. Mr. Fitzgerald (*Life*) quotes the first part of this letter on page 127, assigning it to the year 1749. Farther on, p. 142, he quotes the second part, incorrectly. ("You ask me how I like France. It is the best place in the world *for a visit*. The great fault of our countrymen is that *they do not mix with the natives. I did*"), and gives it the date 1751! He adds that among the Parisians, with whom age is a serious matter, Garrick passed for thirty-two; but that the actor would have no such unpleasant (?)

We have very little doubt that, after this first visit to Paris, Garrick remained in correspondence with Monnet, and perhaps with other friends; but no trace of such letters remains. The only references to French affairs that we have noted are in the communications from Charles Selwin, an English banker at Paris, who speaks thus of Mademoiselle Clairon to the actor in December 1754:

"It would do you good to come and see Mad^{lle} Clairon in *The Troyens.*[1] She is so improved as not to be reconnaissable [*sic*]. She is on the stage at the same time with Mad^{les} Dumesnil and Gaussen. Such a triumvirate was never seen. But she eclipses the others and will soon be the greatest actress that ever appeared on the French stage. Mad^{lle} Dumesnil says, If she had made the piece she should have given M^{lle} Clairon the part the author has—which is very great, as it should have been her own part. If they had men equal to their women, I should be sorry for it, because I would not have any theatre preferred to Drury Lane, as there is no danger of any Actor's being so whilst M^{r} Garrick acts on it."

In Garrick's reply there were probably compliments addressed to the actress, for Selwin says in another letter (June 11th, 1755): "M^{lle} Clairon is vastly flattered by what you said of her, which I told her. She says nothing can give her a more sensible pleasure than the approbation of so good a judge as M^{r} Garrick. She hopes soon to have it in her power to say to you what she thinks of

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fiction and asked his brother to send his correct age as set down in the family Bible. In Garrick's letter there is no allusion to the Parisians in this connection. The fact is that the actor had forgotten his age; he had already asked Peter to send him the exact date of his birth (letter, May 12th, Forster Collection, vol. xxvii.), and in the letter here alluded to he speaks again of the same subject.

[1] That is, *Les Troyennes*, by Chateaubrun; produced 1754.

it in person, as I have told her you intend coming again to Paris."[1]

But, as a consequence of the unfriendly relations that followed between the two countries, it was not till eight years later that Garrick was able to cross the Channel a second time. During that interval he had made two other French acquaintances, of whom we will speak briefly.

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[1] The letters of Selwin and of his successors at Paris are in the Forster Collection, vol. xxii. *add.*

III

CLAUDE-PIERRE PATU

THE first of these was Claude-Pierre Patu,[1] a young Paris barrister, whose character and views were large enough to allow him to count among his friends d'Alembert, the Encyclopedist, one of the chiefs of the Philosophical movement, and Palissot,[2] who won notoriety by his attacks upon them; Voltaire, the literary monarch of the day, and Fréron, one of the few critics who did not kneel before his throne. Patu further proved the liberality of his taste by admiring not only the plays of Voltaire but also those of the detested Shakespeare. Considering his youth, his literary acquirements were extensive; his judgment seems to have been sure; had his health been stronger, he would certainly have played an important part in the literary history of his time.

Led by his desire to extend his knowledge of English literature and to see the plays of great Shakespeare acted by great Garrick, Patu, in spite of his feeble chest, braves the fogs of the Thames in November 1754. Introduced by John Cleland,[3] a man of letters whose reputation was not of the best, but who remained on friendly terms with Garrick till the end of his life, he was received by the actor with "truly French politeness," and appears to have at once won his good opinion, as was indeed but natural, for Patu was a convinced Anglo-maniac and an adorer of Shakespeare.

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[1] All Patu's letters to Garrick are printed in Boaden, vol. ii. Consult also R. Huchon, *Mrs. Montagu* (London, 1906), pp. 112-14.

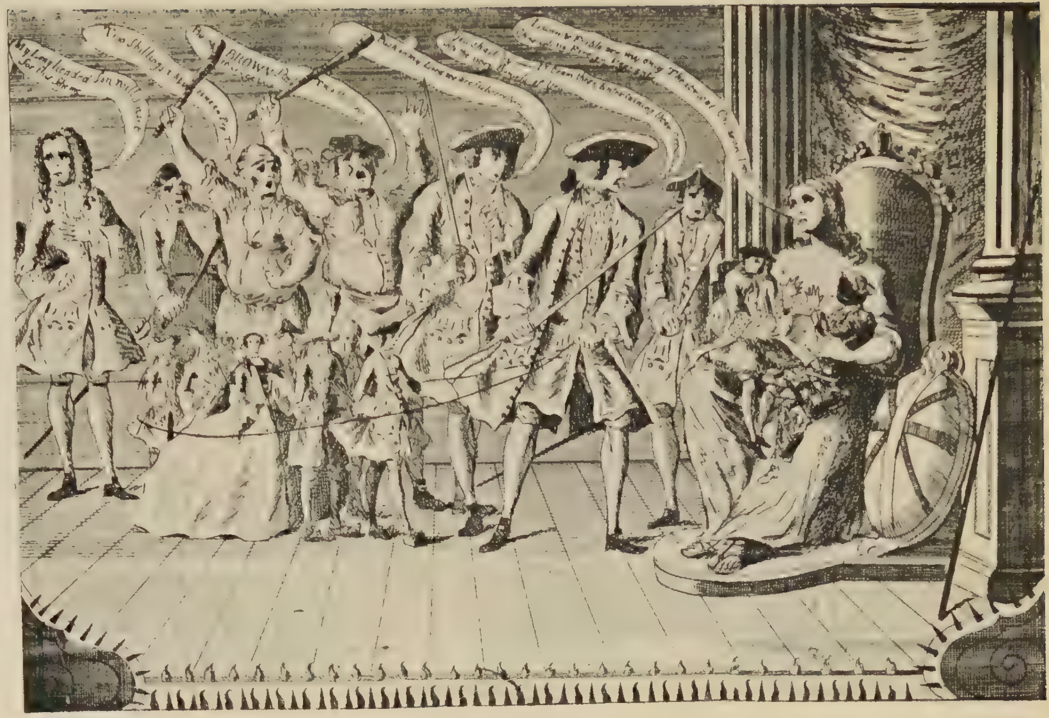
[2] Palissot attacked J. J. Rousseau in his comedy *Le Cercle*, 1757; he published in 1757 his *Petites lettres contre de grands philosophes*; he satirized the Philosophers in his *Philosophes*, 1760.

[3] He was the son of Pope's friend, William Cleland. Dismissed from the employment of the East India Company in 1736, he spent the next few years travelling in Europe. At London, in 1750, he had published his novel, *Fanny Hill*; *or, the Memoirs of a Woman of*

He remained at London only a few weeks, but during that short stay he followed the performances at Drury Lane with the greatest assiduity. Soon after the New Year he was back at Paris, where he began that correspondence the French half of which has been affectionately preserved by Garrick.

> I will write sometimes in English [he says in his letter of February 25th, 1755]; pitifully to be sure, but what is that to me, since error is the only way to truth? And besides, a true Englishman considers thoughts more than words. Sometimes in French to make myself gratified with a French answer, the perusal of which will encourage my pen and invite it to do, if possible, in your language, what noble ambition, work and sagacity made you able to do in ours. Meantime, do not forget, I beseech you, to give me some news of your stage, your warm, interesting stage, the remembrance of which strikes still to my very heart. Oh, Sir, how must I lament the state of our scene! it shall, it must fall down, if nobody is bold enough to enlarge our fetters, to lessen the heavy burdens we have been imposed upon by custom, pre-

Pleasure, which, chiefly on account of its indecency, had an enormous sale. His *Memoirs of a Coxcomb*, 1751, has more literary merit. He wrote also very frigid tragedies and some philological treatises. Patu admired *Fanny Hill*, and speaks of it in a letter to Cleland, November 31st, 1754.


My Long headed Son will
Two Shillings
BROWN

BRITANNIA DISTURB'D, OR AN INVASION BY FRENCH VAGRANTS.

From a rare caricature published in 1749, in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

> occupation,[1] and that foolish tyranny which makes us *jurare in verba magistrorum*; or rather to rise against those blind prepossessed critics and shake off the vile obedience they exact. I forced great many of my countrymen to confess such a truth, though they are enemies to great Shakespeare, who is called among them, *the absurd, ridiculous poet* and whom they never understood a line of. . . . Well, let us have fine verses, interesting speeches etc., but no heat, no passion, at all etc. Before ten or twelve years, I do assure you, everybody will keep Corneille, Racine, and Campistron in his own library, and prefer the Fair of St. Germain to the French playhouse: that is, a spectacle smiling to fancy, pleasing to eyes, and so answering its only end, to a spectacle which, destined to strike at home, to affect the very heart, to seize upon all the faculties of our soul, misses its aim and hardly keeps its empire over the mind and around the ears. . . .[2]

Thus he converses with his friend on literary matters; he sends him the latest news of the French stage,[3] buys him books, and advises him as to what journals to read in order to keep in touch with the movement of contemporary thought.

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[1] Patu means "prejudice."

[2] Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 383–5. This letter is written in English.

[3] Thus: "*L'Orphelin de la Chine* is over. Je trouve cette pièce chaude, intéressante et généralement écrite à la Voltaire; mais vous en jugerez. La préface qu'il a mise à la tête, et que vous verrez lorsqu'elle pourra vous parvenir, ne manquera pas de vous révolter. Il y traite les pièces de Shakespeare de *farces monstrueuses*, et en parle avec un mépris souverain. J'en suis d'autant plus indigné que les moindres paroles de ce grand écrivain sont prises ici pour des oracles, et que j'en aurai d'autant plus d'hydres à terrasser. N'importe!

"*A vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire.*"

He puts him in communication with Fréron, who offers him the hospitality of his sheets.[1] He looks after the actor's friends when they visit Paris, making himself agreeable to Mr. Pritchard when he brings his daughter across the water to learn dancing and complete her "corporal education." Through Garrick he enters into relations with the dancer Noverre, and communicates to his friend at London his impressions of that gentleman—favourable at first; later, on more ample knowledge, less agreeable.[2] He forms the ambitious design of writing a history of English literature: *The English Parnassus; or, Lives of the Principal Poets who have rendered Great Britain Illustrious*, a work which was to reveal to the French nation beauties of which it had no suspicion or which it understood ill. Here, however, he needs the actor's collaboration: "This is what I expect from your first leisure moments, although, to tell the truth, the sooner will be the better: your ideas, your help, your explanations on the first and second periods of your poetry. . . . When that is complete, we will think of the others. If you will not collaborate with me in this work, if you have so much spite against the French nation that you refuse to give it the benefit of your knowledge, I shall abandon my design."[3]

Meanwhile he publishes in the *Journal étranger* a translation of some scenes from Brown's *Barbarossa*, an article on Mrs. Lennox's *Shakespeare Illustrated*, a very favourable notice of the changes made by Garrick in *Romeo and Juliet*, and perhaps a translation of his *Lying Valet*.[1] He publishes his *Choix de petites pièces du Théâtre anglais*, a collection which more than one French author found useful.[2]

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[1] See a letter from Fréron, January 12th, 1756; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 414. We do not know whether Garrick accepted his offer. It is certain, however, that the journalist always spoke in most flattering terms of the English actor, and made frequent allusions to "the celebrated Garrick," "the English Roscius," etc.

[2] See an amusing letter from Patu (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 410).

[3] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 407.

Above all, he preaches the Shakespearean gospel to the French; with the enthusiastic courage of youth he dares to penetrate into Les Délices,[3] and attempts to convert the high priest of the opposite sect.

> I did not fail to tell him what I thought of his expressions, so false and so inconsiderate, about Shakespeare. He agreed very frankly that Shakespeare was *an amiable barbarian, a delightful madman*; such were his own words. The chief point that angers him is the irregularity of that illustrious poet's plans, irregularity which you are very far from defending. As to the natural ease, the warmth, the admirable ideas scattered

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[1] Published in full, August 1757, the month of Patu's death. We attribute to him also a notice of Cleland's *Fanny*, from which some pages are translated (*Fragments de quelques romans anglais*, juin 1755). Other articles of the same year—one especially on Johnson's Dictionary (cf. his letter to Garrick, June 18th, 1755, in which he thanks him for an opinion on that work)—are possibly by Patu.

[2] The first volume contains three pieces by Dodsley, the footman-author-bookseller: *The Toy Shop* (1731), *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* (1737), *The Blind Man of Bethnal Green* (1741); with a fourth piece, *The Devil to Pay; or, the Wives metamorphosed*, by Ch. Coffey, Mottley, and Theo. Cibber (1731)—a piece in which Kitty Clive won her first successes. From it Sedaine made his *Diable à quatre* (1756). He and Collé are both indebted to *The King and the Miller*; the one for *Le Roi et le fermier* (1762), the other for *La Partie de chasse de Henri IV.* (1762).

The second volume is composed of two pieces of Gay's: the celebrated *Beggar's Opera* and a tragi-comi-pastoral farce, *What d'ye call it?* (1715). The preface of this volume contains an appreciation of Gay, for whom Patu had a deep admiration (see his letter of May 18th, 1755), with a translation of Swift's *Reflexions* on the writer and his work.

[3] See the letter of Voltaire to Thiériot (November 8th, 1755): "J'ai vu M. Patu; il a de l'esprit, il est naturel, il est aimable. J'ai été très fâché que son séjour ait été si court," etc. See, too, his letter to d'Argental of the same date, where Voltaire speaks of his two pilgrims to Emmaüs—Patu and Palissot.

through Shakespeare's works, that he agreed to. . . . I impressed him yesterday by the energy with which I backed up my opinion. I drew out my book and read him the scene from *Romeo* between that young man and Friar Laurence: "Romeo, come forth," etc.

At first he laughed at my ardour, but at the verses—

> 'Tis torture and not mercy; heaven is here,
> Where Juliet lives. . . .
> O Father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
> No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
> But banishment to torture me withal?[1]—

he grew animated and frankly declared that that was *very beautiful*, *very touching*, *very natural*; but it was better still when I went on with the scene and when he heard that admirable enumeration of parts which proves better than ten tragedies how eloquent Shakespeare was:

> Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
> Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
> An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
> Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
> Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
>   thy hair,
> And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
> Taking the measure of an unmade grave.[1]

He hardly knew this play, which he had read perhaps thirty years ago; but he asked me for it so as to read it again, and was delighted with the catastrophe as you have painted it.[2]

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[1] *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iii. Patu quotes, somewhat incorrectly, from memory.

[2] See p. 72. Patu adds: "I spoke to him of my dear Garrick. 'Yes, indeed,' he said; 'that Mr. Garrick is inimitable as an actor, judging by what all who have seen him say. My niece [turning to Mme Denis, who for a long time now has lived with her uncle], if I were not so old, and had a little better digestion, we should have to go and see him act.'"

> . . . I have but little doubt that I should bring him round to my way of thinking on this subject, if I had time to make a longer stay at Geneva.[1]

Patu had hoped to return to London, but as his health got weaker and weaker he decided to set out for Italy. On the way he paid a second visit to Voltaire.[2] From Naples he sent to his English friend the last letter that Garrick was to receive from him. It is full of hope and of plans for the future, and ends with the words of the Ghost in *Hamlet*: "Farewell, remember me." Then, like a shadow, this young and amiable spirit departed from life. He died in August, 1757, at St. Jean de Maurienne,[3] leaving behind him only a little comedy, some few articles in the Reviews, some translations of English plays, and a bundle of letters, which Garrick kept carefully, and which he marked "Letters of that poor Patu." It has been truly said that "French criticism on English poetry lost much by his premature death."[1]

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[1] See Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 408, 409. See also *Lettres de Mme de Graffigny*, éd. Asse, Paris 1879, pp. 249 *sqq.*

[2] "Votre lettre, Monsieur, est venue très à propos pour me consoler du départ de M. d'Alembert et de M. Patu. . . . Mon dessein était d'accompagner M. Patu jusqu'à Lyon et d'y entendre Mlle Clairon," etc. (Voltaire à Palissot, November 30th, 1756).

[3] "Je regrette sensiblement le petit Patu; il aimait tous les arts et son âme était candide" (Voltaire à M. Vernes, October 26th, 1757). It is probable that Garrick, who must have passed through St. Jean de Maurienne on his way to Italy, visited Patu's grave in 1763. At the request of M. Hennin, Voltaire had composed for it the following epitaph:

Tendre et pure amitié dont j'ai senti les charmes,
Tu conduisis mes pas dans ces tristes déserts,
Tu posas cette tombe et tu gravas ces vers
Que mes yeux arrosaient de larmes.

Hennin very reasonably objected that these verses spoke of everything but Patu; he added that it was perhaps hardly polite to call a place a *triste désert* under the nose of its inhabitants. He substituted for Voltaire's quatrain a prose epitaph, in which he speaks of his dead friend as—

Estimé en Angleterre,
Applaudi à Rome,
Chéri dans sa patrie.

See *Corréspondance inédite de Voltaire avec P. M. Hennin*, Paris, 1825.

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[1] R. Huchon, *Mrs. Montagu*, p. 114. An obituary article in *L'Année littéraire* (tome vii., 1757, pp. 178-187), gives some additional details on this interesting young man. Patu was the posthumous son of the private secretary of Cardinal Dubois. His father left him an income of £500 a year. After brilliant studies at the Collège de Juilli and the Collège de Beauvais, he prepared for the Bar; but the *belles-lettres* were his passion, and engrossed most of his time. "Il voulut apprendre l'Anglais; il en acheta les Grammaires, les Dictionnaires et les compositions les plus estimées. Dès lors trop d'application altéra sa santé . . . la lenteur de ses progrès dans la langue anglaise l'impatientait; il l'entendait, la traduisait, mais ne la parlait pas avec facilité. Le célèbre Docteur Maty, avec lequel il entretint depuis une correspondance littéraire, lui accorda son amitié et se plut à lui faire sentir l'énergie, les finesses et l'urbanité de la langue britannique," etc.

IV

JEAN-GEORGES NOVERRE[1]

NOVERRE had neither the culture, the disinterestedness, nor the modesty that distinguished Patu; but he was a man of talent, and even to-day his name remains the most important in the history of choreographic art. As we have already seen, he was a member of the company at the Opéra Comique under Monnet's management.[2] Next he performed at Lyons, Marseilles, and Strasburg, and directed for a time the entertainments at the Court of Prussia.[3] In 1754 he accepted an invitation from his former manager, Monnet, and returned to the Fair of St. Germain, where he dazzled every one by the splendour of his ballets, *Les Fêtes chinoises* and *La Fontaine de jouvence*. "The first, a national ballet, amazed by its singularity, and its magnificence drew a very large attendance . . . it was seen by the whole of Paris."[1] We have no doubt that it was Monnet who recommended Noverre to Garrick; but, as the engagement of the dancer was a

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[1] On Noverre we have consulted Boaden, vol. ii. and several unpublished letters of his in the Forster Collection. See also Noverre's book, *Lettres sur les arts imitateurs* (Lyon, 1760); and *The Life and Works of the Chevalier Noverre*, by Charles Edwin Noverre (London, 1882, 4to).

[2] It was there that he made his first appearance (June 8th, 1743), and not, as has been often printed, before the French Court at Fontainebleau. See Monnet's *Mémoires*.

[3] The Prince de Ligne, in a letter to the King of Poland about the interview between Frederick II. and the Emperor Joseph II. of Germany, at Neustadt, in 1770, has an amusing reference to Noverre, which Carlyle has translated thus: "Coming out of the play, the Kaiser said to the King of Prussia, 'There is Noverre, the famous composer of ballets; he has been in Berlin, I believe.' Noverre made thereupon a beautiful dancing-master bow. 'Ah, I know him,' said the king; 'we saw him at Berlin; he was very droll, mimicked all the world, especially our chief dancing-women, to make you split with laughing.' Noverre, ill content with this way of remembering him, made another beautiful third-position bow, and hoped possibly the king would say something further, and offer him the opportunity of a small revenge. 'Your ballets are beautiful,' said the king to him, 'your dancing-girls have grace; but it is grace in a squattish form (*de la grâce engoncée*). I think you make them raise their shoulders and their arms too much. For, Monsieur Noverre, if you remember, our principal dancing-girl at Berlin wasn't so.' 'That is

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why she was at Berlin, sire,' replied Noverre (satirically, all he could)." (*History of Frederick the Great.*)

[1] *Mémoires* of Monnet, vol. ii. p. 74. Of this ballet, which plays an important part in all Lives of Garrick, no description has so far been given. We quote here a contemporary account drawn from the *Nouveau Calendrier des spectacles de Paris*, 1755:

"*Les Fêtes Chinoises*, composed by M. Noverre, July 1st, 1754:

"This ballet had already been performed at Lyons, Marseilles, and Strasburg. The scene represents at first an avenue ending in terraces and in a flight of steps leading to a palace situated on a height. This first set changes, and shows a public square, decorated for a festival; at the back is an amphitheatre, on which sixteen Chinamen are seated. By a quick change of scene, thirty-two Chinamen appear instead of sixteen, and go through a pantomimic performance on the steps. As they descend, sixteen other Chinamen, mandarins and slaves, come out of their houses and take their places on the steps. All these persons form eight ranks of dancers, who, by bending down and rising up in succession, give a fair imitation of the waves of a stormy sea. When all the Chinese have come down they begin a characteristic march. In this is to be seen a mandarin, carried in a rich palanquin by six white slaves, while two negroes drag a car in which a young Chinese woman is seated. They are both preceded and followed by a crowd of Chinamen, who play divers instruments of music in use in their country. When this procession is finished the ballet begins, and leaves nothing to be desired, neither for the variety nor for the neatness of the figures. It ends by a round-dance, in which there are thirty-two persons; their movements form a prodigious quantity of new and perfectly planned figures, which are linked and unlinked with the greatest ease. At the end of this round-dance the Chinamen take up their places anew on the amphitheatre, which changes into a porcelain shop. Thirty-two vases rise up, and hide from the audience the thirty-two Chinese. M. Monnet has spared nothing that could possibly assist M. Noverre's rich imagination. . . . The dresses were made from M. Boquet's designs." We shall meet M. Boquet again; he went to London to prepare the costumes, etc., for Noverre's ballet, and was later attached to the Paris Opéra. He was an artist of mark in his line, as the designs of his that we reproduce show.

business matter, the actor entrusted negotiations to the banker Selwin.

Fresh from his brilliant success at the Opéra Comique, Noverre proved very exacting. He refused with contempt an offer of £200, with a benefit, and demanded 350 guineas, plus a performance at which the manager of Drury Lane was to act himself. Selwin advised Garrick to accept (January 11th, 1755): "Nobody could be so fit to manage it as he is, if you could confide in his discretion, which I should, to judge from his countenance and manner of expressing himself. It seems he is of Lausanne and a Protestant, and not much attached to this country; so that it would be possible to fix him with you, if you liked him and could make it worth his while. . . ."[1]

Even after the contract was signed (January 31st, 1755), difficulties still occurred. Garrick had expressed his desire to see Noverre at London, and for that purpose had told Selwin to offer him twenty-five louis as travelling expenses. But this sum our prudent Swiss considered insufficient: "The pleasure I shall have in forwarding our acquaintance and in cementing it will make me shut my eyes to the sacrifice I am making you of my time, since I am refusing to go and earn money in the country in the interval between the two Fairs: you see that it would not be just for me to lose on two sides at once, and that you must recompense me for my voyage."[2]

Next Noverre, wishing all his little circle to share his good fortune, recommends to Garrick his friend the dancer de Laître, his friend Monsieur Boquet, decorator and designer of costumes; his wife, "without whom I cannot live at London," and who would make herself useful in the ballet. Having spent a good deal of money in preliminaries, he needs an advance; and then, something else: "I have had much vexation since my return; I have lost two rings worth sixty louis, which my wife had put on my watch-chain without fastening the clasp, and I lost them when I went to see Mr. Selwin; [or, in other words, 'I lost them in your service.'] However, one must take comfort, and bear like a philosopher the accidents which happen. Farewell, Sir, I await a word from you. . . ." [1]

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[1] Letter of May 11th, 1755; Forster Collection.

[2] Letter of February 26th, 1755; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 386.

Garrick's letter must have satisfied him on every point, for he hails it with a perfect pæan of joy and gratitude: "I have received the charming letter which you have done me the favour of writing me; I have a lively sentiment of your proofs of esteem; your style is admirable, and has been approved by every person to whom I have read your letter; in fine, you are a heavenly man, and all the artists and the savants of this country would be glad to have the happiness of knowing you." [2]

But now that everything was ready, the political sky was covered with clouds, and when the opening of the theatrical season arrived the storm appeared ready to burst. Foreseeing trouble, Garrick had a paragraph inserted in the London papers explaining that Noverre was a Swiss Protestant, that his wife was a German, and that his troop of dancers contained very few French. But the jingo spirit of the nation, excited by that terrible word "foreigners," was not to be calmed so easily. To describe the events that ensued, we will have recourse to the words of a spectator [3]:

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[1] Letter of May 9th, 1755; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 390.

[2] Letter of May 24th, 1755; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 391.

[3] We quote a *Lettre écrite de Londres . . . au sujet des ballets du sieur Noverre*, published in the *Journal étranger*, December 1755 (p. 223), and which gives of this affair the best and fullest account we are

"On Saturday, November 8th, the *Fêtes chinoises* was given and the author's name put on the bills. The celebrated Garrick, manager of the theatre, had spared nothing necessary to contribute to M. Noverre's success. The scenery was superb and the dresses magnificent. The procession was composed of ninety persons; the palanquin and the chariots were very rich. . . . The round-dance, in which there were forty-eight performers, was executed with a precision and a neatness such as are not ordinary in grand ballets; in a word, those *Fêtes chinoises*, which achieved so brilliant a success at Paris, were nothing in comparison with these of London. The expenses amounted to two thousand louis.

"The King of England, followed by all the Court, honoured the first performance with his presence; the people received that prince with much joy but little respect. A comedy was acted; after which the ballet was begun. Applause broke out at once and was continued to the end. But with it were mingled three or four shrill whistles and especially voices, coming from the third balcony, and repeating, as if in echo: 'No French dancers.' The nobility, and all respectable people, shouted out that the interrupters should be thrown into the pit; and the applause redoubled. The King retired, highly delighted with the ballet and much dissatisfied with his people's want of respect."

On Wednesday the 12th, the ballet was again given; this time the opposition was more numerous, and composed (according to the author of this letter) of subordinate English actors and supers, with people paid by the managers of the other

acquainted with. It will be noticed that the writer describes events as seen from the stage. He was evidently a member of the *corps de ballet*; perhaps Noverre himself. See, too, Davies, vol. i. pp. 177 *sqq.* Fitzgerald, pp. 161, 162, resumes Davies and follows him in his errors.

theatres. The dancers were hissed. A man was thrown from the gallery into the pit. The persons of birth drew their swords and fell upon the disturbers of order. "Several innocents paid for the guilty. The Nobles lost patience and struck at all without distinction; they broke arms and heads, blood flowed on every side; the ballet came to a stop; finally, the Nobles drove the disabled rioters out of the theatre. The ballet was begun again; all the spectators raised their hats in the air and shouted Huzzah! . . . the clapping was universal; there were no more hissers—they were in the surgeon's hands."

On the morrow, things passed off much more quietly. Only one unimportant occurrence troubled the proceedings; that was the expulsion of a fomenter of disorder, who, "rolling down three flights of stairs, opened his skull and broke all his bones." But apart from this mishap, the evening was void of incident.

On Friday the 14th was the opening of Parliament. The populace took advantage of the Milords' absence to hoot the ballet to their hearts' content. It was executed, but not a note of the music was audible in the hall.

On Saturday the 15th, the aristocracy were again absent; this time their presence was necessary for the opening of the Opera. "*Les Blagards* [that is, the roughs of London] were victorious and made a horrible disturbance. They tore up the seats and threw them into the pit at those who were of the opposite party; they broke all the glasses, the chandeliers, etc., and tried to get on the stage and kill all the troop; but as, at this play-house, order is admirably kept, in three minutes the scenery was removed, all the trap-doors were ready to open and swallow up any who might come on the stage, all the wings were full of men armed with cudgels, swords, pikes, etc., and the great tank behind the stage was ready to be set running so as to drown those who might fall into the cellars."

It is to be doubted whether order is more efficiently enforced in the best-appointed London theatres of to-day.

The rioting went on until midnight. Finally, Garrick's partner, Lacy, promised that the French ballet should not again be performed. On this the *blagards* withdrew, satisfied with their victory.

But on Monday the 17th the milords, free from political and social functions, return to Drury Lane. They demand *Les Fêtes chinoises*, whilst the populace vociferates, "No French dance!" Garrick is loudly called for. He appears on the stage and is addressed by every one at the same time. With his usual courtesy he attempts to reply to both sides at once. He wishes to please his aristocratic patrons; on the other hand, he is afraid of offending the pit and the gallery. His shuffling explanations content neither party. The moral temperature of the hall begins to rise. The noble lords seize one of the ring-leaders among the rioters and "hold him up in the air with the intention of strangling him." Garrick intervenes and succeeds in rescuing the man; he makes fresh attempts to arrive at a compromise. The aristocrats demand that the matter be put to the vote; and, as they threaten to fall on all who are not of their opinion, they carry the day. Garrick promises that the famous ballet shall be performed on the morrow.

That day—it was Tuesday, November 18th, 1755—Drury Lane was packed as it never had been packed before. At three o'clock in the afternoon it was impossible to get into the theatre. To while away three long hours of waiting the audience whistled and sang songs, calling on the band to play national airs, "surtout le *Roast Beef*." When, at six o'clock, the curtain went up, a terrible racket broke out, compared to which the tumult at the earlier performances was nothing. A Milord jumps from a box on to the stage and attempts to harangue the throng; deftly aimed, a rotten apple hits him full in the face. That was the signal for battle. "Broken arms, legs, and heads; people half squashed under the seats; all the Chinese dancers hidden in corners: such was the spectacle that was at once to be seen." A rain of dried peas and tin-tacks falls on the stage, thus preventing all terpsichorean manœuvres. The battalions of the nobility clear the pit; new contingents of *blagards* descend from the gallery and win it back. A hired band of butchers penetrate into the theatre, and distribute cuffs and smacks right and left. The rioters are at length turned out; but they rush off to Garrick's private house in Southampton Street, where they smash every window; indeed they would have set fire to it had not the actor asked for military protection. "Finally the performances of the ballet were stopped, for the preservation of the inhabitants of London. It had engrossed the attention of the whole town for a fortnight. Mr. Noverre and his family have been obliged to hide for fear of accidents.[1] If the nobility and respectable inhabitants had supported his interests with less warmth, all would have, perhaps, passed off quietly. . . . Extravagant reports were carried so far that it was even declared that the French dancers were officers, and the ballet-master Prince Edward himself."

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[1] During the riots Noverre's brother had run a man through with his sword; it was thought at first that he had killed him, but he recovered. The younger Noverre was long attached to the ballet at Drury Lane; subsequently he became dancing-master at Norwich. It is his great-grandson who wrote the *Life of Chevalier Noverre* to which we have already referred.

Noverre's experiences, then, much resembled those of the pippin-pelted players of 1629, and of Monnet and his company in 1749. Such was the reception extended in those early times to foreign artists by a city which later was to welcome so enthusiastically Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, and others.

From a letter of Noverre's preserved in the Forster Collection we see that the *maître de ballet* did not remain at London for the whole of the season 1755-6: the managers of the theatre, *having no more use for his services*, allowed him to return to Paris to *wind up his affairs*. According to the accounts contained in the same collection, Garrick treated him liberally, and granted him a sum of fifty guineas in lieu of a benefit. Noverre confessed that "he had every reason for being satisfied with the managers' behaviour towards him. He begs those gentlemen not to judge of his talents by the poor sample he has given; he is mortified at having been of so little use to them, and at having been unable to prove to them his zeal and good-will; he would be delighted to renew his engagement for two seasons more, according to the former proposition made to him by the managers, but which he did not accept, out of delicacy, as he wished to make himself known to them first."[1]

This proposal was accepted, and Noverre returned to London for the season 1756-7; or, to speak more correctly, he should have been there for the opening of the season on September 18th, but either from illness, laziness, or from want of money for his journey, he did not put in an appearance till December 1st. This laxity cost him a fine from "Monsieur Lécy." Neither the dancer nor his wife seems to have carried back to France a very agreeable recollection of Garrick's partner: "I thank you very sincerely for the pains you have taken," writes Noverre to Garrick, "to reconcile me with M. Lécy; but I am no less sensible to your assurances of friendship and to your proofs of esteem than I am indifferent to all the unkind things he may think on my account. . . . There is in the world a race of beings whose only merit is that of possessing gold, and who, blown out with the pride of seeing themselves at ease, impudently insult the beneficent source which, in enriching them, has cleansed them from the filth in which they were plunged."[1] In spite of the poetic excess of imagery which renders M. Noverre's style somewhat obscure, it is perfectly clear from this sentence that he was angry.

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[1] Letter, undated; Forster Collection, vol. xxii.

The unjust treatment of the same Lacy forms the text of a long and incoherent epistle from Madame Noverre,[2] in which she appears to find fault with Roscius himself for his unfairness at London, "in humiliating a man of talents and taking his illness as a pretext for making him lose one hundred and fifty louis and his benefit." "I would scorn to complain," adds Madame Noverre, whose epistolary style makes one think of Mrs. Gamp, "persuaded as I am that you will be willing to make up for this loss."

To this letter we possess a long (and unpublished) reply, written in English in the actor's handwriting, with a translation into French in

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[1] Forster Collection, vol. xxii. p. 30.

[2] Undated; written at the end of the year 1757, probably from Lyons, as is the reply to Garrick's letter (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 421).

C. H. Cochin del. *Aug. de Saint-Aubin sculp.* 1765.

JEAN MONNET.

the writing of another, but perhaps dictated by him.[1] As this document shows us another side of Garrick's character, that of the manager defending his own interests and discussing a subordinate's claims point by point, we will quote it here in full:

> (*Undated. End of December* 1757, *or New Year*, 1758)
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> MADAM,
>
> If I have been a little surpriz'd that I have not yet received a letter from M^r Noverre, how much more am I that I have received one, and so extraordinary a one, from you, without Date, or even mention where you are!
>
> You say you have wrote several Letters to me, without any Answer; this is still more astonishing; for I have not receiv'd a single line from France, since your Husband left us, with the name of Noverre to it before; and He himself makes mention in a Letter to his Brother, of his intention only of writing to me.—How is this to be reconcil'd?—and what is the Subject of the Letter I am honour'd with from you?—a very lively and severe Remonstrance against the Injustice of the Managers (which you'll permit me to say is entirely Groundless) and not the least mention made of some other things, which I shou'd rather have expected from your Justice and your Delicacy.
>
> I am almost convinc'd that M^r Noverre cannot be Privy to the Letter you have sent me; he wou'd never have permitted you to

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[1] Certain little slips and one or two important omissions support this possibility; but, it must be admitted, the French of the letter is superior to that usually written by Garrick. We have given the French text in the French edition of this book (p. 87), but think it unnecessary to reproduce it here.

represent the Facts so partially and so injuriously.—But to Answer your Letter in Order and as briefly as I can.

You complain that the Managers oblig'd M^r Noverre to forfeit part of his Salary for not attending his business—but sure nothing can be more equitable.—What, Madam, wou'd you have y^e Managers pay for the Services of three months, what they are bound to pay only for nine? Is there Reason or Justice in this? Indispositions that keep the Performers from their Duty for two, three, four, or even five weeks, are always overlook'd; and I will venture to say that no Managers ever consider'd their Company with more Indulgence in these Particulars—but to convince you that this Law was not made on Purpose (as you hint) for M^r Noverre; Mrs. Cibber, our first Actress, paid three hundred Pounds the same Season, by the consent of her own Lawyer, on Account of her inability to perform her Contract.—Besides, it was left to M^r Noverre's own Option, whether he wou'd come to England or not, with a Promise from Us that his Agreement shou'd stand good for the next Year, and for the same Term.—But he chose rather to come, contrary to my most friendly Advice, and the repeated Letters of his Brother.

M^r Noverre was not depriv'd of his Benefit; it did not, indeed, turn out equal to my Wishes and Expectations, for Mrs. Cibber falling sick disappointed the Public of their Entertainment, and tho' I play'd for him, and a capital character, The Weather and the change of the Play Hurt the House.—But was that my fault? or was my friendship less ardent or sincere; and does a Lady of Mrs. Noverre's understanding, judge and determine by Events? Besides, when I engag'd to perform a Character for his Benefit, I did not engage likewise that the Weather shou'd be favourable, and the House full—but I must say more—M^r^ Noverre is the first Person that ever had a Benefit Play and was not in the Kingdom himself to take care of it.

As to the Necessity he was under of pawning his things for subsistance, I am amaz'd to see this Circumstance mention'd, for the very Moment that his Brother told me of it, I sent him Money to redeem his Things, and told him often that he shou'd never want for Money, if I had it, and he wou'd apply to me; and this, Madam, I said at a time when M^r Noverre had in some measure forfeited his Engagement to M^r Lacy and Myself.

The part of y^r Letter which speaks of another Agreement, and that to be made in French, and for six years, with several other things equally Astonishing, appear to fall so severely upon your Husband, that I cannot make an Answer to it.

The Contract he sign'd was given to him to consult his Friends upon, which he sign'd with the greatest Pleasure at that time, and which I thought wou'd have been the most substantial foundation for his future Interest and Happiness and which I am sorry to say he has lost by his most unaccountable irresolution.

My Brother, by his desire, kept his part of the Contract for him, which he will immediately deliver to Mr. Selwyn, as he little imagin'd that His probity too was to be call'd in Question with y^e rest—As for myself, if you and M^r Noverre will please to consider of my Behaviour and Friendship (notwithstanding my Losses and the disagreeable Oppositions I met with) I flatter myself you will think that I have not been well treated—there has been no act of Friendship or Kindness that I wou'd not have done, and have done for M^r Noverre as my Friend, but as one of our Company, he was oblig'd to abide by our Rules and Laws, which were less severe upon Him than any of the Rest.

And what were my Motives to engage and fix M^r Noverre in England? Why meerly my great Regard for a Man of his Merit, and to do all in my Power, to promote and establish his Interest Here.—Don't imagine, Madam, that I engag'd him from lucrative views, for let me assure you, tho' I am certain our Dances would be the better with M^r Noverre than without him, yet I am as certain our Receipts will be the same in either Case.

As to the Excuse of waiting for more calm and undisturb'd times, M^r Noverre is very sensible that all opposition was at an End, and that he met with the most unfeign'd Applause for the little he did for us, when he was here last winter; and at this time your Brother and M^r De Latre are highly approv'd of, and their Names are in our Bills at large, every time they Dance.

As to Mr. Lacy, I must confess that he did not at first see M^r Noverre's extraordinary Merit as I did; but is that any Reason you shou'd attack him so unmercyfully while you remain indebted and engag'd to him?—This he shall never know from me, and I am sorry that it ever came from you.

I cannot possibly give you, Madam, any Answer to the last Paragraph of your Letter, —When M^{r} Noverre pleases to write to the Managers, they will answer him, and indeed I think in delicacy that he shou'd have written to 'em before.—Tho' we honor the Ladies as much in England as in France, and I particularly have the greatest Regard for you, yet Business of this Nature is always transacted with the Husband, and by the Laws of our Country the Act and Deed of the Wife, in such Cases pass for Nothing.

I am, Madam,
Y^{r} most obedient
humble Serv^{t}
D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick returns her best Compl^{ts} to You.[1]

In spite of these quarrels and discussions of interest, Garrick always showed himself very friendly disposed towards Noverre. He was desirous of engaging him anew at Drury Lane in 1767 (see Monnet's letters), but it was again Lacy who stood in the way and objected to the ballet-master's excessive demands.[2] We find them once more in treaty in 1775, and apparently Noverre returned to London in 1776. In a letter from Bontemps, secretary to Prince Louis de Rohan, ambassador at Vienna, we read: "The country I am at present (1776) living in . . . is absolutely the antipodes of yours for learning, arts, good taste, and enlightenment of all sorts. . . . M. Noverre was the only person who could make me some amends for that, and now he is taken away. . . . I must congratulate you on the acquisition you have made; his genius is worthy of yours. All the passions he desires to depict are submissive to his art, of which he has made himself master to the point of excelling in every branch of it. He was destined to draw near you, for it appears that he has taken you for his model. . . ."[1]

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[1] Forster Collection. Spelling and punctuation unchanged.
[2] Boaden, vol. i. p. 252.

The last paragraph suggests an interesting relation between Garrick's acting and the modern ballet. Noverre was the creator of the *Ballet pantomime*, that is to say, of the theatrical entertainment in which dancers attempt to recount a story by means of gestures and movements. Before Noverre the ballet was a simple *divertissement*, and even his early creations, such as *Les Fêtes chinoises* and *La Fontaine de jouvence*, appealed almost solely to the sight by the beauty of their costumes and the gracefulness of their figures. It was when he saw at London Garrick's animated acting, in which the gestures of the hands, the expression of the features, and the posture of each part of the body were used to express the impulses and agitation of the heart and mind, that Noverre conceived the possibility of a choreographic drama.[2] From that to the ballets of his second period was only a step; but the difference is very great between the "pantomimic exercises" of his Chinamen in *Les Fêtes chinoises* and the well-enchained series of scenes taken from antiquity which compose his *Descente d'Orphée aux enfers*, or the domestic plot of his *Le Jaloux*, for which he was indebted to plays by Voltaire and

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[1] Forster Collection, vol. xxii.

[2] Diderot's ideas on this subject possibly influenced Noverre. See the end of the *Troisième entretien sur le Fils Naturel*, where among the reforms needed in theatrical art Diderot suggests: "La danse à réduire sous la forme d'un véritable poème, à écrire et à séparer de tout autre art d'imitation."

Diderot, or the terrible tragedy of the *Euménides*, which, when it was played at the Court of Vienna, filled the audience with terror and panic.[1] That it was during his stay at London that he learned to draw from dumb-show all its force, and that Garrick was truly his master, several passages in his works[2] prove. Of these we will quote two, the second of which gives Noverre's enthusiastic testimony to Garrick's extraordinary talents—testimony all the more striking from the fact that the dancer was not prone to recognize other people's qualities.

"My ballet [*Les Fêtes du sérail*] had all the greater success from the fact that in the one I entitled *Ballet chinois*, and which I revived at Lyons, the bad arrangement of colours and the disagreeable fashion in which they were mingled wounded the sight. . . . That multitude of dancers, dragging with them the glitter of tinsel and a strange union of colours, dazzled the eyes but did not satisfy them. The costumes were arranged in such a manner that directly a dancer ceased moving he ceased to be seen; and yet this ballet was carried out with all possible precision. The beauty of the theatre[3] imparted to it an elegance and a neatness which it could not have at Paris on M. Monnet's stage; but, either because the costumes and the scenery were not in keeping with one another, or *because the style I have now*

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[1] Several scenarios of ballets are given in C. E. Noverre's *Life* of his ancestor. Noverre himself published a *Recueil de programmes de ballets* (Vienna, 1776); in this he gives the intrigues and scenery of several created by him *after* 1760; but he has preserved none of those invented before his visit to London, and he always speaks of them with a certain disdain.

[2] His *Lettres sur les arts imitateurs; ou sur la danse et sur les ballets* had several editions: Lyons, 1760 (8vo); Stuttgart, 1760 (12mo); London, 1783 (8vo); St. Petersburg, 1803 (4to); La Haye, 1807 (8vo).

[3] That of Lyons (where Noverre directed the ballets from 1757 to 1760), which at this date was the finest in France.

adopted is superior to that I have given up, I must admit that of all my ballets that one made the least sensation here."[1]

Farther on, speaking of the necessity of suppressing the masks usually worn by ballet-dancers and of trusting to the natural expression of the features,[2] Noverre says: "Mr. Garrick, the celebrated English actor, is the model I propose. A finer one does not exist, nor one more perfect and worthy of admiration. He has rightly been considered the Proteus of our day, for he combined all styles in himself and rendered them with so much perfection and truth that he not only won the applause and the approbation of his own nation, but also excited the admiration and the praise of all foreigners. He was so natural, his expression had so much truth, his gestures, his physiognomy, and his looks were so eloquent and so persuasive that they acquainted even those who did not understand English with what was going on on the stage. It was perfectly easy to follow him; in pathetic passages he was touching; in tragedy he made one feel the successive action of the most violent passions; and, if I dare employ such expressions, he wrung the spectator's bowels, he tore his heart, he pierced his soul, and made him shed tears of blood. In the nobler kinds of comedy he was captivating and enchanting; in the less elevated sorts he was amusing; and on the stage he got himself up with so much skill that those who lived in his intimacy often failed to recognize him. . . . [Mr. Garrick] studied his parts, but he studied the passions still more. Closely attached to his profession, he avoided every one and shut himself up at home on those days when he had an important part to play. By his genius he rose to the rank of the prince he was to represent; he assumed his virtues and weaknesses; he seized his character and tastes; he transformed himself into the very person, and it was not Garrick to whom one spoke; it was not Garrick that one heard; the metamorphosis once accomplished, the actor disappeared and the hero appeared; only when he had finished the duties of his calling did he reassume his natural form. You may imagine, Sir, that his mind was seldom unoccupied, that his heart was constantly agitated, that his imagination was ceaselessly at work, that he lived three parts of his time in a fatiguing excitement which had on his health an effect all the more deplorable from the fact that he filled and tortured himself with the conception of a sad and unhappy situation twenty-four hours before depicting it, and so freeing himself from the obsession. On the contrary, on those days when he was to play a poet, a mechanic, a man of the lower classes, a journalist, or a fop, none so gay as he. . . . In parts of that kind, I say, his physiognomy displayed itself in all its native force, and translated at every moment the movements of his spirit; his features showed at each instant new feelings painted with the greatest truth; one may, without any partiality, consider him as the Roscius of England; for to diction, declamation, fire, natural ease, wit, and subtlety he joined that force of pantomime and that rare power of dumb-show which characterize the great actor and the perfect comedian. . . . I saw him act in a tragedy which he had himself touched up, for to the merit of excelling on the stage he joined that of being one of the most agreeable poets of his nation; I saw him, I say, act a tyrant who, terrified at the enormity of his crimes, dies torn by remorse. The last act was given up to regret and grief. Human nature triumphed over murder and barbarity; at its voice the tyrant was stirred to a due detestation of his crimes, which became, little by little, his judges and his torturers. At each moment death was written more clearly on his face: his eyes grew dim, his voice would scarcely answer the efforts he made to articulate his thoughts. His gestures, without losing their clearness of expression, announced the approach of the last moment; his legs sank under him, his features lengthened out; his pale and livid complexion bore the print of grief and repentance; at length he fell down. At that moment his crimes repassed before his imagination under horrible forms. Terrified at the hideous pictures that his atrocities presented to him, he struggled with death; nature seemed to make a last effort. The scene made one shudder; he scraped the ground, digging his own tomb, as it were; but the dreaded moment drew near; death appeared visibly; every movement painted that instant which reduces all to the same level. Finally, he expired; the death-rattle and the convulsive twitchings of the face, of the arms and the chest, added the last touch to this terrible picture.

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[1] See *Lettres sur les arts*, ed. 1803, letter vi. p. 47; the italics are ours.

[2] A reform which Noverre had not thought of demanding before seeing Garrick act. The authorities of the Paris Opéra long refused to grant it on account of the opposition of noble and rich amateurs who loved to mingle, masked, in the troop of dancers.

"That is what I saw, Sir, and what our actors should see."[1]

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[1] We quote from the 1803 edition (p. 103), in which, however, the passage is in no way different from that of 1760; it resumes Noverre's impressions soon after his return from London.

The ballet-master's subsequent career, with his stay at the Court of Milan and at that of Maria Theresa, his return to Paris under the protection of his former pupil, Marie-Antoinette, his appointment as *Maître de ballet* at the Opéra, and his share in the Gluck-Piccinni quarrel, may be followed in Mr C. E. Noverre's *Life*.

Driven out of France by the Revolution, Noverre took refuge in England. He produced several of his ballets at London, and succeeded in re-establishing his ruined fortunes.

After 1800 he withdrew to St. Germain, where he died in 1809. He repeated his praises of Garrick in the two fairly well-known letters addressed by him to Voltaire (see *Vie de David Garrick suivie de deux lettres de M. Noverre à Voltaire sur ce célèbre acteur*; An. ix. (1810), 12°. Anonymous, but assigned by Quérard to T. E. F. Marignié). The date affixed to these letters is 1765; but in the second there is an allusion to the artist Loutherbourg as principal scene-painter at Garrick's theatre (p. 158). Now Loutherbourg only arrived in London in 1771 (see a letter from Monnet, October 1771; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 592). To this letter Voltaire, however, sends a reply dated 1765! (April 2nd, p. 182 of this *Vie*). Our opinion is that Voltaire never wrote this epistle. In it Garrick is spoken of as still at the Court of Bavaria; but long before April 2nd, 1765, Voltaire must have known that the actor was at Paris. Garrick had written to him from Nancy, in *October* 1764, to say that he was going to the capital as fast as possible (see p. 186 of this book). In this same reply from Voltaire we read: "Notre ministre m'assure que Garrick court après vous"; that was a most improbable thing in 1765. Noverre would have been more likely to run after Garrick.

We conclude, from these diverse points of evidence, that Noverre's two letters were written *after* 1771, and that Voltaire's reply is apocryphal. It is given, however, in all the principal editions of his *Works*, but appears to have been copied from the *Vie de Garrick* referred to above.

PART III

TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT, 1763–5 RECEPTION AT PARIS

I

DEPARTURE FROM LONDON; ARRIVAL AT PARIS

In the spring of 1756 the war between France and England, of which the prelude had been so well played at Drury Lane, broke out in earnest, and Garrick's plans for a second trip to France were put off indefinitely. During the next seven years he must have often turned a longing look towards the other shore of the Channel, where he had so many friends, where he knew that his reputation was already very great, and where, in spite of political differences between the two Governments, English customs and English literature were so popular. He even thought of carrying out his projects during the period of hostilities; but the banker Selwin, whose opinion he had asked, strongly dissuaded him. "It's very unsafe coming here at present from your side the water. All the French who are settled in England and are lately come from thence have been taken up, and many of them are still in prison."[1]

Garrick was not the only celebrated Englishman who impatiently awaited the moment for crossing to France and enjoying the enthusiasm of his

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[1] Letter of August 14th, 1759 (Forster Collection, vol. xxii. *add.*).

French admirers; and when, profiting from the cessation of hostilities which announced a peace to come, Laurence Sterne started for Paris in January 1762, he carried with him guineas of Garrick's in his pockets[1] and letters from Garrick in his trunks. Soon he was sending to the actor news of common friends, and telling him of the reception that awaited him at Paris:

"Well! here I am . . . as much improved in my health for the time as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to. . . . My application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only M. Pelletier (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. G.) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourgh, the Baron d'Holbach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France. . . . The next morning I waited upon M. Titon,[2] in company with Mr. Macartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands."[3]

A few days later: "I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mlle Clairon in *Iphigénie*; she is extremely great; would to God you had one or two like her! What a luxury to see you with

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[1] Cf. his letter to Garrick:

"Dear Garrick,—Upon reviewing my finances this morning, with some unforeseen expenses I find I should set out with twenty pounds less than a prudent man ought. Will you lend me twenty pounds?

Yours, L. Sterne."

Forster Collection, vol. xxvi. *add.*

[2] Titon du Tillet. This curious personage had been an officer in the army, then *maître d'hôtel* to the Duchesse de Bourgogne and to the Queen Marie Leczinska. But he was above all a patron of the arts and a generous friend of all the men of letters of his time, save Voltaire, to whom he preferred J. B. Rousseau—a preference which cost him more than one virulent attack from the author of the *Henriade*. It was Patu who had spoken of him and his public spirit) to Garrick (Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 394, 404). The latter had expressed the desire to meet him; but du Tillet died the same year (1762.

[3] January 31st, 1762.

with one of such powers in the same interesting scene." Mlle Clairon's acting seems to have produced a very deep impression on Yorrick, for soon he reverts to the subject: "Clairon . . . is very great and highly improved since you saw her." Then: "You are much talked of here and much expected as soon as the peace will let you; these last two days you have happened to engross the whole conversation at two great houses where I was at dinner. 'Tis the greatest problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the same man should possess such tragic and comic powers, and in such an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two nature intended him. . . . Adieu, dear G., present ten thousands of my best respects and wishes to and for my friend, Mrs. G. . . .; had she been last night upon the Tulleries she would have annihilated a thousand French goddesses *in one single turn*. . . ."[1]

Whilst Sterne was thus dazzling his eyes with attractive accounts of the town that Horace Walpole used to call Paradise, Garrick found at home reasons quite sufficient to excite a wish to leave England for a time. His health was far from good. A busy life, in which the duties of actor, director, and stage-manager were combined, had worn him out; his rare moments of leisure were invaded by social obligations, by his receptions at Hampton, and by those appearances in society which he deemed necessary to sustain his popularity. He needed a change of atmosphere, to abdicate for a time the sceptre of the theatric king and the bauble of the jester, and take a well-earned rest. As popular feeling in favour of peace grew stronger, his desire to get away increased. "You have seen in the newspapers," he writes to Mrs. Cibber, October 3rd, 1762, "an account of my intended expedition into Italy. I had no right to avow it till I had the Lord Chamberlain's approbation; I have had it, and now I proclaim the certainty of it to my friends. . . . I have been advised by several physical friends and physicians, at the head of which I reckon Dr. Barry, to give myself a winter's respite. I have dearly earned it, and shall take it, in the hopes of being better able to undergo my great fatigues of acting and management."[1]

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[1] April 10th, 1762: *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne, published by his daughter*, 1775 (dedicated to Garrick). In this last letter Sterne speaks of a tragedy "given me by a lady of talents, to read and conjecture if it would do for you. 'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and possibly half a translation of it. . . . *The Natural Son; or, The Triumph of Virtue*, in five acts. . . . It has too much sentiment in it (at least for me), the speeches too long and savour too much of preaching—this may be a second reason it is not to my taste . . . so I fear it would not do for your stage, and perhaps for the very reason which recommends it to a French one. . . ." This interesting and characteristic criticism has reference to a translation of Diderot's *Le Fils naturel*, by Mrs. Griffith, who from this date was continually sending to Garrick adaptations from the French. He refused many, but put more than one on the stage; her *School for Rakes*, taken from Beaumarchais's *Eugénie*, had considerable success. The play here referred to was never acted, but was published in 1767, anonymously, by Dodsley: *Dorval, or the Test of Virtue.*

The last few seasons that he had passed had been extremely tiring. He had been exposed to the attacks of a certain Fitzpatrick, who, after having written a series of articles against him in *The Craftsman*, had published them in pamphlet form: *An Enquiry into the Real Merits of a Certain Popular Performer, . . . with an Introduction to D——d G——k, Esq.* (1760). Garrick replied in *The Fribbleriad*, a verse satire in which he held up the lady-like manners of his critic to ridicule, and depicted his effeminate appearance in amusing but coarse style. Irritated at this, Fitzpatrick organized what is known in theatrical history as the *Half-Price Riots,*[1] during which, as in 1755, the Drury Lane Theatre sustained considerable damage.

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[1] Boaden, vol. i. p. 201, where the letter is erroneously dated 1765, instead of 1762.

More serious still was the decrease of popularity of which these attacks were a symptom. It was now more than twenty years since Garrick had first appeared before the public; and although his powers were still as extraordinary as ever, they were no longer a novelty. He had too—partly from necessity, partly, perhaps, from jealousy of competition—been practically the sole male actor of talent at Drury Lane during many years; by showing himself too often he had dulled the edge of his welcome. It is said that during the season 1762–3 he had played more than once before a house worth £20 or less.[2] Moreover, English opera was in great fashion; at Covent Garden the manager, Beard, a singer of value and reputation, the charming Miss Brent, and Dr. Arne, the composer, made a combination which succeeded in attracting all the town.

These considerations united decided Garrick to quit the stage for a time.[3]

It was on September 15th, 1763, that he, his wife, and his dog left London, and, being no doubt of the number of those spoken of by a *Guide*[4] of the time as "having a great repugnance to travelling by sea," avoided the journey by water to Dover, drove to that port in their own chaise, and crossed in the sailing-packet to Calais. Thence they pushed on directly to Paris, which they reached without accident on the evening of Monday, September 19th. Their arrival at the gate of St. Denis has provided material for an amusing anecdote, which we repeat here, without in any way guaranteeing its veracity:

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[1] The young bloods demanded the right to enter in the middle of the evening at half-price, even during the run of new pieces.

[2] Rogers's *Table Talk*, quoted by Knight, p. 200.

[3] He entrusted the management of the theatre to his partner Lacy, and his brother George. His friend Colman was to choose the pieces and see them properly produced.

[4] *A Five Weeks' Tour to Paris* (London, 1765). This book is one among several that prove how great was the exodus of English tourists to the Continent after the Seven Years' War.

"The actors of the French Comedy, having learnt on what day Garrick was to reach Paris, awaited him at the inn nearest to the gate. There, thanks to the postillion's carelessness—he had been well paid for this service—his carriage broke down. Garrick was obliged to stop at the inn, where, as it happened, a wedding-breakfast was taking place. The married couple and their relatives begged him to take a seat at their table; they poured him out a glass of good wine, of which he was very fond. Soon he forgot his anger against the postillion, and appeared to fall in so frankly with the circumstances that the actors (for it was they) thought him entirely deceived by the comedy they were playing. They were no little surprised when Garrick, waking up from his pretended intoxication, hailed each of them by his name. The praises or the criticisms in the public prints had long furnished him with the qualities and the defects of them all. When he heard them he guessed the name of practically every one, and thus recognized people he had never seen." [1]

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[1] Desprès, *Hist. du théâtre anglais*, in the *Mémoires sur Garrick* (Paris, 1822), p. 24. This incident forms the foundation of an unfinished sketch, of which the manuscript is in the Bibliothèque Nationale; Nouvelles Acquisitions Françaises, 2920; we mention these anecdotes and plays, complete or incomplete, about Garrick to show how wide-spread was his reputation in France. What was less amusing for our two travellers was that Garrick, having lost the *visa* of the Calais Customs-house, had to have his luggage re-examined at Paris.

II

LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

His first visit was to the Comédie Française, where he saw La Chaussée's *La Gouvernante*, acted by Mlle Dumesnil, who did not produce a good impression on him: "She made use of little startings and twitchings, which are visibly artificial, and the mere mimicry of the free, simple, and noble working of the passions."[1] His French colleagues soon noticed his presence in the theatre, and immediately made him free of it. Visits to Préville, whom he had, no doubt, met in 1751, and to Mlle Clairon, with whom, as we have seen, he was already acquainted, followed. They were two of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the Comedy; but there were others. We dare not risk the unqualified statement that "the French stage at this time was not flourishing"[2]; to decide the question, it would be necessary to compare the *Sociétaires* of 1763 with their predecessors, and to estimate nicely the value of this tragedian and of that—a problem in theatrical arithmetic from which we recoil. But, in view of future references, we shall do well to pass the forces of Molière's house rapidly in review, and to see in what the talent of its members consisted.

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[1] Fitzgerald, *Life*, p. 284. Mr. Fitzgerald quotes here, and elsewhere, a Journal kept by Garrick for a short time during his stay in France. We have taken no little trouble in attempting to rediscover this Journal. Success, however, has not crowned our efforts; and Mr. Fitzgerald himself has forgotten where the document came from. It is certainly regrettable that so interesting a paper should disappear and leave no trace behind.

[2] Fitzgerald.

Place aux dames. And, amongst the actresses, let us take the least young first. Mlle Dumesnil was at this date getting somewhat *passée*, but she still played with much of the fire and passion that had earned her celebrity. She had come out in 1737, and had at once gained great applause for her rendering of Racine's *Phèdre*, and for the impassioned force of her Cléopâtre in Corneille's *Rodogune.* So terrible was she in the latter character that she is said more than once to have caused the spectators in the pit to recoil with terror before her.[1] Another story tells how an old officer, seated on the stage, was one day so much moved by her that, annoyed at his weakness, he gave the actress a violent punch in the back and loudly sent her to perdition.[2] For her effects Mlle Dumesnil trusted chiefly to the inspiration of the moment, a system which the greatest critics of acting have condemned as uncertain and amateurish; and that inspiration she stimulated by artificial means. Thus, if at her best she played with frenzied vigour, at her worst she was flat, stale, and unprofitable. She had won many successes in Voltaire's plays, especially in *Semiramis* and in *Mérope*—in the latter piece she had caused a sensation by daring to *run* across the stage—but that author preferred Mlle Clairon to her. Hecuba in *Les Troyennes*, by Châteaubrun, and Mme Vanderk in *Le Philosophe sans le savoir*, were other triumphs of hers. Dorat, in his *Art de la déclamation*, has given, in indirect fashion, a faithful portrait of this actress:

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[1] At that date the spectators in the pit were not seated.

[2] "Va-t'en, chienne, à tous les diables."

> Aux rôles furieux vous êtes-vous livrée ?
> Qu'un œil étincelant peigne une âme égarée ;
> Ayez l'accent, le geste, et le port effrayant ;
> Que tout un peuple ému frémisse en vous voyant.
> Qu'on reconnaisse en vous l'implacable Athalie
> Et les sombres fureurs dont son âme est remplie.
> Que j'imagine entendre et voir Semiramis,
> Bourreau de son époux, amante de son fils,
> Qui dans un même cœur, vaste et profond abîme,
> Rassemble la vertu, le remords et le crime.
> Le public, occupé de ces grands intérêts,
> Veut de l'illusion et non pas des attraits.[1]

Mlle Dumesnil owed little to her physical advantages and all to her nervous energy. She was a worthy successor of the great Adrienne Lecouvreur, though she had certainly neither the refinement nor the keenness of intelligence that distinguished that fine *tragédienne*. We may add that Peg Woffington had, many years before this, journeyed to Paris to take lessons from Mlle Dumesnil; but the only result was to add an extra shrillness to her already high voice, and a certain "rantiness" to her already emphatic action.

Mlle Clairon was a true child of the theatre. At the age of twelve she had come out at the

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[1] Wouldst thou in tragic parts thy talent show ?
Then let thy blazing eye with madness glow;
By gesture, tone, and carriage spread amaze,
And make the people tremble as they gaze.
Assume the blackness of Athaliah's ire,
And let thy heart breathe threats of vengeance dire.
Or if 'tis Semiramis thou would'st play,
Who loved her son and did her husband slay,
Then let thy acting show how in one soul
Virtue and vice, crime and remorse can roll ;
'Tis not thy beauty that shall gain applause,
But thy fidelity to nature's laws.

Comédie Italienne, as a singer and dancer; thence she passed into the provinces, and played parts of various kinds at Rouen and at Lille. Returning to Paris, she made a new début, at the Opéra! But, though her fine voice won her considerable success, her ambition was to become a tragic actress, and she obtained permission, thanks to the generous Mlle Dumesnil, to join the Théâtre Français. There she challenged her protectress's reputation by playing Phèdre; but, though she was applauded, she did not displace Mlle Dumesnil in the good opinion of the public. Her system was entirely opposed to that of her rival: all her effects were carefully prepared beforehand and reproduced at the desired moment. Garrick, who, like most great actors, believed in much forethought and continual rehearsal, was certainly right when he condemned Mlle Clairon as cold and stagey. Genius will know how to combine the two systems, and, while leaving nothing to chance, will take advantage of the inspiration of the moment. But, thanks to her intelligence and to continual study, Mlle Clairon was eminently dependable: if she never surpassed herself, neither did she fall below her own level. That is probably why Voltaire entrusted to her many principal parts in his plays; and in several of them—for example, Électre in *Oreste* and Idamé in *L'Orphelin de la Chine*—she was brilliantly successful. Garrick must have seen her in two of her triumphs: Amenaïde in *Tancrède* and Aliénor in *Le Siège de Calais*. Dorat's portrait of her in *L'Art de la déclamation* forms a worthy pendant to that of her rival, and probably resumes very fairly the impression she produced:

> Quelle autre l'accompagne, et parmi cent clameurs,
> Perce les flots bruyants de ses adorateurs ?

> Ses pas sont mesurés, ses yeux remplis d'audace,
> Et tous ses mouvements déployés avec grâce.
> Accents, gestes, silence, elle a tout combiné;
> Le spectateur admire et n'est point entraîné.
> De sa sublime émule elle n'a point la flamme,
> Mais à force d'esprit elle en impose à l'âme.
> Quel auguste maintien! quelle noble fierté!
> Tout, jusqu'à l'art, chez elle a de la vérité.[1]

Another favourite actress of the period was Mlle Gaussin. She was highly favoured by nature; her face was beautiful, her figure dignified, and her voice rich and moving. She excelled in the rôles of princesses, and expressed wounded love and suffering with much pathos; but she was lacking in force. It is said that the verse put by Voltaire into Orosmane's mouth in *Zaïre*:

> L'art n'est pas fait pour toi, tu n'en as pas besoin.

was inspired by Mlle Gaussin. She seems to have resembled in many ways La Champmeslé, who created most of Racine's heroines; but she was inferior to her.

Mlle Dangeville was especially successful in comedy: her gaiety and vivacity made her a wonderful actress, first of *soubrettes* and later of *coquettes*. She danced and sang admirably, and, having begun her career at the age of eight, had a very intimate knowledge of stage business. Without speaking here of inferior and less-known actresses, we may perhaps conclude that, with four such ladies as Mlles Dumesnil, Clairon, Gaussin, and Dangeville at its disposal, the French Comedy of the day was not entirely devoid of female talent.

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[1] Who's this that follows and, 'mid clapping hands,
Breaks through the rampart of admiring bands?
With measur'd tread and bold, imperious face
She stands, she moves, with calm and studied grace
Speech, silence, gesture, all combined with art
Delight the gazer's mind, but not his heart.
With her great rival's force in vain she vies;
But what her genius lacks, her wit supplies.
The stage such noble bearing never knew,
And even art in her appears true.

Amongst the men, we must accord the first place to Préville, one of the finest comedians of any age. The story of his youth, with its wild adventures and frequent changes of direction, sounds like a romance written by Théophile Gautier and Dumas père in collaboration. Passing from one provincial troop to another, Préville at length attracted the notice of Monnet, who brought him to the Opéra Comique at Paris, whence on the death of the last of the well-known family of the Poissons, he entered the Comédie Française. His style was very natural, without exaggeration or excess; he played not only comic rôles, but also dignified character-parts, like that of Antoine in Sedaine's *Philosophe sans le savoir*, and Michau, in the same author's *Le Roi et le Fermier*. Garrick's admirable description, which we quote elsewhere, will set Préville living before the reader's eye. We will add to that, one characteristic anecdote: Préville was acting his five parts in Boursault's *Le mercure galant* before the Court. Having got himself up as the drunken Swiss soldier, Larissole, he came reeling and hiccuping out of the dressing-room and made his way towards the stage, when the sentinel, posted in the wings to keep order, barred the way and begged him to retire: "For, comrade," said he, "if you showed yourself in that state before the King, not only would you be severely punished, but I should certainly be dismissed the service."

Préville played all the principal parts in Molière's pieces. During his long career he created an extraordinary number of characters, amongst others, Crispin in Palissot's *Philosophes*, Sudmer in Favart's *L'Anglais à Bordeaux*, the doctor in Poinsinet's *Le Cercle*, the valet in Cailhava's *Tuteur Dupé*, Hartley in Beaumarchais' *Eugénie*, Stukely in Saurin's *Beverley*, Géronte in Goldoni's *Le Bourru bienfaisant*, Figaro in *Le Barbier de Séville*, and Brid'oison in *Le Mariage de Figaro*. He retired from the stage in 1786, at the age of sixty-five; but five years later, when the French Comedy had fallen on evil days amid the storms of the Revolution, he played several times and succeeded in attracting the public back to the theatre.

Brizard was a fine character actor, usually cast as King or Father. For such parts he was excellently suited by his high stature, dignified presence, and snowy head—a very narrow escape from drowning in the Rhone having turned his hair white at an early age. Garrick probably saw him as Argire in *Tancrède*, Siffredi in *Blanche et Guiscard*, Eustache de St. Pierre in *Le Siège de Calais*; later he created the rôle of Montaigu in Ducis's *Roméo et Juliette* and Léar in the same author's version of that Shakespearean tragedy. He was renowned for his wonderful memory and for his imperturbable coolness. It is related that his helmet, adorned with lofty plumes, one day caught fire from the chandeliers on the stage; warned of this accident by the audience, Brizard, without discontinuing his speech, took off his headdress and, with stately gesture, handed it to his attendant, who conveyed it into the wings.

Grandeval and Bellecourt were leading-gentlemen, excellent as princes and financiers, and in those grave and sedate parts of tragedy or comedy which the French call *rôles à manteau*; neither of them claims any special notice here.

Molé is a more interesting and more amusing personage. He had made his first appearance in tragedy, but with so little success that he had voluntarily withdrawn into provincial companies for several years. He came back to the Comédie Française, armed with more experience and assurance, and was at first cast for fops (a part for which he was admirably suited by nature) and comic valets. He was soon promoted to more serious employment; and, as tragic actors like Le Kain thought their dignity compromised by playing in the new dramas that Diderot, Sedaine, Beaumarchais, and others were creating, and in which they would have had to recite "vile prose"; whilst, on the other hand, comedians like Préville did not consider these pieces comic enough for them, Molé took undisputed possession of this field. His style of acting principal parts in "touching" plays like Diderot's *Père de famille*, Saurin's *Beverley*, de Falbaire's *Honnête criminel*, etc., and later in Ducis's *Hamlet* and other Shakespearean decoctions sounds to-day comic in the extreme. He shouted, he raved, he threw himself hither and thither on the stage, started, stopped, and suddenly took up his part again; and at this the pit applauded frantically, while ladies in the boxes literally swooned with enthusiasm. Such was supposed to be the English style; and, though M. Molé was far too conceited to confess it, there can be no reasonable doubt that, in acting thus, he was imitating Garrick, and leaving, as he thought, the English actor far behind. "The thermometer rose so high in the theatre to-day," says Bachaumont in his *Mémoires Secrets*, "that terrible explosions were necessary in order to reach such an elevation. That actor's [Molé's] lungs suffer much from this, and *Le Père de famille* is given only twice a week, in order that it may not prove too much for him." Molé's head was completely turned by the flattery of the town. He received authors with the greatest contempt, kept them waiting for hours at the door of his bedroom, or listened to their humble petitions whilst he was being frizzed. It is said that a writer who had long begged the conceited player to return him the manuscript of a piece, at length received it back from Molé with a detailed description of all its weaknesses and the refusal of the Comedy to accept it; then the dramatist unrolled before his confused critic several blank sheets of paper! This incident has been made use of in *La Matinée du comédien de Persepolis* (played at the Ambigu, 1784, and attributed to Audriette); and later by Casimir Delavigne in his *Les Comédiens*.[1]

Among the true tragedians, those who never condescended to declaim anything but the purest alexandrins, we will mention here only Le Kain. He was accounted a worthy successor of Baron, Beaubourg, and Quinault-Dufresne. Baron had pleased by the dignity of his bearing and the richness of his declamation; Beaubourg, like Molé, had carried all before him by physical energy and frenzied gesture; Quinault-Dufresne, gifted with a mediocre intelligence, had won all hearts by his handsome face and pleasing organ. Le Kain was short, stout, ill-made, and perfect in his ugliness; his voice was enormous but of disagreeable sound. Contemporaries attribute his success to the simplicity of his style and to his close imitation of nature —and it should be remembered that, thanks to him and Mlle Clairon, the Roman and Greek heroes of the classical theatre were no longer dressed *à la française* with the long Louis XIV. perruque.

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[1] There are some amusing anecdotes relative to Molé and his conceit in V. Fournel's *Curiosités théâtrales*, chap. xxi.

We shall see later the opinion of an English lady on his acting; it seems to suggest a manner hardly less forced and theatrical than that of Molé. For our part, we are inclined chiefly to attribute Le Kain's reputation to two causes: the support of the Court, for had he not touched Louis XV. to tears?—"I, who never cry," said the king; and secondly, to the fact that he was Voltaire's pupil and received at every moment Voltaire's public encouragement and praise. It should be added that he was enthusiastically fond of his profession, and a hard worker; his character, as revealed in his relations with Garrick, is frank, sincere, and devoid of jealousy.

Such, then, were the resources of the French comedy in 1765: three or four very capable actresses; a comedian of the very highest class; a character actor (Brizard); a "junior lead" (Molé) and a principal tragedian (Le Kain), for whom their contemporaries had nothing but praise; and many lesser lights well acquainted with their business and nourished in the tradition of the national theatre. Such a troop may well be described as "flourishing"; we venture to doubt whether *la maison de Molière* can show as much talent at the present day. It would be vain to urge that the style of these actors was too conventional and rigid; as a French critic has very truly remarked, "the naturalness of the preceding epoch seems to the one that follows the worst conventionality."[1] The weakness of the Comédie Française in 1763 lay not in the want of ability, but in an excess of conceit, by which capable authors like Sedaine, Collé, and Cailhava were prevented from submitting their works to the prejudiced judgment of the fatuous members of the committee, and in the internal jealousies which hindered the members of

M. Faguet

the company from loyally co-operating for the success of the house.

At the moment of Garrick's arrival the tragedy of *Blanche et Guiscard* was in rehearsal; this had been founded by Saurin on Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda*, in which Garrick had often played the principal part at London. According to Bachaumont, the English actor trained Mlle Clairon for the rôle of Blanche; "but in that case," adds the caustic author of the *Mémoires Secrets*,[1] "she did no honour to her master; without contradiction she has not acted so badly for a long time as in this tragedy." The writer of the piece was of a different opinion: "Never was Mlle Clairon more admirable," he declares; and he sent to the actress a quatrain that may be rendered thus in English:

O Clairon divine, this triumph is thine;
  The tears and the sighs Blanche's sorrows excite
  Are due to thy art; 'tis thou that hast right
To the fair laurel crown, not a leaf of it's mine.[2]

From La Clairon herself we have a note which dates from this visit to Paris. Garrick had asked her for a box for some friends; to this request the actress replied:

"If what you desire lay in my power, you may be sure that it would be done; but, my dear friend, everything is sold and I cannot take a box away from some one. Your friend might have seats kept for him in the pit;

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[1] Oct. 1st, 1763.

[2] Ce drame est ton triomphe, ô sublime Clairon!
Blanche doit à ton art les larmes qu'on lui donne;
  Et j'obtiens à peine un fleuron
  Quand tu remportes la couronne.

See P. D. Lemazurier, *Galerie historique du Théâtre français* (Paris, 2 vol., 1810), tome ii. p. 105; also, Preface of *Blanche et Guiscard* in *Le Répertoire du Théâtre français.*

yesterday there were at least twenty ladies in that part of the house. I am sorry to have no better expedient to propose. Good night, my dear friend; you know how much I love you.

CLAIRON."[1]

There can be little doubt that, during his stay in the capital, Garrick became acquainted with those men of letters and philosophers with whom we find him on such intimate terms a year later. But in 1763 he cannot have passed more than a fortnight at Paris, and much of his time was taken up with visits to friends and with preparations for his journey into Italy.

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 428.

III

JOURNEY INTO ITALY

FROM Paris he went to Lyons, where he seems to have stayed with the banker, Camp, and where he did not omit a visit to the theatre. Thence he continued his road towards Turin, by way of Montmélian; and from the latter village he wrote to his brother George the following letter:

> *Oct.* 10, 1763.
>
> MY DEAR GEORGE,
>
> We are now got to a small village in Savoy called *Mount Meillan* (*sic*), and surrounded by mountains, but one of y^e most delightful spots I ever beheld. We see a most beautiful vale, water'd with a fine river, full of vineyards, grass mounds, and y^e whole bordered with a most noble range of mountains, in y^e middle of which you may see y^e clouds ascending like the smoke of [a] chimney. We shall go to dinner between 10 and 11 and indeed we are all well prepar'd for it.
>
> I shall put you to y^e expense of this letter, merely to tell you to direct all y^r letters now to me at *Rome*, à Monsieur, Monsieur Garrick, chez le marquis Belloni, à Rome. I hope y^e last you wrote was to Florence. Pray write to me now and then; my friend Colman and you may take it by turns and then I shall have a succession. I long to hear of y^r success and

indeed I flatter myself that you will have a good season with few altercations. If you should hear of any persons you can trust coming to Florence or Rome, pray send me Churchill's *Ghost*, or anything will divert me. Remember me kindly to him and tell him that I have had a most warm invitation from Voltaire,[1] whom I shall take in my return; tho' I am rather angry with him for saying in his last thing[2] that tho' Shakespeare is surprizing, there is more *Barbarism* than *Genius* in his works — O, the damned fellow! — but I'll see him. Pray my best wishes and services to M^{r} Lacy; if he wants any books or prints from Italy I will be sure to bring them; my Comp^{ts} to M^{rs} Lacy.

You see what pages I have to write on, but 'tis y^{e} best we have here and you must pass it. We are arrived here without y^{e} smallest accident and indeed our tackle seems so good that we expect none. My wife and I are better in health than we have been some time and when we have passed *Mount Cenis*, we shall be quite at our ease. My best love and my wife's to Hubert and his wife and daughters. I hope you have told him of Castlefranc's meanness to me. I shall tell it to everybody. Pray send me all news you can cram in a

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[1] We do not know how this invitation reached him. In Boaden (vol. ii. p. 421) there is a letter from M. Camp in which the banker explains how delighted Voltaire would be to receive him; but this is dated December 16th, 1763.

[2] What was this "last thing"? Garrick appears to allude to a sentence in the *Essai sur l'histoire et sur les mœurs*, in chapter xxi. of which may be read: "C'est dommage qu'il y ait beaucoup plus de barbarie que de génie dans les ouvrages de Shakespeare." The publisher Cramer had just given a new edition of Voltaire's works, in which this *Essai* fills vols. xiv.–xxi. Perhaps the reference is to the article entitled *Du théâtre anglais*, in *Les Contes de Guillaume Vadé* (1764), a reprint of *L'Appel à toutes les nations*; but, although this is by no means complimentary to Shakespeare, the words *barbarism* and *genius* do not appear to be employed.

> letter, wth a dash of Politicks; pray take a peep at Hampton and y^{e} gardiner; I hope he is not too fine a gentleman. If M^{r} Lacy has paid his interest I shall be oblig'd to him; pray let me have that affair quite clear (if you can) to y^{e} time I shall return. I hope when y^{e} catalogue of my books is made that the rest of them will be put in y^{e} closet next to our bedchamber; and that Charles has taken care of Hogarth's pictures; if y^{e} sun comes upon them they will be spoilt. God bless you; love to y^{r} children. My wife sends hers to you, Colman, etc., etc. Mence(?) is well and sends Comp^{s}, y^{rs} most affectionately,
>
> D. GARRICK.[1]

From Turin our travellers went to Milan, where the governor, Count Firmian, received them with all honour; from thence to Genoa and to Florence. In the latter place they visited Algarotti, "il caro cygno de Padova."[2] To the sick poet Garrick recommended "tar-water," a panacea much in fashion in England. But it did not save him; he died next year, on the very day when he had

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[1] This and all the following letters of Garrick's are quoted from the originals, hitherto unpublished, in the Forster Collection, vol. xvii. Mr. Fitzgerald, in what appears to be an allusion to this letter (*Life*, p. 287), says: "They lay at Aiguebelles on the 10th of October, and *found the crossing of Mont Cénis very agreeable in such fine weather.* They had one little *désagrément, in their coach breaking down.* The demi-god of Ferney was gracious enough to send him a message, hoping that he might see him; . . . *throwing in*, however, his old dislike of Shakespeare, who, he was pleased to say, had more of the barbarian than of genius. 'The d—d fellow!' said Mr. Garrick characteristically to his friends."

There seems little doubt that this is the same letter as the one we quote; but we do not know how to explain the contradictions, nor do we understand how Garrick, writing from Montmélian, or from Aiguebelles, which are both on *this* side of the Alps, could declare that the crossing of Mont Cénis had been very agreeable.

[2] Garrick had, probably, letters of introduction to Algarotti, for the poet had been well known at London and had corresponded with Lord Chesterfield, Harvey Taylor, Lady Montague, and others. It was

Du Feu de son Genie il anima la Danse;
Au beau jours de la Grece il sut la rappeller.
En recouvrant par lui leur antique Eloquence.
Les gestes et les Pas aprirent à parler.

JEAN-GEORGES NOVERRE.

From a print in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

written a letter of introduction for the Garricks to some friends at Bologna. After a couple of weeks passed in visiting the monuments of Rome, they started for Naples, where they passed Christmas on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean.

NAPLES, *Jan^y y^e* 2nd, 1763.
(*mistake for* 1764).

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I wrote last week to my friend Colman and since that I have received his most friendly and agreeable packet. I rejoice most sincerely with him at y^e success of *The Deuce is in him* and am happy that his benefit turn'd out so well without my assistance; had I been in England he should have met with no obstructions in a certain affair and I hope he will have philosophy enough to go through those bad roads patiently for a few months more, which I have labour'd thro' for so many years. My love to him and all that belong to him; *remember that*, for I fear I forgot it in my great hurry and multiplicity of matter. I yesterday received a very entertaining letter from our friend M^{rs} Hale; pray let her know as much and how delightful her correspondence is to us and that M^{rs} G. will attack her from this place very soon. We have been here a fortnight and are as well and as jolly as a fine climate, fine things and fine doings can make us. We dine and sup with Lord Spenser, Lord Exeter, the Minister, Consul etc. etc. etc., almost every day and night. We have balls more than

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Voltaire who called him "il caro cygno"; he described him, too, as "Le brillant et sage Algarotti,
A qui le ciel a départi
L'art d'aimer, d'écrire et de plaire."
Such powerful arts have, however, much ado to-day to save his memory from oblivion.

twice a week and parties innumerable—in short we are made very much of and I have not once yet (tho' we have had crosses upon y^{e} road) wish'd myself in Southampton Street.[1] I rejoice much at the success of Powell; I hope his head will not be turned with it and that he will not cease to labour night and day at his profession. I hope too, and believe, that M^{r} Lacy has rewarded him accordingly; *you* may answer for *me*; pray let it be done handsomely. He has merit and a family and will have occasion for our benevolence. I guess by Colman's letter that y^{r} season to the 6th of Dec^{r} has been tolerable; I long to know how it goes on and therefore pray write as soon as you have received this and I may receive it before I leave Rome, where we expect to be about the latter end of February. I shall write the next post-day (this day se'nnight) to M^{r} Burney and shall let him know the present state of Music in Italy; pray present our best compliments to him and tell him that his 3 volumes of Cochin have been of more use to me than all my other books put together. I have lost a little Mem^{dm} he gave me about some Musick for him; pray ask him to put it down in y^{r} next letter. I want much to know how you have got on wth my good partner; let me be satisfy'd in y^{r} particular in y^{r} next; and don't forget to desire Burton to keep an exact list of y^{e} plays for me, with y^{r} forces and all occurrences as they happen in y^{e} course of y^{e} season; not forgetting the ——[rarity? *the letter is torn here*] of y^{e} divine *Imogen.*[2]

Colman will tell you how I have been

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[1] Where his London house was.
[2] The allusion is to Mrs. Pritchard.

> entertained at Rome and with what appetite I shall return to it again. The two Dances (Love's brothers) were very kind and obliging to us; they are both very ingenious and agreeable men. The painter[1] is a great genius and will do what he pleases when he goes to London, w^ch^ will be y^e^ next spring; I ought to say *this* spring, for it is absolutely more than spring with us—it is as warm now here as it is with you in June; it is too hot, nay, it is sultry. My wife sends her love with mine to you and your babes; pray write as soon as you receive this; send me a bit of everything and remember to *date* y^r^ letter.
>
> Yours ever and ever most affectionately,
>
> D. Garrick.
>
> P.S. Remember me to Love, etc.
> What's become of y^e^ new pantomime?

At Naples there was a whole colony of titled English people; and Garrick, who, like his Shakespeare, "dearly loved a lord," was in the seventh heaven when he found himself made much of by Lord and Lady Spenser, Lady Orford, Lord Palmerston, and others. The King of the Two Sicilies invited him to his Court and allowed him to put to the test his troop of *improvvisatori*. Garrick gave them the sketch of a plot, from which they built up a piece and acted it the next day. Thus in banquets and pleasure-parties the time passed quickly by, and when, on January 31st, Garrick wrote again to his brother, it was to tell him:

> We have been *here* six weeks and intend to stay till about the 23^rd^ of next month; then we shall return to *Rome* for a month or more.

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[1] Later Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland.

Then we shall set out for *Bologna* on our way to *Venice* and from thence through Germany in our way to England. This is our intended route which I will dispatch with all convenient speed, but am afraid that I shall not see your fat face or kiss y^e brawn of it till y^e middle of June. Now I am out of y^r clutches, I must make a meal, and a good one, in Italy; I shall never return to it again and therefore I will make good use of my time. We have been very happy here and have receiv'd every mark of favour from all sorts of people. I eat and drink too much and laugh from morning to night. Our mirth has been lately damp'd by my poor wife's keeping her bed and room for many days, with a most obstinate rheumatism in her hip. She has been blister'd etc. etc. and tho' she is better yet still continues lame and weak. However she hopes to be at a Carnaval Masquerade (which begins next Tuesday) in y^e dress of a lame old woman; I have scolded and phyz'd about it, but if she can wag, she goes. We are continually with Lady Orford, Lady Spencer, Lord Exeter, Lord Palmerston and the Nobility of y^e country who have descended from their great pride and magnificence to honour us with their smiles. In short we are in great fashion and I have forgot England and all my trumpery at Drury Lane. I am glad you go on so well. I find by Gastrell's letter and y^e newspapers that y^e *Rites of Hecuba* go on well. I hope that you will bring Murphy's play out, that I may not be troubled with it when I come to England. I don't understand y^r affair with him; pray explain it a little. I have wrote to *you* from this place and to Colman;

but as my Neapolitan servant put y^e letters into y^e post we are afraid that he pocketed y^e money and put my prose to a base usage. I hope you have seen M^{rs}. Hale's letter that y^r hard expressions in y^r last may be somewhat melted down in y^r next. I can say nothing about Powell's benefit as I am not able to give my opinion at this distance. I fear for his *head*, and of course for his *heart;* if he talks of *consequence*, he is undone. What in y^e name of wonder is Hamilton doing in Ireland? I hear, but won't believe, y^e strange things they say of him; one word about that, pray. You have said nothing lately of Covent Garden? do they beat you soundly or is it only a [gentle trimming? *Letter cut here*]. Have Lacy and you been content with a hundred quarrels a week? Colman has hurt me with an account of his behaviour to him. I fear he dislikes him as my friend—what a beast if it is so! Tell Colman I love him more and more, and thank him most cordially for his Fairy Tale. It puzzled me much, for I saw it in y^e papers before I rec'd his letter about it. I have almost seen every curiosity of this place. I was very near wet to the skin yesterday in the Elysian fields at Baiæ and therefore did not enjoy Julius Cæsar's Palace and Tully's villa so much at my ease as I could wish. I sent Colman an account of his Age and y^e house he was born in; pray let me know if he receiv'd it.

I beg one of you will write y^e moment you can after y^e receipt of this, directed to Barazzi at Rome as usual with a whole packet full of news, and the other may write a fortnight after, directed to me chez M. Udney, Consul de sa Majesté Britannique à Venise. I will let you know here or at Rome where you may write after to me, for y^{e} letters will be most acceptable upon y^{e} road.

Lord Exeter sends me y^{e} *S^{t} James's Chronicle* and the *London* [*Intelligencer ?*] twice a week w^{ch} entertains me much. I was very much hurt at y^{e} nonsense in y^{e} *S^{t} James's* about my dancing with y^{e} Duke of D(evonshire).[1] Pray tell Colman that I think Baldwin us'd me like a scoundrel to print such a heap of stuff; and Colman, I hope, will receive my share of that paper for me, when he receives his own.

I shall write to M^{r} Burney soon; pray remember me kindly to him; w^{t} is become of his Musical Entertainment? Don't be angry that I urged y^{r} receiving y^{e} debts I mention'd. I thought my absence was y^{e} best time for it and that you might do then what I could not do when in England. My love to Clutterbuck, Townley and all friends; we send our blessings to y^r children and love to yourself.

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[1] All the modern biographers of Garrick (Fitzgerald, p. 290; Knight, p. 204; Mrs. Parsons, p. 303), imagining that the actor had made a slip here, have changed *Duke* into *Duchess*, and have quoted this sentence as a trait of his "snobbery": he had had the honour of dancing at Naples with the Duchess of Devonshire, had communicated this fact to the *St. James's Chronicle*, and then loudly complained of the indiscretion of that scoundrel Baldwin. This time Garrick has been unjustly accused. First of all, his mind was an orderly one and there are very few slips in his letters; secondly, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were in England at this date. A reference to the paper in question, under the date December 22nd, 1763, clears up the mystery. The dance was entirely fictitious. A certain "Bettsey Schemewell" had written to propose that grand fêtes should be given in honour of the conclusion of peace. There should be a dance for well-known persons: "Lord B—te is to begin, with the Duke of New—tle, to the tune of *Cause I was a Boney Lad*; then follows M^{r} W—lkes with F—rbes; Lord S—n—d—ch with M P—tt—r; M^{r} P—tt with the D—ke of B—df—d; M^{r} Ga—ck with the D—ke of D—n—shire," etc.

An accusation of excessive susceptibility would have been more justifiable (unless, indeed, this is mock modesty on Garrick's part and he was, at bottom, delighted to find himself mentioned in such company); perhaps he considered that he had a right to protest because the editor, Baldwin, was a personal friend of his and he held shares in the paper.

Most truly, affectionately and eternally thine,

D. GARRICK.

The month of April finds him once more at Rome, being painted by the artist Dance, and modelled by young Nollekens, buying books and works of art, becoming, in fact, the perfect connoisseur: "As you have lost your relish for the stage, and *virtu* has taken its place," writes the Duke of Devonshire to him, "we shall have you come over a perfect Dilettante, and I trust we shall have some battles upon the subject. I am much obliged to you for your offer of purchasing pictures and statues, but I have no money. I should, however, be obliged to you if you would get me all the prints that Bartolozzi has engraved; as you are such a connoisseur, you must know him. I believe he lives in Rome; I know they are sold there."[1]

In May he is at Parma, where he meets the Duke of York and dines with him, the Duke of Parma, Lord Spenser, and other notables. Before this very select audience, he plays the dagger-scene from *Macbeth*, and makes such an impression that the Italian prince presents him with a splendid snuff-box and invites him to lodge in the palace. Then he hastens after the Duke, his countryman, to Venice and arrives in time to enjoy the galas and receptions given in his honour.

Meanwhile Mrs. Garrick's health had become worse. Baretti, the Italian and English man of letters, who was well acquainted with the Garricks and had been their guide at Venice, proposed weird mediæval remedies: "If I recollect well, the plaister is made with some Venetian soap and the yolk of an egg, well mixed together, applied to the painful part on a bit of blue paper. Have you forgot the black hen? Do not neglect that particularity, and abstain from laughing, you incredulous mortal."[1] Whether the soap was insufficiently yellow, the paper inefficiently blue, or the cock of a blackness imperfectly Cimmaerean, we know not; certain it is that Mrs. Garrick continued to limp. The doctors advised mud baths at Abano. The fears of the affectionate husband, the home-sickness of the tourist, and the anxieties of the manager, all have their share in the letter that Garrick wrote to his brother on June 6th, 1764:

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[1] Boaden, vol. i. p. 171.

> MY DEAR GEORGE,
>
> Here we are still, and indeed very much against my mind; but that the Physicians here all advise me to return to Padua, in order to try an application of the mud of some mineral spring at Abano near that city, which they say is a specific for the Rheumatism and Sciatica. My wife's lameness has been rather worse here, perhaps owing to the watery situation of this place; but I am much out of spirits about it, and would give the world I was at home. God knows whether she may not be crippled all her life, and therefore nobody must blame me for trying everything for her cure. We go to Padua in a day or two, and shall see what effect the mud will have in three or four days; if a good one we imagine a fortnight will do, and then we shall set forward for

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[1] Letter of July 10th, 1764; Boaden, vol. i. p. 172.

England as fast as we can, unless I am prevented by a letter from you at Augsburgh, which I hope you have written and I shall receive very soon. I have prepar'd a great deal of music for our use; I am about engaging some dancers (a man and woman), and will endeavour to send you over a good violin from Rome, an excellent one.

If you should have anything more to say to me, or if any new occurrence has happened, you may write to me at M^{essrs} Selwyn and Foley at Paris, and I will direct them how to send it forward to me. If you write don't be longer than a few days after you have received this. I have drawn upon Clutterbuck this day for one hundred pounds in favour of our consul here, M^{r} Udney; pray, my love to Clutterbuck and tell him this, or my friend Stammer in his absence. I have had notice of the Florentine wine ship'd from Leghorn in *The Raven*, Cap^{tn} Alex^{r} Scott, and some essences for M^{rs} Garrick; pray take care when they come to pay freight and duty and lodge them ready for our arrival; perhaps we may be there as soon as the wine. According to my bills of lading you must pay four shillings for freight. I'll send you the bills by a gentleman next Saturday. Capt^{n} Butler is here and has given me *The Ghost* and the farces. I think to send a few books by him; he sets out from hence next Saturday.

My love to all friends, and let me hear from you to M^{essrs} Selwyn and Foley. I shan't go to Paris unless you have sent me other news to Augsburgh; in the meantime our Love to you and yours and believe me,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

D. Garrick.

> No news from Cibber? What of Yates?
>
> Last Monday I saw the finest sight my eyes ever beheld; it was the Regate in honour of the King's birthday, and appear'd to be adream or a fairy-tale realiz'd. I am grown fat and sleep half the day in a Gondola.

It is curious to note that, according to this letter, Garrick had no intention of making a long stay at Paris on his homeward journey. But all plans for a speedy return to England were to meet with an unforeseen obstacle.

A few weeks passed at Abano completely restored Mrs. Garrick's health, and by the middle of August our two travellers had reached Munich. There it was Roscius's turn to be ill. The rich French and Italian cooking, the long succession of banquets at which he had had his share, the Florentine wine, and the hours passed in the gondola amid the heavy atmosphere of Venice, in the end produced their necessary effect. A violent bilious-fever kept him in bed for three weeks, followed by sharp pains in the region of the kidneys—a foretaste of the terrible disease that was to carry him off later. The care of an English doctor, their travelling companion between Venice and Munich, and the devotion of Mrs. Garrick, helped him to get through the attack; and by August 23rd we find him writing to George in his customary strain of affection:

> MUNICH, THE CAPITAL OF BAVARIA,
> *Augst the* 23^{d}, 1764.
>
> MY DEAR GEORGE,
>
> My wife wrote to you when I was upon my sick-bed, but recovering. I now write myself to free you from all fears of *me*, as

yours dated the 12th of July has me, of *you.* I have had a most violent bout of it indeed, but by care I am told my health will be y^{e} better for it. Our disorders are partly of y^{e} same kind, and tho' we suffer much in our sickness (I almost gave myself up for gone) we are y^{e} better for it afterwards. I desire no more of this purification. I had two physicians. I have often made myself happy that you could enjoy Hampton tho' I could not. I hope you have had y^{e} family there, sent for the cows, had the old mare, rid about, eat y^{e} fruit, and got y^{r}self as stout as a Lion again to go thro' y^{e} next campaign. Pray go often to Hampton and do as if it was your own.

I think we had a narrow escape from y^{e} fire, tho' your great and brotherly attention to my concerns there did you no good. For God's sake, my dear George, why will you say I love to hurt you? Whenever I receive a letter from you such expressions damp y^{e} great pleasure I have in receiving it and particularly as I am now. You might have seen by my letter I wanted to come off my not mentioning Coley's girl in my letters and therefore, if I remember right so foolish a thing, I said I wonder'd you had not deliver'd my Comp^{ts} there and this was all—but for God's sake, my dear George, don't let us be warm upon such nonsense; we love each other much, confide in each other and have so many other things of consequence to think upon, that I beg you'll never mistake me again and hurt me. By the bye, I don't like y^{e} wench and never thought of her and yet I would not offend Colman, who I fear will be much harrass'd with her—an Idiot. My

Friend Colman's Fortune and expectations have made me happy; what a happy little rogue it will be! I am sorry the imagery cost duty and surprised about y^{e} few books, for they all came from England and most of them English. I have hired no dancers; I am in treaty for a pair for next year; if you had written your wants sooner, I could have got a very active girl at Padua. I shall certainly follow your and my friends' advice about not acting; y^{r} judgment coincides so much wth my own, that it is resolv'd. The Musick you receive may be kept apart till I come. I am a little at a loss what you will do for a woman tragedian to stare and tremble with (—?) if Yates should bitch you—but she must come. I hope that Powell will continue to please. He must have a master to watch his English, w^{ch} I suppose Coley will do. How do Holland and he (Powell) agree? Jealous? Clive I suppose more (—?) than ever, and Pritchard often ailing. Pope I hope flourishes. Pray let me know if you think of y^{e} *Invasion* next year—or do you keep it till I can oversee it myself? What has become of Hasdham's girl? and of Jack himself? I could wish by and bye that you would ask Leach if he has paid y^{e} 100 p^{ds} to Jack I am security for. I am sure you have looked a little into my affairs at Hampton and that all is sound and sound. I wish I could part with y^{e} manor of Hendon. I am afraid M^{rs} Wyld is asleep; if that weight was off my heart it would be lighter, but some lucky time may come. My love to Clutterbuck and all friends from one end to the other. I can scarce hold my pen in my hand. Direct to me à Monsr., Monsr. G. chez Monsieur

Leger Munck a Francfort—write directly and take care to put it into y^{e} proper post.

My dearest brother,

Your most truly and affectionately,

D. GARRICK.[1]

His illness had brought him very low; instead of the sportive idler, passing his days in eating, drinking, and laughing, "I am indeed," he writes, "the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, and have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, etc., and have scarce anything left but bones and a pair of dark, lack-lustre eyes, that are retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment that covers the cheek bones."[1]

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[1] Forster Collection, vol. xvii. In the same volume is a letter on the same subject from Mrs. Garrick, in which one may read something of her devotion to her husband:

MY DEAR GEO.,

I hope this letter will reach you before you hear through any other means of my Husband's having been taken ill of a violent Bilious fever the 2nd of this month. He is, thank God, quite well again, and as all is over I hope he will be the better for it, as it has scour'd him indeed. We have been here all this while and shall be oblig'd to continue till he has recover'd all his strength to pursue our journey, which will be to some waters to wash ourselves quite clean. I have recovered my natural walk again, and tho' I am not quite free from all pains when any change of weather happens, yet I assure you that during your brother's illness, I forgot entirely that I ever ail'd anything; and as the rheumatism was so complaisant as to leave me at that time when I most wish'd to get rid of his company, I shall have no objection to let him sport a little longer with me when I have only to take care of myself. How is it with your health? We long to hear from you; but if you should have wrote, don't make yourself uneasy. Letters are seldom lost, and we are all impatient by nature and won't allow for common accidents which may retard our happiness. M^{r} Gastrill's letter is the last your brother received, which gave us the pleasing account of your recovery. We have waited all this while to have it confirmed by yourself. Your brother wanted to write to you, but we persuaded him from it, as it would only lead him to enquire into business, which he must as yet avoid. By the greatest good fortune we have a M^{r} Turton with us, whom you know, and who is one of the travelling Physicians. His great care, skill and attention to my husband was the greatest comfort to me. When we can be able to stir from this place, God only knows; it will take many days to recruit him for his journey: but if you will direct to your brother at the Spa, it may in all probability arrive when we do.

My dear Geo., God bless you.

Ever your faithful sister,

E. GARRICK.

Love to the dear little ones.

On September 14th he was at Augsburg, travelling to Frankfort and Nancy, and hesitating between two plans: to go and visit Voltaire at Ferney or to rejoin his friend the Duke of Devonshire at the Spa. The unexpected news of the Duke's death[2] put an end to the latter project; at the same time, his own continued feebleness of health determined him not to undertake the fatigue of the journey into the Jura. So he indited the following epistle to Voltaire.

NANCY
(*Undated*: Oct. 1764.)

SIR,

> I think myself greatly honoured by a paragraph in a letter which you were pleased some time ago to write to Mr. Camp at Lyon, and had it been in my power to have followed my inclination I would have paid my respects at Ferney long before this time; but a violent bilious fever most unluckily seized me upon the road and confined me to my bed five weeks at Munich, and now my affairs are so circumstanced that I am obliged to go to Paris as expeditiously as my present weak state of health will permit me. You were pleased to tell a gentleman that you have a theatre ready to receive me; I should with great pleasure have exerted what little talents I have, and could I have been the means of bringing our Shakespeare into some favour with M^r de Voltaire I should have been happy indeed!
>
> No enthusiastic missionary who had converted the Emperor of China to his religion

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[1] Letter to Mr. Arden, September 15th, 1764; Boaden, vol. i. p. 176.
[2] At Spa, October 3rd, 1764.

would have been prouder than I, could I have reconciled the first Genius of Europe to our Dramatic faith.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble and most
obedient Servant,
D. Garrick.

Tho I have called Shakespeare our dramatick faith, yet I must do my country-men the justice to declare that notwithstanding their deserved admiration of his astonishing Powers, they are not bigotted to his errors, as some French journalists have so confidently affirmed.[1]

The rough draft of this letter which is in the Forster Collection, is an amusing little document, with its many erasures and corrections. It is easy to see that Garrick took much pains in composing his epistle to the enemy of Shakespeare! It contains, too, after the postscriptum, the following sentence: "But if we consider his superior merit with the time of his shewing that merit, when all the theatres of Europe, Italy perhaps excepted, were exhibiting such trash for plays; when we consider that he created his own stage and has supported it for near two hundred years, we cannot resist expressing our zeal for so uncommon a Genius." Garrick decided not to add this phrase to his letter, thinking, no doubt, that it was more politic not to insist too strongly on Shakespeare's merits.[2]

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[1] See Boaden, vol. ii. p. 362.

[2] He seems to have been apprehensive that his defence of Shakespeare and his neglecting to pay a visit at Ferney might have offended Voltaire. Thus we find Mr. Samuel Sharp writing to him, after a visit to "Les Délices":

"Geneva, *August* 18*th*, 1765.

"I am just come from Mons. Voltaire's, and can give you the fullest assurance that neither your letter nor any other part of your conduct

While Garrick, the missionary of a new dramatic faith, pursues his way to Paris, let us briefly consider what opportunities the French had so far had of knowing and appreciating Shakespeare's work, and what was the state of that poet's reputation at Paris in 1764.

has given him the least umbrage. There was no company at dinner but myself; his nieces and nephews talked more and louder than other men and women usually do in France; however, I every now and then, as I sat next them, got hold of his ears [*sic*], and our chief topic was our English actor. When I signified to him that I should write this evening to Mr. Garrick, and that it would be the greatest pleasure I could do you, to say he was in good health: 'No, Sir,' said he, 'do not write an untruth, but tell him, *Je suis plein d'estime pour lui.*' When I represented how mortified you was in having lost the opportunity of paying him your respects, his answer was such that I am persuaded you never offended." (Boaden, vol. i. p. 196.)

In 1769 Garrick sent a second letter to Voltaire, with a copy of his *Ode to Shakespeare*:

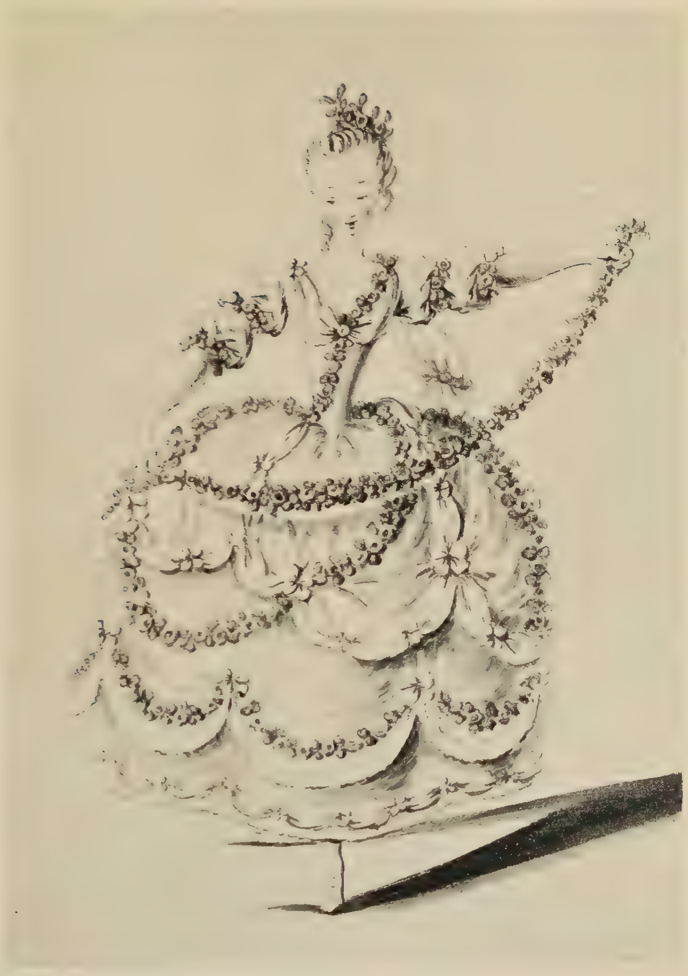
SIR,

I have taken the liberty of offering my small poetical tribute to the first genius in the world; as nobody has written so well and so forcibly against the principles of intoleration, as Monsieur de Voltaire, I hope he will excuse the excess of Zeal with which I have endeavoured to paint in this Ode the Power of our great dramatic Poet Shakespeare, who is both the founder and chief supporter of the English Stage.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant and sincere admirer,

D. GARRICK.



A DANCER IN NOVERRE'S BALLET, "LA FONTAINE DE JOUVENCE,"

From Boquet's original water-colour design, Musée de l'Opéra, Paris.

IV

SHAKESPEARE AND THE FRENCH

FIRST of all, a few striking dates: that of Shakespeare's birth, 1564; of his death, 1616; and that of the first public mention of his name in France, which is in an obscure book printed in 1685. He cannot be said to have been known in France before about 1720, a century after his decease; and the first translation (a very imperfect one) of some of his plays dates from 1745. That is to say, that the *Grand Siècle* in France ignored him completely. His works did, indeed, cross the Channel in the eighteenth century, and Louis XIV. himself possessed a copy of the Second Folio, in which his librarian has written the following note: "This English poet has a somewhat fine imagination; he thinks naturally, he expresses himself acutely; but these fine qualities are obscured by the obscenities which he mingles with his pieces."[1] Fouquet, too, the celebrated Minister of the Exchequer under Louis XIII., possessed some books in English; in an inventory of his library, made after his arrest, we find Milton's *Defensio Regis* valued at 3 sols, fourteen volumes of English

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[1] "Ce poète anglois a l'imagination assès belle, il pense naturellement, il s'exprime avec finesse; mais ces belles qualitez sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il mêle dans ses comédies." See Jusserand, *Shakespeare en France*, pp. 137, 138. We acknowledge, as all who write about Shakespeare in France must do, a considerable debt to this well-informed book. As will be seen, we have also had recourse to the early French translations of Shakespeare's plays and to the Journals of the period.

History at 30 sols, and Shakespeare's Plays at the modest price of 1 sol only. But though the works of the dramatist figured in these two notable collections, it is very improbable that they were ever read, so few were the Frenchmen of that day professing even the slightest knowledge of the English tongue. It is true that the Duc de la Ferté sometimes astonished the Court of Louis XIV. by pouring forth sentences in that barbaric language, but only—adds the Maréchal de Villars in his *Mémoires*—when he had drunk a glass or two. Even the French ambassadors at the Court of St. James's were unable to hold converse with their hosts in the vernacular: "A French ambassador in England usually knows not one word of English. With three-quarters of the nation he can only speak through an interpreter; he has not the smallest notion of works written in that language; he cannot follow those performances in which national manners are represented."[1] When Louis XIV. asked the Comte de Comminge to send him a report on the literature of England, that ambassador replied that the nation was especially proud of the memory of Bacon, Morus, Buchanan, and "of a certain Miltonius, who has made himself more infamous by his dangerous writings than the executioners and murderers of their king." Thus Shakespeare was to Comminge an absolutely unknown author.[2]

Frenchmen of letters professed no other attitude towards England. Racine, who knew Italian and Spanish, could not read a word of English; Boileau, who advised his countrymen to study the manners of foreign countries, had never dreamt of studying those of a nation so little civilised; and when, in 1700, Addison paid a visit to the aged critic they talked long in French about most literatures, ancient and modern, save that to which the visitor was a contributor. Addison even read him some of his verses—but they were in Latin, and Boileau was far from suspecting that he had an English poet before him.

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[1] Voltaire, *Lettres philosophiques*, 1727.

[2] In 1663; it should, of course, be remembered that Shakespeare was not in favour with the English public at this date.

And yet our reputation as thinkers and scientists was high on the Continent. "The English are most skilful people," says a writer in 1698; "nearly all their works are good, many are excellent. It is a pity that the authors of that country write only in their own language."[1] The *Journal des savants* had lamented, some years before, the same obstinacy on the part of the English; "it has prevented us till now from giving any account of their writings in this paper."

This ignorance of things English was not very surprising in an age when French was the universal language, when France was in closer contact with Spain and Italy than with this country, and when, and especially after the execution of Charles I., England was looked upon abroad as a kind of accursed isle, "formerly the abode of angels and saints, and at present a hell of demons and parricides."[2] Shakespeare, like the rest of our writers, was hidden behind the clouds of French insularity; and even when, after the Restoration, French travellers began to discover England, almost for the first time since the voyage of William the Norman, his name occurs rarely in their accounts. Saint-Evremond, in spite of his long exile at Charles II.'s Court, seems to have ignored the poet; Ben Jonson he knew, but not the great Will. Sorbière, in England in 1664, brings back to France some specimens of English comedies: the Works of the Duchess of Newcastle. Chappuzeau, who followed him a few years later, was present at a performance of Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, but does not seem to have heard of Shakespeare. Two only of these early explorers mention the Elizabethan's name: Béat von Muralt, who remarks that "Shakespeare, one of the best of their ancient poets, has put a great part of their history into tragedies"[1]; and Moreau de Brasey, who speaks of "A certain Shakespeare who lived in the last century, and has left a foundation of matter for that [*the writing of historic dramas*] in his excellent plays, and Mr. Addison, who has perfected this style in his admirable *Cato*."[2]

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[1] Ancillon, *Mélanges critiques de littérature*, etc., Bâle, 1698.

[2] Le père Coulon, *Fidèle conducteur pour le voyage en Angleterre*, 1654.

But ere this Shakespeare had at least been named in print by a French writer, a certain Baillet, who in his *Jugemens des Sçavans* (1685–6) gave a fairly complete list of our poets down to 1660; then, in a translation of the Works of Sir W. Temple (1693); next in the *Journal des Savants* in 1710, where we read that Mr. Tonson is soon to give "a new edition of the works of Shakees Pear, revised and corrected by Mr. Rowe"; in 1715 a translator of Collier's *Short View of the English Stage* gave his name a new form—Chacsper. Thanks chiefly to the influence of the French Protestant refugees in London, French interest in English affairs was now spreading, and Journals, Libraries, and Gazettes of all sorts, published by these intermediaries in England or in Holland, called the attention of their readers to our history, climate, religion, science, and drama. In 1717 was founded a paper devoted entirely to English literature: *La Bibliothèque angloise; ou, histoire littéraire de la Grande Bretagne*; and in the same year *Le Journal littéraire*, published at La Haye, gave a lengthy and well-informed dissertation on English poetry, in which an adequate place was at length assigned to Shakespeare. Let us see how he was treated.[1]

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[1] *Lettres sur les Anglois et les François*, Geneva, 1725; written in 1694–5.

[2] *Le Guide d'Angleterre*, Amsterdam, 1744; written in 1712–14.

The writer first lays down the principle that where the classical unities are not observed "a tragedy is not a tragedy.[2] At that rate we can-

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[1] *Journal littéraire*, 1717, tome ix. pp. 157–216. We add a résumé of the first part of this important article: The two nations which can claim the foremost rank in the sciences and the arts are the English and the French. A comparison between the French and the English spirit; the English more licentious than the French. The English language the richer of the two. The French slaves to rhyme, the English too lax in this particular; often reject rhyme entirely. The French are superior in witty pieces; the English too grave for joking. Comparison between La Fontaine and Prior, Butler and Scarron, Boileau and Rochester, Dryden and others. Comparison between *Le Lutrin* and *The Rape of the Lock*. The Epic Poem: *Télémaque* and *Paradise Lost* (long analysis of this). *The Fairy Queen*; Addison's poems. Molière far superior to the English comic writers; examination of his talent; thefts committed from his work by English authors. Tragedy; reflections on the Unities.

[2] We add the original of our quotation:

"Sur ce pied-là, ce ne sont point des Tragédies que les pièces de Théâtre faites par Shakespeare, que la plupart des Anglais regardent encore comme le plus admirable écrivain dans ce genre-là et à qui dans tous les Prologues de ceux qui l'ont suivi, on dresse des Autels comme à un Dieu du Théâtre: on convient bien qu'il n'a pas observé les règles, mais on le lui pardonne, comme à un génie au-dessus des règles et qui n'en avait que faire pour frapper et pour enlever le spectateur. Ils ont tort et ils ne croient pas eux-mêmes ce qu'ils disent. Cet Auteur avait à coup sûr du génie infiniment; comme il écrivait, pour ainsi dire, à tout hasard, il attrappait de tems en tems des traits inimitables, mais souvent elles [*sic*] sont accompagnées de choses si peu nobles, qu'on peut douter, si dans ses écrits la bassesse relève le sublime, ou si c'est le sublime qui fait sentir plus fortement la bassesse.

"Cet Auteur n'a imité personne et tirant tout de sa propre imagination, il a, pour ainsi dire, abandonné ses Ouvrages aux soins de la Fortune, sans choisir les circonstances nobles et nécessaires de ses sujets et sans écarter celles qui étaient inutiles et indécentes. On ne voit pas même dans ses pièces, que par son propre raisonnement il ait tiré de la nature de la Tragédie la moindre règle fixe pour remplacer celles des Anciens qu'il avait négligé d'étudier. Ses per-

not count as tragedies the plays written by Shakespeare, whom the majority of the English still consider the most admirable writer in that style, and to whom, in all the Prologues of those who have followed him, are raised altars as to a God of the stage: all agree that he did not observe the rules, but for that they pardon him, as being a genius above all rule, and who has no need of them to strike and to transport the spectator. They are wrong, and do not themselves believe what they say. It is perfectly sure that that author had a vast amount of genius; as he wrote at random, so to speak, he had occasionally inimitable strokes, but these are often accompanied by things so base that one may doubt whether, in his writings, the meanness sets off what is sublime, or whether it is the sublime which makes one feel the meanness yet more keenly.

"This Author imitated no one, and, as he drew everything from his own imagination, he has, so to speak, abandoned his works to the care of

sonnages voltigent de l'orient à l'occident et le spectateur est obligé de se trouver tantôt avec eux dans une partie du monde et tantôt dans une autre. Pour les bornes du temps, il les respecte si peu que l'espace de deux heures représente souvent, dans ses Ouvrages, un bon nombre d'années et qu'on voit dans un Acte, homme fait, celui qu'on a vu enfant dans quelqu'un des Actes qui précèdent. Plusieurs de ses Tragédies contiennent la vie presque entière de ses Héros ; il y en a entr'autres cinq ou six qui font une bonne partie de l'Histoire d'Angleterre : il est vrai qu'on n'appelle ces pièces qu'Histoires tragiques, mais elles ont été faites pour être représentées sur le Théâtre, et ce Titre fait voir uniquement que l'Auteur ou l'Editeur a senti les défauts que nous venons de reprendre. Cependant, il faut réfléchir pour sentir des défauts de cette nature : et le divin Shakespear tombe dans d'autres à l'égard desquels il ne faut avoir que du sentiment pour les trouver insupportables. Dans les endroits les plus touchants de quelques-unes de ses Tragédies, où le Spectateur est tout attention, et où il prépare déjà son cœur à l'agitation que le Poète y va faire naître, en un mot dans la crise de la pièce, il interrompt l'attention et tranquillise l'émotion du cœur, par des Scènes comiques, si bouffonnes quelquefois, qu'à peine seraient-elles assez graves pour le Théâtre Italien. . . ."

Fortune, without choosing those parts of his subjects which were noble and essential, and omitting what was useless and indecent. One cannot even remark in his Tragedies that he had established, thanks to his own powers of reasoning, the smallest fixed rule, drawn from the nature of Tragedy, to take the place of the rules of the Ancients, which he had neglected to study. His characters fly from the east to the west, and the spectator is obliged to follow them, sometimes in one part of the world, and sometimes in another. As to the limits of time, he respects them so little that in his works the space of two hours often represents a great number of years, and in an act you often meet, as a grown man, the very person whom you saw a child in the preceding acts. Several of his tragedies contain almost the whole life of his heroes; amongst others there are five or six which cover a good portion of the History of England; it is true that these pieces are only called Tragic Histories; but they were written to be acted on the stage, and that title simply shows that the author or the publisher felt the defects which we have just rebuked. To discover these faults, however, reflection is needed; and divine Shakespeare falls into others, in regard to which one needs nothing but good feeling to find them unbearable. In the most touching parts of some of his tragedies, when the spectator is all attention, and is already preparing his heart for the agitation that the poet is about to awaken in it—in a word, at the critical moment of the play—he interrupts the attention, and calms the emotion of the heart by comic scenes, so droll at times that they would hardly be serious enough for the Italian theatre."

Next follows an analysis of *Hamlet*, in the course of which the famous Grave-digger's scene is torn to pieces; but,[1] adds the critic, "one must excuse the poor Prince for not expressing his sadness in a noble and natural manner; the Author's design requires that he should pretend to be mad, in order the better to hide the vengeance he is contriving against the murderers of the author of his life; his affected wildness, added to the veritable insanity of his beloved, fills this work with so much foolery, necessary to the project, that, amongst the audience, tears are rarer than bursts of laughter. . . . The strong point of this Author appears to consist in his never saying anything beautiful without mingling with it mean incidents which debase it; so here he makes his hero say that the Queen had married again e'er those shoes were old with which she followed her husband's body. In fine, whatever is good, and indeed excellent, in this work is drowned under an infinite amount of twaddle, and the whole seems to be rather the production of an unhinged mind than of a genius of the first rank." An analysis of *Richard III.* is followed by an account of *Othello*, in which the Bolster-scene especially raises the critic's ire:[2]

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[1] "Il faut excuser le pauvre Prince de ne pas exprimer sa tristesse d'une manière noble et naturelle; le Plan de l'auteur veut qu'il fasse semblant d'être fou, pour mieux cacher la vengeance qu'il machine contre les meurtriers de l'Auteur de sa vie; son extravagance affectée, jointe à la véritable folie de sa Maîtresse, remplissent cet ouvrage de tant de sottises nécessaires au projet, que les larmes sont plus rares parmi les spectateurs que les éclats de rire . . . il paraît le fort de ce Poète de ne jamais rien dire de beau sans y mêler des traits rampants qui l'avilissent; il fait dire ici à son Héros, que la Reine s'était remariée *avant d'avoir presque usé les souliers avec lesquels elle avait suivi le cadavre de son époux.* Enfin, ce qu'il y a de bon et même d'excellent dans cet ouvrage est noyé dans un nombre infini de fadaises et le tout paraît plutôt la production d'un cerveau déréglé que d'un génie du premier ordre. . . ."

[2] "Je ne comprends pas comment la Femme d'Othello, toute étouffée qu'elle est, peut avoir la force de tenir tout un petit discours à sa Femme d'honneur; si elle allait expirer par l'effet de l'épée ou du poison, la chose serait probable; mais une personne étouffée doit être privée de tout sentiment, ou si elle retrouve la force de parler elle peut bien en revenir tout à fait."

"I do not understand how Othello's wife, smothered as she is, can have strength enough to make a fairly long speech to her lady-in-waiting; if she were about to die from the effects of the sword or of poison, the thing would be probable; but a stifled person must be deprived of all feeling; or, if she can recover strength enough to speak, she might very well come round entirely."

Such, then, was the first important notice consecrated to Shakespeare in French; no one will say that it erred by excess of praise. It fixes for us the impression produced on our Gallic neighbours at first contact with a scenic art so different from their own. The principal points here raised were to be repeated over and over again in later articles. For the critics of Boileau's school, tragedy had to be homogeneous, tragic from end to end; it had to be "noble," eliminating from the subject all that belonged to humble, nay, to ordinary life; its characters had to be heroes, not men; in a word, it had to be an artificial composition, and not an artistic copy of life. To-day, when everyone, except Tolstoi, has united in praise, it requires more courage to call Shakespeare's plays the productions of *un esprit déréglé*; but those who know many Frenchmen will doubt whether the majority of that nation yet feels, or ever can feel, a deep and thorough admiration for the English poet.

To judge him more fairly it was necessary, however, to have a better knowledge of his work, of the English character, and of the English language. Two celebrated authors, forced against their will to spend some years of exile in England, acquired that knowledge, and by their writings and influence may be regarded as the true founders of that Anglomania which filled the middle of the eighteenth century in France. The first of these, abbé Prévost, the creator of *Manon Lescaut*, passed a portion of the years 1729 and 1730 in our country. The enthusiasm for all things English which this visit kindled in his heart is best expressed in his own words: "Happy isle! too happy inhabitants, if they do but appreciate the advantages of their climate and situation! What is lacking of all that can make life agreeable and comfortable? . . . Their fields produce abundantly all that is needed for their use. They could well do without the goods of their neighbours: and yet they add to their own wealth whatever is rarest and most precious in every country in the world. It is as if they had levied contributions from the whole universe. London is to-day a kind of centre where the riches of the entire world meet together along the lines of trade. They are distributed in due proportion to every part of the island. . . . Are they less happy on the moral side? They have known how to preserve their liberties against every attack of tyranny. . . . Their laws are wise and easily explained. You will not find a single one which has not the public weal for its aim; and with them the public weal is no vain word used to mask the injustice and violence of those in authority: in that land each man knows the extent of his rights; the people have theirs and know how to limit themselves to them, just as the great have their bounds beyond which they dare not encroach. Their religion is no less free. The English have understood that compulsion is an attack on the spirit of the Gospel. They know that man's heart is God's domain; that violence produces only exterior changes; that obligatory worship is sacrilegious worship, fatal to him that demands and to him that accords it; and on these principles they open their temples to those who desire to enter them, but are not angered when they see them abandoned."[1]

England, the land of liberty, the land where one may think, speak, write, publish what one will! Such was the theme of Prévost, the runaway Benedictine and of Voltaire, late prisoner in the Bastille.

Prévost had been attracted to the English theatre by the beauty of Anne Oldfield, the celebrated actress. "Charmed by the sound of her voice, of her face and of her demeanour in general, I hastened to learn enough English to understand her, and, after that, I seldom failed to be present at those pieces in which she was appearing. . . . The English are passionately fond of the theatre and I do not know whether France could show as many works in that species of composition as England. It is true that they are not all of equal value; and yet I have seen several of their plays which did not appear to me to be inferior to those of the Greeks or of the French. I even dare say that they would surpass them if their poets would put a little more regularity into their writings; but, for the beauty of the sentiments, either tender or sublime; for that tragic force which stirs the depths of the heart and infallibly excites passion in the dullest soul; for the energy of the expressions and the art of directing events and of contriving situations, I have read nothing, neither in Greek nor in French, which excels the English dramatic pieces. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, Otway's *Orphan* and *The Conspiracy at Venice* [*Venice Preserved*], with several pieces by Congreve, Farquhar, etc., are admirable tragedies in which are to be found a thousand beauties united."[2]

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[1] *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*, book xi. p. 144, édition des Frères Mame, Paris, 1808.

[2] *Op. cit.*, book x. pp. 40–42.

This was a very different note from that heard fifteen years before; the contagion was spreading. So strong already was French interest in all that savoured of England that Prévost was able to gain his living by the publication of a review, the *Pour et contre*, in each number of which he promised to recount some "new and striking feature of the English genius or the curiosities of London and other parts of the island"—a programme to which he adhered very faithfully and in accordance with which he consecrated in 1738 a considerable portion of his space to the *Life and Works* of Shakespeare.[1] A quotation from this long and important article will furnish testimony to the rapid rising of the critical barometer towards the fever heat of later years.

Prévost, like his predecessors, notes that Shakespeare was unacquainted with the poets of antiquity; but, he asks, with perfect freedom from prejudice, was that a disadvantage?[2]

"It is certain that that knowledge would have helped to make him more correct; but it may also be believed that the regularity to which he would have tried to constrain himself in imitation of them would have caused him to lose something of that warmth, of that impetuosity, and of that admirable delirium, if one may so phrase it, which shines forth in his smallest productions. There is no one but will read with more pleasure those fresh thoughts, those extraordinary imaginings, which are so common with him than the simple translation of some Greek or Latin passage, however great the art and the charm with which it might have been rendered into our language."

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[1] *Pour et contre*, No. cxciv. 1738; tome xiv. p. 25.

[2] "Il est certain que cette connaissance aurait servi à le rendre plus correct; mais on pourrait croire aussi que la régularité à laquelle il aurait voulu s'assujettir à leur exemple, lui aurait fait perdre quelque chose de cette chaleur, de cette impétuosité et de ce délire admirable, si l'on ose s'exprimer ainsi, qui éclate dans ses moindres productions. Il n'y a personne qui ne lise avec plus de plaisir ces penseés neuves ces imaginations extraordinaires qui lui sont si familières, que la simple traduction d'un passage grec ou latin, avec quelque art et quelque agrément qu'il eût pu le rendre dans notre langage. . . ."

Prévost then explains that Shakespeare was not totally ignorant of Latin, and gives several examples of quotations from and allusions to the classical authors. He next recounts the usual details given of Shakespeare's life—the deer-stealing, his journey to London, etc.—with the intention of showing that the dramatist had studied especially at the school of life.[1] "Nevertheless, it must not be imagined that, when we ascribe everything to Nature in Shakespeare's writings, we desire to attribute to him an imagination so wild and unrestrained that it was independent of the direction and of the rules of judgment. On the contrary, we mean that his manner of thought was naturally so elevated that it had no need to be formed anew by the help of method, and that an upright and impartial judge would always have approved it at first sight. It would be, then, unjust to wish to judge him by the rules of art, since he never knew them. He must be called before the tribune of Common Sense. Let us consider him as a man who lived in a century in which bad taste and ignorance were reigning vices. Men took upon themselves to write, but each writer took his own fancy for his guide."

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[1] "Qu'on n'imagine pas néanmoins qu'en rapportant tout à la nature dans les écrits de Shakespeare on veuille lui attribuer une imagination si folle et si libertine qu'elle fût indépendante de la conduite et des règles du jugement. On veut dire au contraire que sa manière de penser était naturellement si élevée, qu'elle n'avait pas besoin d'être réformée par le secours de la méthode, et qu'un juge droit et impartial l'aurait toujours approuvé à la première vue. Il y aurait donc de l'injustice à vouloir le juger par les règles de l'art, puisque il ne les a jamais connues. C'est au Tribunal du bon sens qu'il faut le citer. Considérons-le comme un homme qui vivait dans un siècle où le mauvais goût et l'ignorance étaient des vices dominants. On se mêlait d'écrire, mais chaque écrivain prenait ses propres fantaisies pour guide." . . .

We pass on to Prévost's examination of *Hamlet*, that touchstone of Shakespearean criticism in the eighteenth century.[1]

"*Hamlet* is founded on an incident very similar to that of Sophocles' *Electra*. In the two pieces there is seen a young prince who is compelled to avenge his father's death. The two mothers are equally guilty. They have both dipped their hands in their husband's blood, and have married their husband's murderer. The first part of *Electra* is touching; but in the following portion it is opposed both to nature and morality, as M. Dacier remarks, that Orestes should take upon himself to slaughter his mother, and that his sister Electra should encourage him, before the spectators, to carry out this horrible undertaking. It is true that this matricide is not committed on the stage; but is it not shocking to hear the cries of Clytemnestra, calling Ægisthus to her aid, and attempting to excite the pity of a son by whose hand she will, in spite of all her submission, be butchered?

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[1] "*Hamlet* est fondé sur un fait presque semblable à celui de l'*Electre* de Sophocle. Dans ces deux pièces, on voit un jeune prince qui se trouve engagé à venger la mort de son père. Les deux mères sont également coupables. Elles ont trempé, toutes deux, leurs mains dans le sang de leurs époux et elles se trouvent mariées à leurs meurtriers. La première partie de l'*Electre* est touchante ; mais il est contraire ensuite à la nature et aux bonnes mœurs, suivant la remarque de M. Dacier, qu'Oreste se charge lui-même de massacrer sa mère et qu'Electre sa sœur l'encourage aux yeux des spectateurs à l'exécution de cette horrible entreprise. Il est vrai que le parricide ne se commet pas sur le théâtre ; mais n'est-il pas choquant qu'on y entende les cris de Clytemnestre qui appelle Egisthe à son aide et qui s'efforce d'exciter la pitié d'un fils par la main duquel toutes ses soumissions n'empêchent point qu'elle soit égorgée ?

"Voilà les exemples des Maîtres de l'Art et de ceux d'après lesquels on a formé les règles. Que fait Shakespeare qui ne les a pas connues ? Il représente Hamlet avec autant de piété pour son père et de résolution de venger sa mort qu'Oreste en a dans Sophocle. Il ne lui donne pas moins d'horreur pour le crime de sa mère et il l'augmente même, en la représentant capable d'inceste. Mais l'excellence naturelle de son jugement ne lui permet pas de révolter l'imagination des spectateurs par la peinture d'une mère qui se défend contre les outrages et les coups sanglans de son fils. Confondre ce sentiment avec ce qu'on appelle terreur et pitié, c'est le connaître peu et le mal définir ; on le nommerait plus justement horreur. Avec quelle habileté notre poète n'a-t-il pas su écarter toute indécence de cette nature, en mettant dans la bouche de l'Esprit, une défense absolue de penser à cette horrible vengeance ! 'Mais quelle voie que tu prennes—lui fait-il dire—pour exécuter ta résolution, ne souille pas ton cœur et garde-toi bien de rien entreprendre contre ta mère. Laisse le soin de son châtiment au Ciel et à ces cruelles épines qui sont logées dans son sein et dont les pointes la piqueront sans relâche.' En général, il n'y a jamais eu d'écrivain dramatique qui ait aussi bien réussi que Shakespeare à exciter la terreur par les voies qui conviennent à ce sentiment. Toute la tragédie de *Macbeth*, et surtout la scène du second acte, qui contient la mort du roi, est peut-être le plus admirable exemple que le théâtre en ait jamais fourni."

"Such are the examples of the Masters of Art, and of those according to whose practice the rules were formed. What does Shakespeare, who knew not those rules? He shows us Hamlet filled with as much filial piety and determination to avenge his father's death as is Orestes in Sophocles. He gives him no less horror for his mother's crime, and increases it yet more by representing her as capable of incest. But the native excellence of his judgment does not permit him to revolt the spectators' imagination by the picture of a mother defending herself against the insults and the bloody strokes of her son. To confound such a feeling with what is called terror and pity is to understand it little and to define it ill; it should more truly be called horror. With what skill has our poet succeeded in avoiding all indecency of the sort—by putting in the Ghost's mouth an absolute prohibition of any thought of so horrible a vengeance!

> "But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
> To prick and sting her.

In general, there never was a dramatic author who succeeded as well as Shakespeare in exciting terror by means suitable to that feeling. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, and, above all, the scene in the second act which contains the death of the King, is perhaps the most admirable example that the stage has so far furnished of that sentiment."

Such praise must have been wormwood to Voltaire, who thus saw Shakespeare set above all the great dramatic writers of the past and of the present, himself not excluded. And to think that he had been the other greater spreader of this English contagion by means of his *Lettres philosophiques, ou Lettres sur les Anglais*![1] These resumed the impressions of a stay of nearly three years, 1726-9. They are too well known to need a lengthy reference here; we will recall simply his judgment on Shakespeare:

"Shakespeare, whom the English consider a Sophocles, flourished at about the same time as Lope de Vega. He created a dramatic art; he had a genius full of force and fecundity, of natural simplicity and sublime feeling, without the least spark of good taste or the smallest knowledge of the rules. I will venture a bold but true remark: the ability of that author has ruined the English stage. There are such fine scenes, fragments so grand and so terrible scattered through his monstrous farces which are called tragedies, that his plays have always been given with great success. Time, which alone establishes the reputation of men, ends by making even their defects respectable. Most of that author's odd and gigantic ideas have acquired, after two hundred years, the right of passing for sublime.

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[1] English edition, 1733; French edition, 1734.

Their modern authors have nearly all copied him; but what succeeded in Shakespeare is hissed in their pieces, and you will easily believe that the veneration they have for this author of the past is increased by their contempt for those of modern times."[1]

Then, as a specimen of Shakespeare's verse, he gives the monologue from *Hamlet*, translated into French alexandrines, and spiced by the immixture of little "philosophic" touches, calculated to annoy the heads of an administration which had put Monsieur Arouet de Voltaire in the Bastille, and then condemned him to exile for having dared challenge a man of noble birth.

Voltaire had, then, some right to declare later that he was the first to reveal Shakespeare to his countrymen; but, when he had done so, he had not expected to see the English dramatist become the idol of the hour. He had, however, excited a curiosity that others did their best to satisfy—not always, perhaps, by the dissemination of very exact ideas as to Shakespeare's character and works. "Having run through his fortune," declares Louis Riccoboni in 1738, "he turned robber;" and farther on, to account for the many sanguinary scenes in the poet's tragedies, he explains that the English are very thoughtful and dreamy, so unless their dramatists set horrible and terrifying scenes before them, they would fall asleep in the theatre! Le Blanc, the abhorred of Garrick, had been in England and seen plays performed at London. As we have already noted, he frankly accepts Shakespeare as a great genius; but he condemns strongly his ignorance of all rule and his use of buffoonery in tragic pieces. "He even dares to show us Cæsar in his night-cap! That will make you understand how much he degrades him."

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[1] *Lettres philosophiques*, xviii.: "Sur la tragédie."

But so far French readers, save the select few who understood English, had no original documents by which to judge Shakespeare's genius save the few scenes scattered through the critical articles of Prévost and others. At length appeared in 1745 a more complete translation of his works, in the *Théâtre anglais* of de La Place.[1] The translator had intended to devote only the first two of his eight volumes to the father of English drama; but so great was the interest aroused by his *Discours préliminaire* and by his versions of *Othello*, *Henry VI.*, etc., that the public insisted on having more, and La Place was obliged to reserve four volumes to Shakespeare. His preface, which runs to one hundred and forty pages of duodecimo, is certainly the longest essay which had so far appeared on the subject. It has been called "the best thing that La Place ever wrote."[2] This remark is possibly ironic, for our translator was no inspired author; it would be truer if one could really assign the credit of this Discours to La Place. But its ideas are practically all stolen from Pope, Rowe, Voltaire, and Riccoboni; often whole paragraphs are simple translations from one or other of those authors. Yet de La Place is to be praised for a certain liberty of judgment, the power to leave national prejudice aside, and to admit that what is not French may yet be good. "A reader who does not imagine that the French turn of mind must of necessity be that of all nations, will be disposed to take pleasure in the reading of Shakespeare, not only because he will note the difference between the French and the English genius, but because he will see in him strokes of energy, new and original beauties which, in spite of their foreign air, are only the more piquant in the eyes of those who do not expect to see them."[1]

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[1] In 8 vols. 12mo.

[2] M. Jusserand, *op. cit.*

He does not refuse obedience, it is true, to the sacrosanct unities: "But," he adds, "there are . . . in the English dramas other liberties which one may, perhaps, more easily bear with. These liberties, which will, in Shakespeare, be the object of criticism on the part of Frenchmen, do not appear to be contrary to the laws of nature and reason; nor to that truth of feeling which includes all laws; nor to those customs, which have assumed the form of laws, by the consent of all ages and all peoples, since all other nations have adopted them.[2]

"Let us not irretrievably condemn to-day what our nephews will perhaps applaud some day. . . . If Shakespeare had not been loftier, more prolific, in a word more of a poet than all the feeble founders of our dramatic literature, the English might be blamed for continuing in their blindness. But what a prodigious difference! I leave it to those who have read Shakespeare or seen him acted and who understand him. . . . Let us cease, then, to be astonished at seeing the English so faithfully attached to their Shakespeare. It is difficult to conceive disrelish for what has ever new charms for our ears and our eyes."[1]

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[1] "Un lecteur qui ne croira pas que l'esprit français doive être nécessairement celui de toutes les nations, sera disposé à trouver du plaisir dans la lecture de Shakespeare, non seulement parce qu'il y trouvera la différence du génie anglais et du génie français, mais parce qu'il y verra des traits de force, des beautés neuves et originales qui, malgré leur air étranger, n'en sont que plus piquantes aux yeux de ceux qui ne s'attendent pas à les voir."

[2] "Mais, il y a, . . . dans les Drames anglais, d'autres libertés, qui méritent peut-être plus de condescendance. Ces libertés, qui feront dans Shakespeare l'objet de la critique des Français, ne paraissent pas contraires aux lois de la nature et de la raison; ni à cette vérité de sentiment qui les rassemble toutes; ni à ces usages, passés en forme de lois, par le consentement de tous les âges et de tous les peuples, puisque toute les autres nations les ont adoptées."

Another virtue for which de La Place must be praised is his modesty. He is anxious that the poet's reputation shall not suffer from the feebleness of his translation. "I declare once more that, despite my efforts to render in French the sublimity, the native ease, the enthusiasm, and the natural feeling which alternately contrast with one another in the original, I have always remained infinitely below him!"[2]

This is not only modesty, it is sober truth. Indeed, de La Place seems often not only to have lagged far behind his author but to have quite lost him and to have had to trust to his own invention. One or two examples, taken from his version of *Othello*, will show what were his powers of translation:

Act I. scene ii. (scene iv. in the French):

Iago	*Iago*
Though in the trade of war I have slain men, Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.	Quoique plus d'un ennemi soit tombé sous mes coups pendant la guerre, je sens pourtant de la répugnance à me prêter à l'homicide. Je manque de force en pareil cas, quoique mon intérêt l'exige. . . . J'avais pensé que vous vous seriez contenté de l'étriller ici de bonne grâce.

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[1] "Gardons-nous donc de condamner sans retour aujourd'hui ce que nos neveux applaudiront peut-être un jour. . . . Si Shakespeare n'avait pas été plus élevé, plus fécond, plus poète enfin que tous ces faibles fondateurs de Notre Théâtre, les Anglais pourraient être blâmables d'être restés dans l'aveuglement. Mais quelle prodigieuse différence! Je m'en rapporte à tous ceux qui ont lu ou vu jouer Shakespeare et qui l'entendent. . . . Cessons donc de nous étonner de voir les Anglais si fidèlement attachés à leur Shakespeare. On se dégoûte difficilement de ce qui a toujours de nouveaux charmes pour nos oreilles et pour nos yeux." (*Cette dernière phrase est du vrai Joseph Prudhomme avant la lettre!*)

[2] "Je déclare encore un coup que, malgré mes efforts pour rendre en français, le sublime, le naïf, l'enthousiasme et le naturel, qui contrastent alternativement l'un avec l'autre dans l'original, je suis toujours demeuré infiniment au-dessous de lui."

Othello	*Othello*
'Tis better as it is.	J'aime mieux faire ce que j'ai prémédité.
Iago	*Iago*
Nay, but he prated And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, Are you fast married? Be assured of this, That the magnifico is much beloved, And hath, in his effect, a voice potential As double as the duke's: he will divorce you; Or put upon you what restrain and grievance The law (with all his might to enforce it on) Will give him cable.	Cependant il m'a parlé de vous, avec tant, d'acharnement et d'indécence, que j'ai eu peine à me contenir. . . . Mais, avouez-le-moi, êtes-vous effectivement marié? car le père de Desdemona est puissant et sa voix n'a pas moins de crédit dans le Sénat que celle du Duc. De deux choses, l'une : Il fera casser le mariage, ou il fera parler les lois si haut qu'il vous accablera.[1]
Othello	*Othello*
Let him do his spite; My services which I have done the signiory Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know (Which when I know that boasting is an honour I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being From men of royal siege; and my demerits May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhousèd, free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?	Laissons-lui jeter son feu: les services que j'ai rendus à la République étoufferont ses plaintes. Apprends même que je travaille actuellement à prouver un fait (ce que je n'aurais jamais cru nécessaire pour établir ce qu'on doit de considération à un grand homme), c'est-à-dire, que je descends d'une famille illustre et même royale. J'avais pensé qu'indépendamment de cette prérogative, qu'on ne doit qu'au hasard, mes actions m'égalaient à ces orgueilleux sénateurs, auxquels on me reprochera peut-être d'avoir osé m'allier! Quoi qu'il en soit, crois pourtant, mon cher Jago, que malgré toute ma tendresse pour l'aimable Desdemona, je renoncerais plutôt au lustre que je puis tirer de ma naissance qu'à celui que je tiens de mes victoires. Mais regarde! . . . qu'est-ce que ces flambeaux qui viennent à nous?

As a second example, we quote Othello's speech before the Senate, Act I. scene iii. (scene xi. in the French):

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[1] An ingenious rendering of "will give him cable," which de La Place evidently did not understand.

Othello

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
And portance. . . .
These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore, in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. . . .
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
That only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Othello

J'avais eu l'honneur de me faire estimer de son père. Je mangeais souvent chez lui, et il se plaisait à me faire raconter les diverses aventures qui me sont arrivées depuis mon enfance: les batailles, les sièges, où je me suis trouvé, les périls que j'ai courus, les blessures que j'ai essuyées, les fers que j'ai portés et la manière dont j'ai recouvré ma liberté. Nous passions ensuite à l'histoire de mes voyages; et sa curiosité, piquée par ce qu'ils ont d'intéressant, ne se lassait point du détail de mes naufrages sur mer et de mes travaux sur terre. . . . (*Some lines omitted.*)

Desdemona prêtait toujours une oreille attentive à mes récits; et lorsque les affaires de la maison la forçaient de sortir pour quelques moments, je lisais dans ses yeux la peine qu'elle en ressentait. Desdemona est belle; j'avais un cœur; il éprouva bientôt des mouvements qu'il n'avait pas encore sentis! J'étudiai ceux de Desdemona; et l'ayant un jour rencontrée seule, je fis en sorte qu'elle me priât de lui raconter de suite ce qu'elle n'avait jamais pu entendre que par parties souvent interrompues. L'amour qui m'inspirait, me rendit éloquent et pathétique; je vis souvent, avec transports, les beaux yeux de Desdemona baignés de larmes au récit des maux que j'avais soufferts. Mon histoire n'était même pas encore finie qu'un torrent de soupirs et de sanglots exprimaient tendrement toute la part qu'elle prenait à mes infortunes passées et la joie qu'elle avait de ma gloire présente. . . . (*Lines omitted.*) Que vous dirai-je, Seigneurs? L'admiration et la pitié frayèrent à l'amour le chemin de son cœur et la sensibilité de cette aimable fille lui attacha pour jamais le mien! Voilà, Seigneurs, tout l'art et tous les charmes dont je me suis servi pour me faire aimer de Desdemona. Mais je la vois paraître; si j'en impose, elle peut me démentir.

Was it thanks to such translations, or in spite of them, that Shakespeare's reputation grew ever greater in France? It must be remembered that he had redoubtable allies. English science—Newton's works had replaced the old romantic tales of *Le Grand Cyrus* school, even in ladies' boudoirs; English novels—Defoe and Richardson, Fielding and Sterne were read to the exclusion of French writers; English dramas, especially those that tore the spectator's entrails ("if I may so express it," as a critic of the time would have added), and produced a pathetic and moral effect—here Lillo's *George Barnwell* led the way, and for a time paled the glories of even Shakespeare's tragedies; and then, English manners and customs, sports and dress—the fashionables took tea *à l'anglaise*, drank "ponch" *à l'anglaise*, ate "pouding" *à l'anglaise*, drove "gigues" *à l'anglaise*, boxed and wrestled *à l'anglaise*, and passed their mornings together *à l'anglaise*—which meant, it seems, keeping absolute silence. The Anglomania was at its height, and for all the literary world this delirium centred round Shakespeare, "the misshapen, roughly-carved colossus," as Diderot called him. It was just at this moment that Garrick came to stay at Paris, and by his brilliant reputation, already known from the accounts furnished by travellers like Patu and Suard, by his personal charm, and by the force of his acting, raised the excitement to the highest pitch.

V

GARRICK AT PARIS

GARRICK reached Paris some time in October, and during the next six months he was a centre of attraction for the whole capital. The three great *salons* in which the philosophers congregated threw open both doors to receive him. He was the guest of M. and Mme. Helvétius, who, in their magnificent mansion of the rue St. Anne, assembled all the most illustrious men of letters of the day. There he met Diderot, ever in a state of effervescence, ever anxious to learn some new thing, to-day taking a knitting-machine to pieces in order to explain it in the Encyclopedia, to-morrow discussing the discoveries of the physiologist Bordeu or the principles of the chemist Rouelle, then examining the metaphysics of Leibnitz or Malebranche and developing his own ideas in the same province, to pass next to a new theory of dramatic art and a comparison of the merits of Sophocles and Shakespeare, mingling all that in the intoxicating cup of his conversation, flitting from subject to subject, ever full of life and energy, vertiginous, stunning, electrifying. There he met d'Alembert, Diderot's partner in the *Encyclopedia*, the life and soul of the dinner-table, the wittiest of talkers, who, after a morning spent in the society of parabolas and ellipses, would come and chat theatre with the English visitor; handsome Marmontel, a middling intelligence if ever there was one, but well satisfied with himself, with his exaggerated reputation, and with his successes among the fair sex; Saint-Lambert, cold, finnicking, picking his words, hard at work at this date on *The Seasons*, that great poem which would hardly have saved his name from oblivion had not Jean Jacques Rousseau fallen amorous of his mistress; Grimm, the keen critic, gathering from every source information for that wonderful *Correspondance Secrète*, which circulated in all the Courts of Europe; abbé Morellet, him whom Voltaire, on account of his caustic tongue, used to call "l'abbé Mord-les"; abbé Raynal, his pocket-book crammed with facts to be used in the monumental *Histoire philosophique et politique des établissements et du commerce des Européens dans les Indes*, beneath which his name is buried;[1] Duclos the serious, mocking smile on lips, taking notes, he too—in fact these *salons* were centres of information given and exchanged—for his *Mémoires secrets sur les règnes de Louis XIV. et Louis XV.*; with ladies more or less connected with some of these—Mme d'Epinay, Mlle Lespinasse, and others. Here in "the General Parliament of human wit,"[2] every subject under heaven was argued upon—physics and chemistry, philosophy and political economy, town scandal, and State secrets; every one displayed the greatest liberty of speech—for were not they the Philosophers, the emancipated from all prejudice?—and all was bustle and discussion, contradiction, or explanation; a fine field for the observer of manners, and one that must obviously have delighted our actor. As an Englishman, Garrick was especially well received by Helvétius, who had been in England in 1763, and had returned a confirmed Anglomaniac.

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[1] But which, it appears, did much to form the intelligence of Toussaint-l'Ouverture.

[2] Garat.

To abbé Morellet our traveller took a special liking. "He had conceived some inclination for me, not like Sbrigani had done, because of my way of eating my bread, but for my manner of arguing; this he considered remarkable, he told me, on account of the vehemence and natural freedom of my gestures. At Baron d'Holbach's, when he saw me at close quarters with Diderot or Marmontel, he would sit down, fold his arms, and watch us like an artist observing a face he wishes to catch."[1]

It was on Thursdays and Sundays that Garrick would visit d'Holbach, an intimate friend of his friend Wilkes. There he met practically the same people as at Helvétius's, with the addition of a lady nearing her fiftieth year, rather tall, with dark eyes and somewhat pale complexion, who remained silent in her corner[2]; very cold and distant at first acquaintance, she soon grew animated in conversation with the charming foreigner. This was Mme Riccoboni, ex-actress of the Italian Theatre, well known as a novel-writer, and destined to conceive a tender but platonic sentiment for Garrick.

Next came the celebrated house of the rue St. Honoré, where, in superb rooms, the walls of which were decorated with pictures by Joseph Vernet, Boucher, Carle Vanloo, and Quantin de la Tour, Mme Geoffrin, wife of a manufacturer of mirrors, but friend of empresses and fostermother of a king,[1] entertained artists on Mondays and literary people on Wednesdays. The latter receptions drew such foreign celebrities as might happen to be in Paris: Hume and Adam Smith, Wilkes and Walpole were among the English who accepted hospitality from this *bourgeoise, femme d'esprit.* It was at her Mondays, no doubt, that Garrick made the acquaintance of painters like Vernet and engravers like Gravelot, who sent him friendly greetings later, and of sculptors like Lemoine, who exhibited a bust of the actor at the *Salon* of 1765, and sent him some casts. On the Wednesdays it was much the same crowd as at the other two houses; indeed, one wonders how the Philosophers did not get mortally sick of meeting one another; it is true that country houses provided a safety-valve—and then there *were* jealousies. Mme Geoffrin's, however, offered one or two novelties: only one lady was admitted—the witty Mlle Lespinasse; it was a rule, when foreigners were present, that philosophic and scientific subjects should be shelved in favour of general conversation (ouf! what a relief!); and here occasionally came that amusing old scamp Piron—"I feel something like a savage in that fine country," he used to say[2]—and, more frequently, the poets Gentil-Bernard and abbé Voisenon.

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[1] *Mémoires de Morellet*, p. 205. Garrick sent him books and information for his *Dictionnaire du commerce*; see Boaden, vol. iii. p. 431.

[2] See the description she gives of herself in *L'Abeille*. See also Part IV. of this book.

If we are to take M. Suard's word,[3] he was chief guide and showman to the illustrious visitor; he had already made his acquaintance at London, "and when Garrick and M. Suard met again at Paris they were never apart. . . . Everything united them, and above all their languages—for languages do closely unite those whom they do not divide.[1] Garrick knew French almost as well as M. Suard knew English; so they were continually making comparisons between the two languages and the two theatres. . . . Garrick's triumphs in Paris drawing-rooms prove, perhaps, still better than his success on the London stage, how eminent were his talents. Many singers cannot sing without at least a piano, sometimes even, not without a full orchestra. Garrick, without waiting for wishes to become entreaties, unaided, and surrounded by faces which almost touched his own, acted the greatest scenes of the English stage. His ordinary coat or cloak, his hat and his boots or shoes, became, thanks to his way

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[1] We hope we shall not be accused of exaggerating her relations with Stanislas Poniatowski of Poland.

[2] See de Goncourt, *Portraits intimes du XVIII^e Siècle.*

[3] Suard, J. B. A., was born at Besançon in 1733, a son of the secretary of the University; he died at Paris in 1817. Imprisoned at the age of nineteen, in consequence of a duel fought in the streets of the town, he devoted the leisure time thus acquired to the study of the Bible and of Bayle's *Dictionnaire historique et critique* (a somewhat curious combination!); in prison, too, he founded his knowledge of the English language. On his release he came to Paris and found protectors in Marmontel and Mme Geoffrin. He threw himself into journalism: *Gazette littéraire de l'Europe*, 1764-6; *Gazette*

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de France, 1762-71. An imprudence caused him to lose his *privilège* for the latter publication; at the same time the Government rewarded his merits by a pension of £100. He was elected to the French Academy, 1772; but his election was annulled on account of his supposed collaboration in the *Encyclopædia*. Suard proved that he had had no share in that work, and was re-elected 1774. During the Terror he lived in hiding; he was proscribed in 1797, and fled to Germany. He was permitted to return to France in 1799, and was made one of the Perpetual Secretaries of the Institute in 1803. An ardent Royalist, he was enchanted by the restoration of the Bourbons. If he had been able to live unmolested during the Empire it was owing to the protection of his Republican or Imperialist colleagues; he now secretly denounced nine of them to the Government, and they were driven from their posts. The act was characteristic of this man, narrow-minded, prejudiced, and incapable of independent judgment. His works consist of collections of articles (*Variétés littéraires*, in which are translations of Ossian by Turgot, of Gray by Mme Necker, etc.; *Mélanges de littérature*, with notices on Robertson, Mme de Sevigné, etc.), and many translations from the English—Robertson's *History of Charles V.* and *History of America*, the *Voyages of John Byron*, the *Three Voyages of Captain Cook*, etc.

[1] Of course, one feels what is meant, but Garat might, perhaps, have put it better. His own words are: "et surtout les langues qui unissent beaucoup, en effet, ceux qu'elles ne séparent pas."

of arranging them, the best designed costumes for all rôles. The only precaution taken, amongst so many spectators who did not understand English well enough to follow it in the rapidity of dramatic delivery, was that M. Suard gave a translation made on the spot; and M. Suard declared that that was absolutely needless. Garrick's dumb-show was the noblest, the most forcible, and the most pathetic of translations. One felt tempted to call out to him at every moment, as to those mimes whose gestures vied in eloquence with Cicero's speech: 'You speak to us with your hands.' His gestures made one shudder, his looks and his tones drew tears." [1]

A scene in the style of those described above has become celebrated, and has been recounted by every biographer of the actor. He was dining one evening at the house of a fellow-countryman named Neville,[2] where the company was half French and half English. Mlle Clairon, who was present, hoping to induce her brother-actor to give a specimen of his talent, recited some passages from Racine and from Voltaire; then she begged Garrick to imitate her example in English. He did not refuse, and delivered the soliloquy from *Hamlet*, acted—that must have been for the hundredth time!—the Dagger-scene from *Macbeth*, represented without words Lear's madness, and related how he had learnt to imitate insanity so exactly: "It was by watching one of his friends whom the terrible death of his child, let fall from a window, had sent mad. He imitated the wretched father; leaning over the back of a chair, he pretended to play gaily with his baby, and, after a time, to let it drop. At that moment his looks, full of wildness and horror, his voice broken with anguish, and his frightful cries, discomposed all the spectators. Tears ran from all eyes"[1]; and Mlle Clairon, carried away by her enthusiasm, threw her arms round Garrick's neck and kissed him.[2]

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[1] *Mémoires historiques sur le XVIII^e siècle et sur M. Suard*, par Garat, 1821, Book V. Another passage in these *Mémoires* is not without interest here: "Touched by the truest and most lively gratitude for the welcome which he had received in France, Garrick deeply regretted that he could not assume the accent and learn the language of the country. He would have liked to mingle with the actors of Paris, and, without other reward than the pleasure he would have given and the success he might have had, to act with them in French comedy and tragedy. In how many ways would such a novelty have been of benefit to both actors and audience, and to art itself! . . . Another wish of Garrick's, or rather the same more grandly conceived and yet more easy to satisfy, was that France and England should make an exchange of their finest dramatic pleasures and send to one another from time to time their best complete companies, so that one might see the French theatre at London and the English theatre at Paris."

[2] Secretary to the English Embassy 1762, and Minister Plenipotentiary before the arrival of the Duke of Hereford, 1763.

Marmontel, who had witnessed this little recital, was much struck; on the morrow he sent to Garrick the following message:

"Slumber has not effaced, Sir, the impression you made on me. I hope, indeed, that it will never be effaced; and the image of Macbeth, ceaselessly present before my mind's eye, shall be for me the intellectual model of stage declamation at its highest point of energy and truth. . . . If we had actors like you, our scenes would not be so diffuse; we should let their silence speak, and it would say more than our verses.[1] So you will be for me a continual object of astonishment and regret. I can say that I have seen together the foremost actor and the foremost actress in the world; but I am pained to think that the same stage will never unite them. That is a great misfortune for us: for, with two so powerful means of exciting emotion, the genius of our poets would rise to a nobler, bolder, and more pathetic style of tragedy."[2]

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[1] *Correspondance littéraire.*

[2] Her movement was perhaps dictated by remorse at the thought of what had been said about the English people and actors in a (now rare) book of which she had encouraged the publication in 1761: "L'Angleterre . . . conserve dans l'ordre de ses spectacles tragiques la véhémence des expressions et le barbare dans l'ordre des actions qu'ils représentent; leur prononciation dure et forcée exprime la douleur par des cris aigus; et celle qui répand la joie enfante un enthousiasme de délire; leur comique ressemble encore à celui des Farceurs et Histrions," etc. See *Les Libertés de la France, contre le pouvoir arbitraire de l'excommunication; ouvrage dont on est speciale-ment redevable aux sentiments généreux et supérieurs de Mademoiselle Clai$_{***}$ (avec une lettre d'elle)*, Amsterdam (Paris), 1761.

As to Mlle Clairon, Garrick expressed in public an unlimited admiration for her[3]; and no doubt his vanity was flattered at seeing her, for whom fourteen years before he had prophesied a great future, at present firmly seated on the throne of theatrical fame. He had an engraving executed, in which the actress was represented being crowned by Melpomene; below was the following quatrain composed by Garrick himself[1]:

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[1] A simple *réchauffé* of ideas originally expressed by Diderot; the sentence is, however, important as showing how generally it was felt at Paris that Garrick's acting embodies the ideas of the *Drama* school. See p. 228.

[2] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 421. It was, no doubt, at about the same date that Marmontel sent to Garrick his translation into French verse of the eulogy of the actor that Churchill had put into Shakespeare's mouth in *The Rosciad*:

Si d'un sens mâle et sûr, la justesse hardie;
Si la nature et l'art dans un parfait accord;
Si du cœur des humains l'étude approfondie;
Si de l'illusion le charme le plus fort;
Si l'action précise, éloquente, énergique;
Des grandes passions si le rapide jeu
    Placé dans le cercle magique
D'un œil où tout se peint avec des traits de feu;
Si le don d'émouvoir, même par le silence;
Si le don de sentir dans le plus haut degré
    De justesse et de violence,
    Et de l'exprimer à son gré;
Si ce trouble effrayant, ces remords et ces craintes,
    Dont peu de cœurs comme le tien
    Eprouvent les vives atteintes,
    Et dont nul autre n'a si bien
    Porté sur le front les empreintes;
Si ce rare assemblage a mérité le prix
Il t'appartient, Garrick; c'est moi qui te le donne.
De mes lauriers, sans toi sur ma tombe flétris,
    Ma main te doit une couronne.
Tu n'eus point de modèle et n'as point de rival;
Viens occuper le trône élevé sur ma cendre;
Et si je te suis cher, attends pour en descendre
Que la nature enfin produise ton égal.

[3] In private, he seems to have preferred Mlle Dumesnil to her, in spite of the poor impression that actress had produced on him at first. See Part IV.

> J'ai prédit que Clairon illustrerait la scène,
> Et mon espoir n'a point été déçu ;
> Elle a couronné Melpomène
> Melpomène lui rend ce qu'elle en a reçu.

It was in the society of Mlle Clairon that Garrick met abbé Bonnet, for whom he seems to have had a certain affection, calling him "cher abbé" and "son frère" in answer to the amusing letters Bonnet used to write him.

Moreover, there is little doubt that, besides the *salons philosophiques*, he frequented other societies less *superior*, and in which amusement was freer, if more boisterous: for example, that of the *fermier-général* Pelletier, where he would meet Clairaut,[2] a friend and correspondent of Richardson the novelist, de La Place, the translator of Shakespeare, and Piron. Nor did he forget his old friend Monnet, nor Favart, whose acquaintance he had made in 1751; frequent allusions in his correspondence after his return to England prove that he was on intimate terms with them. Yet he

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[1] With the help of his dyer, says Grimm (*Corr. litt.*, February 15th, 1765). The verses may be rendered thus into English :

> I prophesied that Clairon to the stage
> Would honour do. The truth of my presage
> The years now show : an actress wide-renown'd,
> She crowns Melpomene, and by her is crown'd.

Our verses are not, perhaps, equal to those of Garrick; but we had not, alas! the assistance of the dyer's hand.

[2] Clairaut, A. C. This French mathematician, born at Paris in 1713, was of a most precocious intelligence. At the age of twelve he read before the Academy of Science a paper on four new curves he had discovered; at eighteen he was chosen member of the Academy. He is remembered for his researches on the irregularities of the moon's movements, and on Halley's comet, of which he fixed the date of reappearance in 1759. He was, besides, a *Joyeux compagnon.* (See Goncourt's *Portraits du XVIII^e siècle.*)

Chasselat del. *Geille sculp.*

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

seems, during this visit, to have thought it better to make a distinction between Garrick the actor, a friend of comedians and of authors attached to the Fair Theatre, and M. Garrick the distinguished foreigner, an honoured guest of that select circle of philosophers of whom those authors had so often made fun. One, at least, of these less cultivated acquaintances believed that there was a difference between the simple, easy-going stranger he had met in 1751 and the cosmopolitan traveller, caressed by princes and adulated by men of letters, in 1764. This was Collé, who has left us in his Journal a sad picture of his disappointment, which should be compared with his former enthusiasm:

"On Saturday, January 5th (1765) I entertained to dinner Garrick, the famous English actor, whom I had already seen at Paris, fourteen years ago. I had every reason to flatter myself that he would give my wife and those who were dining with me an idea of his talents by playing a few scenes in dumb-show, for which one would not need to understand English—a thing which I had seen him do on his first visit here. It was impossible to get him to do so. He turned bad-tempered, and was so sulky that we had the gloomiest dinner-party I ever was at in my life. I had all the less reason for expecting so absolute a refusal from the fact that I had shown him much politeness in advance, a thing of which I repent; I had paid him two visits for one with which that histrion had deigned to honour me; I had made him a present of my printed pieces; he had desired to hear my comedy, *La Vérité dans le Vin*, and I had had the kindness to go and read it to him. I had promised to read him *Henri IV.*, for which he had asked me too. On the day when I was fool enough to receive him I gave all my attention to him and his wife, and did my best to bore myself with talking to them of nothing but their England, and of whatever might interest those two donkeys. At dessert, although I had a bad cold, I sang some of my songs, and took a vast deal of trouble to amuse in order to get him to follow suit. But it was all of no use.

"As he used his stomach as a pretext, saying that, after having so well dined, it was too full to allow him to do anything, I determined to confound him. So I invited him to dinner for the following Friday. He promised to come, and when I had his word I begged him to arrive at half-past twelve, so as to be in a condition to afford us pleasure. At that he remained disconcerted, and appeared very sorry at having accepted so thoughtlessly. On that day I went no further; but on the morrow, wishing to drive him into a corner, I called on him once more in the morning. I made him anew the same proposal, and, after having compared my behaviour with his, I asked him finally what he thought of himself. He still refused flatly what I asked, and, to all the remarks I made, beat about the bush, receiving me with true English impertinence, *i.e.* the coarsest and most ungraceful conduct. He pretended that he had letters to finish, and all he did was to dot the i's of three which were ready, waiting to be sealed. As to that point, I told some one who sees him often to let him know that he had, after all, acted a scene before me, and one I would make use of some day: that of an insolent person receiving an intruder. He did not even show me out. Such is apparently the way he receives English authors who persecute him in order to get their plays acted at his theatre. It is evident that the income of sixty thousand francs a year which he has made by his management of the London Comedy, and the praises with which he has been intoxicated, have sent him stark mad. He forgets that he is only, and never will be anything more than, an actor, and that, however far one may carry that talent, to be a good actor is no great matter. I do not believe that this Monsieur Garrick is very intelligent. I saw a comedy of his, translated in the *Journal étranger*,[1] and I found in it neither wit, genius, nor talent. As to the rank that an actor holds in society, I confess that that has been settled by prejudice, and that a place has been assigned him above that of the hangman, although he is considered to be less necessary."[2]

But that was the only complaint heard in the midst of a general chorus of approbation; both as an actor and as a man, Garrick was admired by all who knew him. The Frenchmen he met regretted that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had deprived the French stage of such an ornament; and even twelve years later Gibbon could assure his friend that the salons of Paris still resounded with the name and the praises of Mr. Garrick.

What was the true reason for this dazzling success amongst the Encyclopedists and their friends? The Anglomania of the period is an important factor in the explanation. Sterne, Hume, Walpole, Wilkes and others had been fêted at Paris. But their opinions had not been quoted, their personalities had not excited so particular an interest, they had not been set by general judgment above Frenchmen of their class. The actor's great talent, of course, must be considered as a partial answer to our question; it is not to be doubted that Garrick was truer to nature than Clairon and Le Kain, that his range was wider and his observation more penetrating than those of Préville, and, above all, that he was more versatile than any of his French colleagues. But he had two other points in his favour: first, he arrived in France just at the moment when the Shakespearean discussion had reached an acute stage; when two hosts were being formed, the one around Voltaire to defend Racine, Corneille, and French dramatic poetry in general against the attacks of the other, the Anglicizing party: at that moment Garrick appeared, and, by showing in his little recitals the poignant force of some of Shakespeare's scenes, shook the faith of many who knew the English poet from Voltaire's ridiculous and unfair analyses or translations. Thus Garrick established the dramatist's and his own reputation at one and the same time. And then he was the perfect model of that natural actor and the true representative of that *drame bourgeois* which Diderot and Grimm had long been preaching amid the decadence of classic tragedy and under the influence of the English theatre and novel. When one reads, in the *Entretiens sur le Fils Naturel*, or in the *Essai sur la poésie dramatique* the principles of the rising school, one sees how well they were united and carried to their highest point in Garrick's style of acting. Inspired by the study of Lillo, Moore, and Shakespeare, Diderot demands at every moment a simple method, instead of the stiff, measured, mannered, and cold action of the French tragic stage; he insists on the necessity of gesture: "We speak too much in our plays; and, in consequence, our actors do not act enough." He condemns long monologues, calling them "bird-like prattle, the contrary of the true voice of nature"; he maintains that pauses should be marked in sentences, that inarticulate cries should at times be uttered, that speeches should be interrupted by the instinctive movements of passion; in a word, he desired in the actor that vivacity, that absence of attitude and convention, that imitation (theatrical, perhaps) of life by which Garrick won applause.[1] For those who extolled the drama of middle-class life at the expense of Aristotelian tragedy, Garrick was the finest example that could have been imagined; so it is not surprising that they should have set him on a pedestal and said to the whole world: "See what perfection might be reached on the stage, if only our principles were practised."

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[1] *The Lying Valet*, August 1757.

[2] Journal of Collé, January 1765, vol. iii. p. 2.

There is little need to add that Garrick's portrait was painted during his stay at Paris; the Duke of Orléans, desirous of securing it for that same collection of notabilities in which he had already included the countenance of Sterne, entrusted the commission to the same artist, Carmontelle. That artist, in spite of difficulties to which we have already alluded, secured a good likeness, and represented Garrick in a tragic pose interrupted by the entry of the comic Garrick.[2]

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[1] See the description of Garrick's acting given on p. 46.

[2] This little portrait is to-day in the Musée de Condy at Chantilly, collection du duc d'Aumale; it is, like the other portraits by Carmontelle, a wash-drawing. On the back is to be read, in the writing of Ledans, to whom the preservation of this precious collection is due, "Le célèbre Garrick, tragique et comique. Carmontelle *delinavit ad vivum*, 1765. Cette caricature fut faite au Raincy, sous les yeux de M. le duc d'Orléans et passe pour une des plus parfaitement ressemblantes de l'auteur, dont le mérite connu était la minutieuse fidélité dans la physionomie." (See *Chantilly, les portraits de Carmontelle*, par F. A. Gruyer, Paris, 1902.) As M. Gruyer remarks, the portrait is by no means a caricature; it is a most successful and characteristic study. The tragic Garrick, clad in blue, is stepping towards a door, whence comes the comic Garrick, in a red coat, and seemingly laughing at the poetic rapture of his double. The picture might be called "A Meeting between Macbeth and Abel Drugger." It was painted in the spring of 1765, just before the actor's return to England. In the same collection there are an excellent portrait of Sterne, and a sketch, not so masterly, of Dr. Maty.

For his part, the actor received so many requests for souvenirs that, as early as November 20th, we find him requesting George to send over a whole packet of engravings. We quote the letter in full:

> PARIS,
> *Nov.* 20, 1764.
>
> MY DEAR GEORGE,
>
> Having this opportunity by the youngest Dance to send you three lines, I can't withstand the temptation. I am at this moment not so well as I have been; I have had so many invitations from the most respectable people here that I could not gainsay such flattery and have made a little too free w^th^ the good creature. I was last night, after dining with the Controller of the Finances, taken with a shivering fit at the French play-house, and went home, much indisposed. I then grew sick, but after puking a little was better; whether it will please to visit me again I can't tell; but if it does we shall give it a little bark and send it to y^e^ devil who, I believe, sent it me.
>
> This brother of Dance is worth your acquaintance. I have heard nothing of y^r^ Dance since I left England. He is politick and wary. The stage has spoilt him and you may tell him so from me. His brothers are y^e^ most worthy, ingenious men I know. He will deliver into y^r^ hands some musick he was so kind to procure me at Rome, with some few books and marble apples.
>
> Your sister hopes that y^e^ Gardener's leaving us is not owing to some quarrel with Charles; 'tis very odd that he does not stay our return; as I said before you will manage y^e^ best for us without indulging Charles's partiality. I hope you have receiv'd my key and done

what is proper with regard to y^e two debts of poor Hubert and Churchill; upon recollection, I think and am almost sure that Churchill gave me his *bond*; I ask'd him for nothing—he was in distress and I assisted him.

I am so plagu'd here for my prints or rather prints of me that I must desire you to send me by the first opportunity *six* prints from Reynolds' picture[1]; you may apply to y^e engraver, he lives in Leicester Fields and his name is Fisher. He will give you good ones if he knows they are for me. You must likewise send me a *King Lear* by Wilson, *Hamlet* d^o, *Jaffier and Belvi*(*dera*) by Zoffani; speak to him for 2 or 3 and what else he may have done of me. There is likewise a print of me, as I am, from Liotard's picture, scrap'd by MacArdel.[2] Send me 2 or 3 of them (speak to MacArdel) and any other prints of me, if tolerable, that I can't remember. If you consult with this Dance, he will tell you how to pack them for carriage and will choose the prints for me if you are too busy. Pray, dear George, don't neglect this, for I am worried to death about them. I hope you continue well, and make good use of y^r Rubbish. Write when you can, and tell Colman not to neglect me. Our love to your babies.

Yours ever and most affectionately,

D. GARRICK.

I find by a Poem of poor Churchill called *Y^e Candidate*, that y^e town was angry at my leaving them. They must be pleased again.

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[1] This represents Garrick between Melpomene and Thalia. A pirated copy of this engraving had later a considerable sale at Paris, under the title of *L'homme entre le vice et la vertu.*

[2] See frontispiece.

When he had received the engravings, he distributed them to his friends[1]; this was a preparation for departure.

"I thank you a thousand times, dear friend," writes Marmontel to him, "for the handsome present you have made me. It will ornament my oratory beside Mlle Clairon; and whenever I desire to feel my soul penetrated and raised to the tone of great and beautiful nature, I shall cast my eyes on that picture. It is, moreover, a pledge of your friendship which will be dear to me all my life. Preserve carefully that tender feeling for a man who does more than admire you, who honours and loves you with all his heart.

"MARMONTEL.

"If you are at home one of these mornings, I will come and embrace you."[2]

In the same way, on the eve of the actor's departure, Grimm sent to fetch *what is to embellish his solitude*: "May God keep you and give you grace to love and regret us as much as we love and regret you! Amen! If you have any commands in this country, accord me the preference. My respects to Madame Garrick."

It is this last friend who will best sum up for us the impression that Garrick had made on his acquaintances at Paris:

"That great and illustrious actor, that Roscius of the English, or rather of the moderns, for great talents have no country, but belong to all those who know how to appreciate them, in a word, David Garrick, has kept his promise; he has passed six months with us, after having travelled all over Italy, and it is now three months since he went back to England. He would be ungrateful if he had not a little regret at leaving France, where he has received the most distinguished welcome, but where he has restricted himself for preference to the society of the Philosophers, whose regrets he carries away with him, and whose tone, manners, and enlightenment he cherishes in his turn.

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[1] He distributed, too, English dictionaries, undoubtedly copies of his friend Johnson's (see a letter from Monnet, Boaden, vol. ii. p. 447). Was this to help his French friends to understand Shakespeare?

[2] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 426. In spite of the admiration he expressed for Garrick, and the protestations of friendship he lavished on him, Marmontel did nothing to continue relations with the actor after his departure, and does not even mention his name in his *Mémoires*. There is, however, nothing astonishing in that; Marmontel's was a superficial and selfish nature.

"I ask pardon of the English for what I am about to say, but I have nearly always seen them exaggerate their good points, and exalt their men of talent, often gratuitously enough, but very frankly, above the celebrated and illustrious in other nations. This is the first time that they have not imposed upon me. Garrick is truly above all praise, and one must have seen him to be able to form an idea of his superiority; but it may also be said that when one has not seen him, one has not seen acting. This player is the first and the only one who fulfilled all my imagination expected and demanded of an actor; and he has proved to me, to my great satisfaction, that the ideas we conceive of perfection are not as chimerical as certain narrow-minded people would have us believe: there are no bounds that genius cannot overstep.

"The great art of David Garrick consists in the facility with which he abandons his own personality and puts himself in the situation of him he has to represent; and when once he has filled himself with that character, he ceases to be Garrick, and becomes the person assigned to him. Thus, in proportion as he changes his part, he becomes so different from himself that you would say he had changed his features and his form, and one has the greatest difficulty possible in persuading oneself that it is the same man. . . . Garrick indulges neither in grimaces nor in caricature; all the changes which take place in his features come from the manner in which his deepest feelings work. He never oversteps truth, and he knows that other inconceivable secret of making his appearance increase in beauty by no other aid than that of passion. . . . Garrick is of middle stature, small rather than big. His face is agreeable, and wears a witty expression; his eyes are wonderfully animated. His vivacity is extreme. He has much wit, and his intelligence is keen and precise. He is a perfect monkey, imitating everything he sees; yet he always remains graceful. He has perfected his great talents by a profound study of nature and by researches full of shrewdness and of broadness of thought. For that purpose he is ever mingling with the crowd, and it is there that he comes on nature in all its native originality. . . . He maintains that Racine, so beautiful and enchanting to read, cannot be acted, because he says everything, and leaves the actor nothing to do, and that, moreover, the harmony of Racine's verse necessitates a sort of sing-song far removed from true declamation. We soon agreed with Roscius-Garrick on all these points, we who form here a little flock of faithful believers, acknowledging Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles for the law and the prophets, intoxicating ourselves with genius wherever it is to be found, without distinction of language or nation. The English Roscius was of the religion and church of our little flock."[1]

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[1] *Correspondance littéraire*, 1765. Tourneux's edition, vol. vi. p. 318.

When Grimm sent this description to his subscribers Garrick was already back again in London. His departure from Paris had coincided with the commencement of a struggle between his fellow actors of the French Comedy and the authorities, an affair with which Garrick's name was slightly associated. An actor named Dubois, whose principal talent consisted in being the father of a pretty daughter, had had a quarrel with his doctor, whose bill he refused to pay. Mlle Clairon, very touchy wherever the honour of her calling and of the Comédie was concerned, somewhat jealous, too, perhaps, of Mlle Dubois, urged her principal colleagues to refuse to collaborate with the defaulter. La Dubois, with true filial piety, espoused her parent's cause. She had a powerful friend in the Maréchal de Richelieu, on whom, as First Gentleman in Waiting, depended the direction of the French Comedy. Moved by her tears, M. de Richelieu ordered the comedians to give, on April 15th, 1765, the *Siège de Calais*. Accordingly Clairon, Le Kain, Molé, Dauberval, and Brizard, who all belonged to the cast of this piece, presented themselves at the theatre; but, when they learnt that Dubois was to play his accustomed rôle, they all felt suddenly "indisposed," and went home. To this breach of discipline the Maréchal was not long in replying: he ordered the arrest of all the refractory actors. They were imprisoned in the For l'Evêque, where they remained until the beginning of the month of May. It is said that Garrick had offered to shelter Le Kain and Molé in his own apartments; and it is a fact that they did not surrender themselves till April 17th. It is perfectly certain that the English actor showed a great deal of spirit—more than the affair required—in backing up his friends, and that he offered pecuniary assistance to Mlle. Clairon and to Molé.[1] It was in the midst of this Homeric struggle, and whilst his French colleagues were still in prison, that he left France; but the echoes of the combat followed him to England.[2]

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[1] See Part IV.

[2] For further details one may consult the book by M. Funck-Brentano already quoted. Clairon went off to prison in the coach of her friend, the wife of the Intendant de Paris. She declared loudly that in so just a cause she would forfeit all, *sauf l'honneur*; and received from the officer in charge of her the cutting reply, "Vous avez raison, mademoiselle; où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits." There is in the Forster Collection a long, unpublished letter about this affair, sent by either Brizard or Dauberval to Garrick; we quote it here in the original French, as a translation would spoil the curiosities of its style:

"Je vous aurais répondu plus tôt, Mon cher Garrick, si je n'avais pas perdu l'adresse que j'avais prise de la personne qui a eu la complaisance de m'envoyer votre réponse; et, ne me souciant pas d'être lu à la poste de Paris en vous adressant directement d'autres, je fais faire à celle-ci un tour: je l'envoie à Genève d'où elle vous sera adressée.

"Vous me demandez les suites de notre affaire. En voici un extrait: M^{lle} Clairon et Le Kain viennent depuis hier de demander leur congé; je ne sais quelles en seront les suites. Il me paraît que tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens sensibles au Théâtre français va prendre le même parti; jugez si je dois, si je veux être le dernier. Le motif de ces retraites est le désordre, la zizanie épouvantable et indigne qui règnent parmi nous et que M. le maréchal a pris soin d'y répandre pour diviser les esprits dont l'union était nuisible à la protection ouverte et aveugle qu'il accorde à la fille du plus méprisable de tous les hommes. Depuis nos vingt-quatre jours de prison, après notre sortie nous aurions eu lieu d'attendre qu'en voulant exclure de notre société un malhonnête homme, ç'aurait eté un acheminement à rendre notre état et notre société estimables et dignes de considération. Tout au contraire: la haine non renfermée de M. de Richelieu pour les gens qui ont exclus Dubois a fait tourner de son côté, comme dispensateur de grâces, les gens qui en ont besoin. Les intérêts particuliers ont absorbé celui du général, et de vingt personnes qui ont jugé par écrit le Coquin digne d'être chassé, il ne reste presque de constants dans leur opinion fondée que les cinq dévoués qui n'encensent pas la fortune au prix de leur honneur. Vous savez, sans doute, qu'au lieu de chasser ignominieusement Dubois, comme il le méritait, et avec tout l'éclat dont nous avions besoin pour nous justifier aux yeux du public, on a souffert qu'il demandât sa retraite que l'on lui a accordé comme à un honnête homme. Vous n'ignorez pas qu'outre les 24 jours de prison, il a fallu une autre vengeance à M. le Maréchal, et qu'outre la douceur du traitement qu'il a fait à Dubois, il lui a accordé avec sa retraite et sa pension, la somme de quatre mille livres, payable de notre argent au 1er avril prochain. Un mémoire imprimé fait et publié dès le

commencement de l'affaire relativement au sieur Dubois, et tendant à prouver qu'un comédien n'a pas droit d'affirmer—ce mémoire, dis-je, que MM. les Gentilshommes de la Chambre auraient dû par honneur pour un corps qu'ils commandent, faire condamner, subsiste encore dans tout son entier, grâce à la haine de M. le Maréchal contre la Comédie en général, dont il n'excepte que ceux qui ont eu la bassesse de protéger ouvertement Dubois, et ceux qui par un intérêt sordide et bas se sont séparés de la bonne cause, qui fut un instant commune, et qui pour avoir maintenant moins de soutiens, n'en est pas moins autant noble et autant juste qu'elle le fut alors. La Cabale de la D^{lle} Dubois s'accroît tous les jours dans le parterre ; on ne laisse pas au public sain et tranquille le plaisir de jouir du spectacle ; chaque occasion d'aigreur contre les comédiens est imaginée, ourdie et mise à fin avec un soin digne des honnêtes personnes qui la conseillent. Enfin, mon cher ami, dans notre situation, l'homme à talents rougit de l'exécution théâtrale, l'homme de probité rougit de son état, et l'homme sensible gémit et s'affute d'indignation. Il n'est qu'un seul moyen de pouvoir vivre avec soi-même, c'est d'abandonner une profession honteuse, avilie et flétrissante ; c'est d'en embrasser une libre et de vivre sous l'appui des lois."[1]

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[1] Coll. Forster, vol. xxii. *add.*

PART IV

GARRICK'S FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE

I

THE ACTORS

Mlle Clairon[1] took care to keep Garrick informed of the progress of the "strike" she had organized. Very soon after his departure we find her writing to thank him for a letter of sympathy, and, in truly tragic style, pouring her lamentations into his friendly ear:

"My soul, for ever pierced by a treatment so barbarous and unjust, has need, my dear friend, of the pleasure your letter has just caused. That letter has stayed for a few moments the indignation and the grief which consume me. Never did my health cause such great anxiety for my life; never were the accidents to which I am subject so manifold and so violent; but be easy, my courage is still superior to my ills."[2]

For their part, the Garricks were unceasing in their attentions; Mrs. Garrick sent her a present by a friend; the actor ordered Antonio Carara, the Italian courier who had accompanied him on his tour, and whom he had left at Paris, to call and see if he could in any way be useful to her. The note they received in acknowledgment of these politenesses was short, but in it the actress, in spite of her weakness and distress, managed to give a truly heart-rending sketch of her condition:

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[1] There are five letters from Mlle Clairon to Garrick, all published by Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 428, 432, 476, 460, 440.

[2] "Mon âme, à jamais pénétrée d'un traitement aussi barbare qu'injuste, avait besoin, mon cher ami, du plaisir que votre lettre vient de lui faire. Cette lettre a suspendu quelques moments l'indignation et la douleur qui me consument. Jamais ma santé n'a donné de si grandes inquiétudes pour ma vie, jamais les accidents auxquels je suis sujette n'ont été aussi multipliés et aussi violents; mais soyez tranquille, mon courage est encore au-dessus de mes maux." (Letter of May 9th, 1765: Boaden, vol. ii. p. 432.)

"I am in daily risk of death, and, since the day when abbé Bontemps handed me the parcel of gauze your charming wife was good enough to entrust to him, I have been so ill that I dared not think of thanking her. I cannot see, and only just hear; I cannot go from one chair to another without assistance; death would be less cruel than my present state; but my heart is still whole, it is grateful; it loves both of you for ever, and desires nothing so much as to prove it to you."[1]

She repaired to Switzerland, there to ask the advice of Tronchin, the celebrated doctor. Passing through Ferney, she found enough strength to act before Voltaire, and to rouse him to enthusiasm at the sound of his own verses. They talked of Garrick, and Clairon recounted how, at the date of her imprisonment, the English actor had made her a princely offer of assistance—500 louis: "Is there in all France a duke or a marshal generous and honourable enough to do as much?" asked Voltaire of his friends.[2]

But at the same moment we find her complaining of the irregularity of her London correspondent. Garrick makes use of the faithful Antonio,[3] passing that way with a new convoy of tourists, to transmit his excuses; then he sends her a pine-apple[1]—at that date something of a rarity, especially in France—with an invitation to come and stay at Hampton. "Your pine-apple was the finest in the world," replies Clairon, "your letter gave me the liveliest pleasure, and were it possible for you to accord me some of those delicious moments you pass with your friends and your wife, who is charming, *although* she is yours, you would contribute greatly to the happiness of my life, for I love you very truly and earnestly." But as to going to see her friends in England, that was a more difficult matter. "One of the things I love best in the world is my Garrick; certainly I would go to see him if I were his mistress; but how can I travel without fortune? The French Comedy procures me nought but fatigue and infirmities, the honour of being occasionally lodged at the king's expense, as you have seen, and that's all. So it is *you* who will have to come and see me."[2]

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[1] Undated letter—June 1765: Boaden, vol. ii. p. 476.

[2] Boaden, vol. i. p. 196.

[3] Boaden, *ibid.*

A few months later, when the coldness of the Court and of the public in face of her haughty and uncompromising attitude was having the effect of making her yet more stiff-necked, she took her pen anew and wrote Garrick an epistle full of grief, spite, and recrimination: "The authorities persist in refusing to allow me to retire. There are no persecutions which I have

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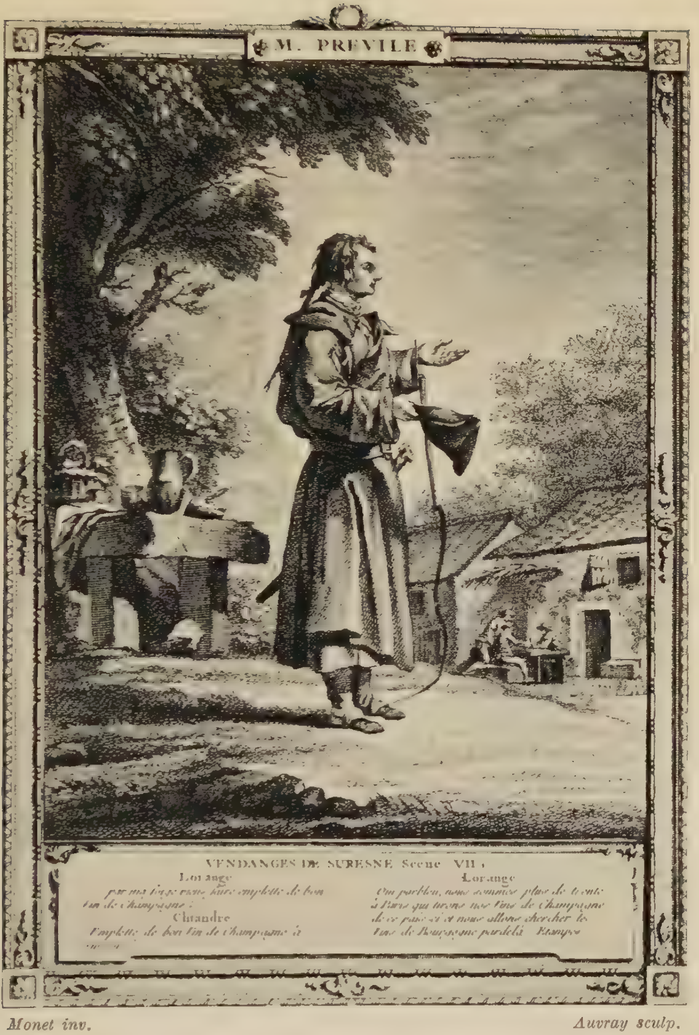
[1] This pine-apple had many adventures, and never came to hand. Garrick had entrusted it to abbé Bonnet, who was returning from London to Paris. In the coach and on the boat Bonnet kept it close at hand; but at Calais he had to take horse, and so told a servant to put the precious fruit in a friend's chaise. When he arrived at Paris the pine-apple had vanished! An English friend wrote to London for another; but before its arrival the prodigal turned up—in a deplorable state! The abbé naturally presented the second as Garrick's present, and only some time later dared to explain his innocent fraud to the actress. See his amusing letter in English, Boaden, vol. ii. p. 463.

[2] Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 460, 461.



Monet inv. *Auvray sculp.*

PRÉVILLE

As Lorange in *Les Vendanges de Suresne.*

not experienced; all that has brought me near to death; but I will not change even must I die! That would be weakness or cowardice: my soul is incapable of either; my firmness will tire out my persecutors. Entire glory or repose, that is my cry. . . . And then I must tell you that M. Le Kain is the biggest knave, the biggest cheat, and the nastiest wretch I know; this is not hearsay. I have proof in writing, in his own hand. Yet it is to me, and to me alone, that he owes an extra quarter-share for his wife, a royal pension for himself, and a testimonial to his probity, which was attacked by one of his superiors, and more than suspected by others."[1]

On this speech Mlle Clairon makes her exit. She was a great tragedian even in her anger; but her anger was too great for her fortunes. Poor woman! other disappointments awaited her. Abandoned by the public whose idol she had believed she was, she was soon to find herself forsaken by a lover for whom she had made real and important sacrifices. A gilded exile at Anspach, where she was invited by the young margrave, consoled and saddened her. She was old and poor when she came back to Paris in 1791. Through these long years she certainly carried in her heart a tender remembrance of the great English actor who had admired her and praised her talent. What would have been her disillusion could she have read the following letter!—

"Your idea of France exactly agrees with mine. Their *politesse* has reduced their character to such a sameness, and their humours and passions are so curbed by habit, that when you have seen half a dozen French men and women you have seen the whole.[1] In England (and I suppose in Denmark) every man is a distinct being, and requires a distinct study to investigate him; it is from this great variety that our comedies are less uniform than the French, and our characters more strong and dramatic.

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 440, 441.

"What shall I say to you, my dear friend, about 'the Clairon'? Your dissection of her is as accurate as if you had opened her alive; she has everything that art and a good understanding, with great natural spirit, can give her. But then I fear (and I only tell you my fears and open my soul to you) the heart has none of those instantaneous feelings, that life-blood, that keen sensibility that bursts at once from genius, and, like electrical fire, shoots through the veins, marrow, bones and all of every spectator. Madame Clairon is so conscious and certain of what she can do, that she never, I believe, had the feelings of the instant come upon her unexpectedly; but I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, and the warmth of the scene, has sprung the mine as it were, as much to his own surprise as that of the audience. Thus I make a great difference between a great genius and a good actor. The first will always realize the feelings of his character, and be transported beyond himself; while the other, with great powers and good sense, will give great pleasure to an audience, but never

> Pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
> Ut magus.[1]

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[1] Sterne has expressed exactly the same opinion in his *Sentimental Journey*, where he compares the French to rubbed shillings; Muralt, too, in his *Lettres sur les Français*.

[2] Horace, *Epistles*, II. i. 211.

"I have with great freedom communicated my ideas of acting, but you must not betray me, my good friend; the Clairon would never forgive me, though I called her an excellent actress, if I did not swear by all the Gods that she was the greatest genius too."[1]

As to Molé, his correspondence with the actor is limited to the question of finance. It seems that he had refused the offers of assistance that Garrick had made him at Paris (no doubt, before comrades); then, thinking better of it, he asks on April 26th for a little loan: "a matter of 200 louis." As he received no reply to this letter, which had been sent from the For l'Evêque, and had most probably been opened by the authorities, he writes again on May 11th to renew his demand. Garrick seems to have been somewhat surprised at his proceedings, and to have asked him why he had changed his mind; for on June 15th Molé indites a new letter of explanation. The correspondence between them stops there; and, judging by it, one might feel tempted to believe that Garrick had made a generous offer without having any intention of letting it cost him dear. The following letter will, however, correct that impression and show that he had instructed his banker at Paris to honour any call that Molé might make on him, but that that gentleman had not attempted to avail himself of his friend's generosity:

August 22, 1765.

I have waited, my Dear Sir, since my arrival here in daily expectation of a visit from Monsieur Molé of y^{e} French Comedy, but he has not yet appear'd. I hence conclude he has no occasion of y^e assistance he crav'd of you—if y^e contrary I doubt not he would have called long since. I don't suppose it would be proper I should speak to him first upon y^e subject, as you have already done it and he knows my residence by your letter; but I shall be govern'd by your instructions, not doubting you are convinc'd of my zeal for everything w^{ch} can relate to you. I've told Abbé Morly [*sic*], Grim, Diderot, etc., that you have more than a sneaking kindness for them. As to y^e Baron [d'Holbach] I suppose you've seen him at Hampton . . . etc.

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[1] Boaden, vol. i. p. 358, where this letter is given as from *Mr. Garrick to Madame Clairon*! It was written to a Danish friend, Mr. Sturtz, who in 1768 visited Paris and London in the suite of the King of Denmark, and who knew both Mlle Clairon and Garrick.

Rob^T Foley.[1]

With Le Kain, Garrick remained on very cordial terms, and that actor is apparently the only Frenchman of the period who took the trouble to preserve the Englishman's letters with care.[2] In consequence, we have in his case documents that allow us to follow their relations from both sides of the water.

Le Kain was the first to write; his subject was, of course, the affairs of the Comédie Française. After having recounted how Dubois had been compelled to leave the company, but at the expense of his colleagues who were obliged to pay him his pension, he continues: " You see, my dear Garrick, that in France, as in every other country, justice is to be obtained only by dint of firmness[3] and perseverance. . . . You have most likely reappeared on the stage,[1] and the English have received you, no doubt, with all the fanaticism of a nation intoxicated with admiration for true talent; that is a subject, my dear friend, which has a keen interest for all those who cherish your person and your talents. If your occupations leave you an instant's leisure, do not forget the prisoners of For l'Evêque. Write us everything and talk much of yourself; if your modesty prevents you from doing so, write a line at least and we will make up for the rest. . . ."[2]

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[1] Forster Collection, vol. xxii. *add.*

[2] Boaden has published seven letters from Le Kain to Garrick (vol. ii. pp. 439, 443, 473, 474, 482, 537, 577); we add to these another, till now unpublished (p. 255), with a postscript from Mlle Dumesnil; and a curious letter from a friend of the actor's about the latter's son. This son published, in his *Mémoires de Le Kain*, five letters from Garrick, which Boaden did not know of. We quote them from the 1801 edition.

[3] Thanks to his continued firmness, Le Kain succeeded next year in obtaining an official recognition of the Letters Patent of Louis XIII. which accorded to actors the status of citizens. Till then they had been disregarded.

To this letter Garrick sent the following short reply, written in French[3]:

LONDRES 31 *jan.* (*juin*), 1765.

MON CHER LE KAIN,

Mille et mille remerciements pour votre lettre très affectionnée. Si la connaissance de la langue française voudrait[4] me permettre de vous dire autant de choses obligeantes que vous me dites, et que je pense sur votre compte, je ne serai pas réduit à vous écrire quatre lignes comme je fais.

Je suis à vous de tout mon cœur, votre ami et très humble serviteur,

D. GARRICK.[5]

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[1] It was on September 14th, 1765, that Garrick made his reappearance.

[2] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 439.

[3] Whenever Garrick writes in French we shall give the original letter in our text, so that the reader may see how he expressed himself in the language of his grandfather. We shall add a translation to make his meaning clear to all:

MY DEAR LE KAIN,

Thanks and thanks again for your most affectionate letter. If my knowledge of the French language would allow me to say as many obliging things as you say to me and as I think of you, I should not be reduced to sending you these four lines.

I am most heartily yours, your friend and most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

[4] "La copie de ces cinq lettres est littérale" (note added by the younger Le Kain).

[5] *Mémoires de Le Kain*, p. 360; the date given there (*Jan.* 31) is plainly an error for *June* 31st.

Soon after, Garrick received at London the visit of a relation of Le Kain's who brought him all the news of the French capital and told him of Le Kain's decision to leave the stage if he could not succeed in getting the citizenship of actors recognized by law. At this news Garrick summoned up all his knowledge of the French language and wrote his friend the following interesting letter:

HAMPTON, 25 *juillet*, 1765.

J'espère que votre parent (à qui vous aviez confié la lettre que vous m'avez écrite et que j'ai reçue avec le plus grand plaisir) vous aura averti de ce qui occasionnait mon retardement à vous répondre. J'ai envoyé un de mes domestiques exprès à lui pour le prier de vous écrire et de m'excuser sur cet article. Je viens de le voir et il m'assure qu'il vous a fait part de cette affaire. Je ne vous dirai donc rien là-dessus. Pour votre parent, il peut s'assurer que je ferai tout ce qui dépendra de moi pour l'obliger à votre égard ; mais passons, mon cher Le Kain, un peu à causer sur votre théâtre. Quoi donc, Monsieur ! c'est tout de bon que votre résolution est prise de quitter le théâtre ? Pauvre Paris, que je te plains ! les Le Kain, les Dumesnil, et les Clairon ne peuvent pas être trouvés tous les jours sur le Pont Neuf, malgré qu'on le croirait à la manière dont vos ducs les ont traités.

Je vous assure, de bonne foi, que toutes ces considérations me donnent de la peine, et que je suis toujours de mauvaise humeur lorsque j'y pense ; mais de quelle façon que les affaires se tournent, soyez persuadé que j'irai vous voir en quel endroit que vous y soyez. Mes résolutions sont prises, et non-obstant que j'ai été reçu de mes compatriotes d'une manière la plus honorable pour moi, je suis presque déterminé de quitter le théâtre, comme comédien, tout de suite, et aussitôt que je le pourrai, comme directeur. Je suis très heureux avec ma femme, ma famille et ma fortune, et il n'est pas dans le pouvoir du premier homme dans le royaume de me faire le moindre tort; mais mon inclination est passée et voilà mes raisons. Quand voulez-vous venir en Angleterre et prendre part de ma félicité? J'ai une fort jolie maison de campagne, un petit ordinaire et assez bon vin dans ma cave; et, plus que tout cela, j'ai un cœur toujours ardent et ouvert à mes amis, entre lequel nombre j'ai la satisfaction de vous compter.

Votre ami et très humble serviteur,

D. Garrick.[1]

Seduced by this picture of rustic peace flavoured with good wine, Le Kain promised to accept directly his engagements would allow him to leave Paris: "I beg you as a favour, my dear and good Garrick, to allow me to pay you my visit at London either before you close the theatre at Easter, or when you open it again. I am anxious to count among my happy days that on which I succeed in securing my freedom and that when it will be allowed me to contemplate you in all your glory."

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[1] I hope that your relation (to whom you intrusted the letter you wrote me and which I received with the greatest pleasure) will have informed you how my delay in answering it was occasioned. I sent one of my servants to him on purpose to beg him to write to you and apologize for me on this point. I have just seen him and he assures me that he has informed you of that matter, so I will say no more about it. As for your relation, he may rest assured that I will do all in my power to oblige him on your account; but let us pass on, my dear Le Kain, to say a word or two about your theatre. How then, sir! have you seriously taken a resolution to quit the stage? Poor Paris, how I pity you! Le Kains, Dumesnils, and Clairons are not to be had any day for the asking; although one would think so by the way your dukes treat you.

I assure you very sincerely, that all these reflections pain me, and that I am always bad-tempered when I think of that; but however things turn out, be assured that I will come and see you wherever you may be. My resolution is formed, and in spite of the fact that I have been received by my fellow-countrymen in the most honourable fashion, I am almost decided to leave the stage, as an actor, at once, and as manager as soon as I can. I am very happy with my wife, my family, and my fortune, and it is not in the power of the first man in the Kingdom to do me the least wrong; but my inclination for the stage is over and that's the reason.* When will you come to England and share my happiness. I have a very pretty country house, a fairly well served table and pretty good wine in my cellars; and, more than all that, I have a heart ever warm and open for my friends, in the number of whom I have the satisfaction of counting you.

Your friend and very humble servant,

D. Garrick.

* Seven weeks later he was acting again!

The letter from which we quote reached Garrick at the beginning of the year 1766; he replied as follows:

LONDRES, 29 *janvier*, 1766.

J'ai reçu, mon cher Le Kain, la lettre que vous m'avez fait le plaisir de m'écrire la semaine dernière. J'ai appris avec une véritable satisfaction le projet que vous avez de venir me voir en Angleterre. Quelque plaisir que me fait votre lettre, j'en aurai ressenti bien davantage si vous étiez venu vous-même et vous auriez pu le faire pendant que les spectacles ont cessé; car vous nous auriez vu dans tout notre brillant, le roi étant venu toutes les semaines à la Comédie, où j'ai été obligé de paraître souvent. J'aurai pu alors vous procurer quelques amusements, et je m'étais flatté que vous m'eussiez fait ce plaisir.

Ma santé m'a obligé de demander au roi la permission d'aller aux eaux de Bath; mais si vous pouviez me faire l'amitié, mon cher Le Kain, de venir aussitôt ma lettre reçue, je retarderai mon voyage et je rassemblerai toutes les forces que pourra me donner l'amitié pour jouer encore une fois devant vous; mais au mois de mars, il me serait impossible de le faire, parce que c'est une saison que nous laissons pour le bénéfice de nos acteurs, et c'est le seul temps où je puis aller à la campagne, à moins que le roi ne me donne des ordres contraires. A tous égards, je rendrai votre séjour ici le plus agréable qu'il me sera possible ; ma femme a grande envie de vous voir.

Adieu, mon cher Roscius français, comptez toujours que vous avez un véritable ami en Angleterre,

D. GARRICK.[1]

Le Kain, however, could not get away from Paris before the middle of March, and when he arrived at London Garrick was already "taking the waters." Whence regrets and excuses, as in the following letter :

BATH, 27 *mars*, 1766.

Je ne sais pas, mon très cher Le Kain, si je suis plus étonné ou affligé de recevoir votre lettre. Vous m'avez mis dans le plus grand embarras ; ma femme qui partage mon embarras et vous envoie mille amitiés, a été malade depuis quelques jours et garde la maison. J'ai commencé les eaux

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[1] I have received, my dear Le Kain, the letter you did me the pleasure of writing me last week. I learn with real satisfaction the plan you have of coming to see me in England. However great the pleasure your letter gives me, I should have felt still more had you come yourself, and you could have done so whilst your performances were suspended ; for you would have seen us in all our splendour, as the King has been to the theatre every week and I have been obliged to appear often. So you see I should have been able to procure you some entertainment, and I had flattered myself that you would have done me that pleasure.

My health has obliged me to ask the King's permission to go to the Bath waters ; but if you could do me the favour, my dear Le Kain, of coming directly you get this letter, I will put off my journey and I will call up all the strength that friendship can give me to play once more before you ; but in the month of March it will be impossible for me to do so, as it is the season we leave to our actors for their benefits, and it is the only time when I can go into the country, unless the king were to give orders to the contrary. In every way I will make your visit here as agreeable as I can ; my wife is very anxious to see you.

Farewell, my dear French Roscius ; be sure that you have always a true friend here in England.

D. GARRICK.

avec succès et nous sommes entourés de la neige. Toutes ces considérations m'ont empêché d'être déjà en route pour vous joindre. Cependant, si vous pouvez rester à Londres encore huit ou dix jours, je partirai sur votre réponse, que je vous prie de me donner le même jour que vous recevrez la présente. Vous pouvez compter de me voir avant la fin de la semaine; mais quel malheur pour moi que je ne puisse pas suivre mon inclination en jouant exprès pour vous—et en voici la raison: c'est que j'ai demandé permission au roi de m'absenter pour six semaines; d'ailleurs tous les jours sont engagés pour les bénéfices des acteurs, exceptés les jeudis qu'on donne la nouvelle comédie dans laquelle je ne joue pas. Mais, mon cher Le Kain, pourquoi n'avez-vous pas fait attention à la lettre que je vous ai écrite d'abord, en réponse à la vôtre? Monsieur Bontemps, chez Mons^r le Comte de Guerchy s'était chargé de vous faire parvenir ma lettre et il me rendra témoignage que je vous ai prié de remettre votre voyage jusqu'à l'année prochaine, lorsque j'aurais été tout à vous; parlez, je vous prie, de cette affaire à Mons^r Bontemps, car ce contretemps me met au désespoir. En attendant, j'ai prié un ami de passer chez vous pour savoir s'il peut vous être utile à quelques choses. Peut-être serez-vous dans le cas de faire quelques emplettes dans ce pays? Si cela vous arrive, je vous prie de disposer de ma bourse et de me regarder toujours, comme je le suis réellement, votre très humble et très affectionné ami,

D. GARRICK.

N'oubliez pas, je vous prie, de me faire réponse sur-le-champ.

Vous ne sauriez croire dans quel état d'inquiétude mon malheureux éloignement de Londres

m'a jeté, en me privant du plaisir de vous embrasser sur-le-champ.

Votre affectionné ami,
D. GARRICK.[1]

But Le Kain, having little more than a week to spend in London, could not await his friend's return; nor did he see his way to accept the proposal made him by Garrick, to come and see him at Bath or to "faire au moins la moitié du chemin."[1] But if he could not see the English Roscius in all his glory, he witnessed the performances of the lesser stars of the Drury Lane company; and that was, perhaps, a greater pleasure alloyed by no doubts of his own superiority. George Garrick was his cicerone at London; under his guidance Le Kain visited Hampton—which he confuses in his letters with the palace of Hampton Court—and worshipped at the shrine of Shakespeare: "I should have too much to tell you did I attempt to depict my extasy at the sight of the monument you have raised to Shakespeare's memory; I leave to your compatriots the care of giving you the praises you deserve; the eulogies of a Frenchman would be as sincere as theirs, but could not be as eloquent."[2]

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[1] In spite of young Le Kain's assurance that the copy he has published of Garrick's letters is textual, he has omitted about one-half of this. We have quoted it from G. P. Baker's *Unpublished Correspondence*, p. 81.

I do not know, my very dear Le Kain, whether I am more astonished or distressed at receiving your letter. You have put me in the greatest embarrassment. My wife, who shares my embarrassment and sends you a thousand kind regards, has been ill for some days and keeps to the house. I have begun the waters successfully, and we are surrounded by snow; all these considerations have prevented me from being already on the road to meet you. However, if you can stay in London eight to ten days longer I will start directly I have your reply, which I beg you to send me the same day as you receive the present letter. You can count on seeing me before the end of the week; but what a misfortune for me that I cannot indulge my inclination and act expressly for you—and this is the reason: I have asked leave of the king to absent myself for six weeks; moreover, every day is engaged for our actors' benefits except the Thursdays, when the new comedy, in which I have no part, is given. But, my dear Le Kain, why did you take no notice of the letter I wrote you first of all in reply to yours? Monsieur Bontemps, attached to M. le Comte de Guerchy, had undertaken to have the letter delivered to you, and he will bear me witness that I begged you to put off your journey till next year, when I should have been quite at your disposal; speak of this affair, I beg you, to Mons^r Bontemps, for I am in despair at this mishap. Meanwhile, I have begged a friend to call on you and learn if he can in any way be useful to you. Perhaps you are thinking of making some purchases in this country? If you happen to do so, I beg you to dispose of my purse and to consider me ever, as I am sincerely, your very humble and very affectionate friend,
D. GARRICK.

Do not forget, I beg, to send me a reply at once. You cannot imagine into what a state of anxiety my unfortunate absence from London has thrown me, by depriving me of the pleasure of embracing you at once.

[Mr. Baker notes that the address of this letter is "At M^me Violette's, over against Burlington House, Piccadilly, London," and he queries: "Is this Mrs. Garrick's mother?" The coincidence is certainly very strange, and may be considered as one more link in the chain of evidence that connects the Earl of Burlington with Eva Violetti, the dancer.]

Can one say that, under the circumstances, Garrick did his very best to be attentive to a foreigner, who, at his invitation, had undertaken a long journey in order to see him? Snow, poor health, and the difficulties of coach-travelling must count in his favour; a jury of gouty people would certainly acquit him of the charge of discourtesy. We are inclined to think, however, that there was a certain coldness in his reception; and we attribute it in part to the fact that, just before Le Kain's arrival in England, Garrick had received the letter in which Mlle Clairon accused her colleague of having betrayed the cause of the Comédie Française. It is certain that the English actor, writing to Le Kain after his return to Paris, expressed very plainly his opinion that the latter might well have prevented much of the bad feeling that had existed. The French tragedian indignantly defended himself against this attack in a long reply (June 23rd, 1766); but the cordial relations between the two players do not seem to have recovered from this interruption, subsequently to which their correspondence droops. It is true that Le Kain does not hesitate to recommend to Garrick French friends travelling in England—Faesch, a Swiss miniaturist; Belissens, a fellow actor[1]; but, although he always employs the same expressions of esteem and admiration, the warmth of the early communications is certainly missing in the later ones. We will quote only one document of this series—an unpublished letter which has the distinction of uniting the signatures of Le Kain and Mlle Dumesnil:

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[1] We quote another letter of excuses, too like the last to need giving in full.

[2] Letter of April 4th, 1766 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 474).

PARIS, *March 6th*, 1773.

If I have been such a long time without writing to you, my dear Garrick, it is not that your person is less dear to me or your friendship less precious; but I will frankly own to you that I love my friends too well to tire them with letters and recommendations. It is enough for me if the public voice keeps me informed of their condition and celebrity. I break silence, however, my dear friend, in favour of Mr. Besdel, master of French, Latin, Italian, and German, a man whose manners are as pleasant as his character is marked by frankness and honesty. He is full of knowledge and erudition; a good father, a good husband, a good friend—in a word, worthy that a man of your merit should accord him your esteem and friendship. I know that it is the English character not to become infatuated with any one at first glance; and that is why, my dear Garrick, I should consider it the luckiest of occurrences for him if you would allow him to see you in your leisure moments, to cultivate your acquaintance and to ask you as his only favour to procure him some pupils for the different languages which he teaches by the simplest of methods, and consequently that which is farthest removed from that metaphysical road which throws more obscurity into one's ideas than any light it may bring.

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[1] See his letter, p. 258.

You have welcomed with so much kindness all those who have begged me for a letter of introduction to you that I have reason to flatter myself that you will show the same indulgence to Mr. Besdel, who deserves it in every way.

Farewell, my dear Garrick; vouchsafe sometimes to recall one who thinks himself happy to know you and to applaud with the whole of Europe the eminent talents nature has given you. I embrace you with all my heart, you and your amiable wife; and am yours with sentiments of the fondest attachment.

LE KAIN.

I dare not flatter myself that Monsieur Garrick will yield to my special solicitation; I unite with M. Le Kain in order to claim his interest in favour of the person in question, for which I shall ever keep the sincerest gratitude. I beg him to accept my sentiments of most perfect esteem.

DUMESNIL.[1]

Did Garrick return the admiration which Le Kain so often expresses for him in his letters? One may doubt it. He probably placed him whom Voltaire loved to call "the Garrick of France" on the same level as Mlle Clairon, and judged theatrical and declamatory a style which most of the French contemporaries of Le Kain seemed to have considered ultra-natural. There was between them and him this great difference: Garrick adapted himself to all rôles, and brought to tragedy parts something of that suppleness which is required in the comedy of manners; whereas Le Kain and Clairon, nurtured on the inflated verses of Crébillon and Voltaire, never descended from the stilts of tragedy, and lost touch with life. Between their style of acting and that of their English colleague there was the same contrast as between the plays of Voltaire and those of Shakespeare; moreover, the impossibility they felt of assuming the simpler, more realistic rôles of the *drame bourgeois* showed how far removed they were from truth and nature.

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[1] See appendix II..

Garrick never expressed in writing his opinion of Le Kain; but a lady friend sent him one which was evidently intended to match his own, and so cause him pleasure:

LILLE, *April 3rd*, 1774.

. . . I fear I have not the smallest portion of judgment left, as I declare that, with my best endeavours for three nights repeated, I never could discover the merits of that terrific personage, Le Kain! He played Tancrède the first night; Comte de Warwick, the second; and Gustave, the third. To say the truth, it was my intention to get the better of my fears occasioned by his first appearance, and invite him, as I had done Caillot and Aufrene, on the merits of being honoured with the title of your friend; but when I found, the day after his first appearance, that he had abused the audience, inveighed against the theatre, and scolded the actors, I thought it most prudent to let him alone, as I had not one sop of sugared flattery prepared to soften him. . . . To tell the truth, his whole style of acting puts me strongly in mind of Quin, only that he has a face far less agreeable; and I am sure, to relish him, it is either necessary to have your exquisite judgment which can discover the minutest beauties, or to be born in France. . . . The great *éloge* on Le Kain is, what they call the amazing beauty of his declamation, which, as it revolts my nature, does not please my judgment. Pray tell me if I am wrong in my idea. . . .[1]

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[1] Letter from Mrs. J. H. Pye (Boaden, vol. i. pp. 615, 617).

Mrs. Montagu's opinion was very similar: "The famous Le Kain acted Orosmane, and he acted it *prodigiously*, *prodigiously* indeed! Mr. Garrick is always lost in the character he acts: one admires Macbeth, and Lear, etc., but one never thinks of Mr. Garrick the whole time he is upon the stage. . . . But it is always Monsr. Le Kain who acts Monsr. Voltaire. . . . Then the part of Lusignan is done in a quite different manner. Mr. Garrick looks so old, so sick, so afflicted, it is past bearing; the French Lusignan is neither sick nor sorry. Zaïre rends, tears, stares, screams, well-befitting a tender sex subject to convulsions and hystericks. What is polite life good for, if it does not put people some inches above nature?" See Huchon, *Mrs. Montagu*, p. 177.

In the Forster Collection, vol xxi. *add.*, is the following unpublished letter concerning Le Kain's son:

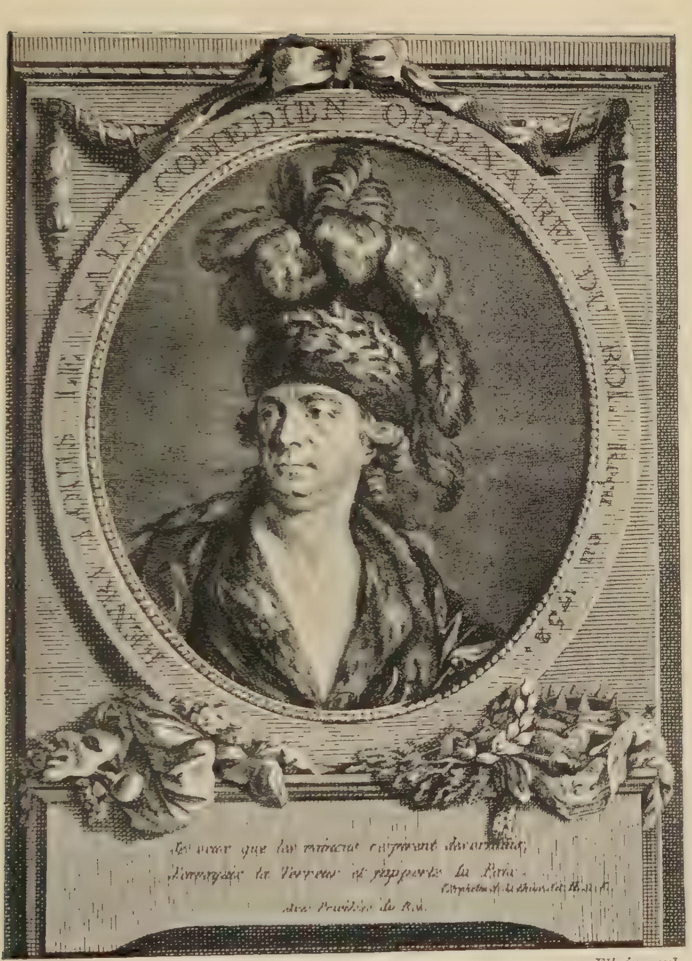
Monsieur, Le fils de M. Le Kain, l'homme qui a poussé le plus loin l'art de la déclamation parmi nous, et qui n'a jamais eu de supérieur que vous, vient d'être fait prisonnier en revenant de l'île de France dans sa patrie, après onze ans d'absence, et conduit en Irlande. J'étais le meilleur ami du défunt* et je n'hésite point de m'adresser à vous pour obtenir sa liberté. La juste considération dont vous jouissez chez une nation qui seule sait honorer les grands talents, me fait espérer que l'on ne vous refusera pas cette grâce; et il sera bien doux pour moi de publier dans ma patrie que le très célèbre Garrick a procuré la liberté au fils du célèbre Le Kain.

Permettez-moi, monsieur, de saisir cette occasion pour vous témoigner les sentiments de reconnaissance que la réception et les politesses dont vous m'honorâtes pendant mon séjour en Angleterre ont gravés dans mon cœur, et de vous assurer que l'on ne peut être avec plus de vénération que moi,

Monsieur,
Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,
Belissens.

This letter, with a paper giving the necessary information as to the capture of the French vessel and the imprisonment of young M. Le Kain at Cork, was addressed, "Au très célèbre M^r Garrick, à Londres," at a date, January 28th, 1779, when the actor was already dead.

* Le Kain est mort 8 fév. 1778.


LE KAIN COMEDIEN ORDINAIRE DU ROI

Y. Berteaux del. *Elluin sculp.*

LE KAIN.

But of all the members of the Comédie Française, it was Préville for whom Garrick had the most sincere admiration. This was natural enough, for in comic pieces, at least, their styles of acting must have been somewhat similar. Several anecdotes of the time show Garrick and Préville in close intimacy at Paris in 1764[1]; but soon after the Englishman's return to London their friendship seems to have cooled. Their common friend, the actor Bursay, attempted to reconcile them; he sent to Garrick "a letter from Préville; may it begin to bring you round again to him, if you truly loved him; I wish with all my heart that you would accord him a half-pardon for his negligence; he promises to amend and he will keep his word. I am sure, Sir, that he will learn with sincere grief your just coldness towards him."[2]

On the following New Year's Day, Préville himself attempts, in a long and affectionate letter, to recover his place in the actor's good graces: "I ignore the customs of your country and I know not what may be the effect on you and your fellow-countrymen of a step which we reserve for this season, so that it may be seconded by that feeling of impossibility of refusing anything to those that ask then. But let us understand one another: it is a question of pardon only, and that is the New Year's present I ask of you. You are possibly so much annoyed that I shall find you refractory on this point; that will be all the better for my self-love and by no means all the worse in other respects; for you are just, and after the sincere general confession that I am about to make and a penitence which you will assign me, I shall receive absolution. Relying on that I plunge into my explanation. . . . I go straight to the fact: you said that I had not written to you, and yet I had sent you the true and remarkable history of the progress of the adventures at our theatre, after the imprisonment of our comrades. I showed a copy of this letter to several of your friends here, and without flattery to myself, they were highly pleased with it. In it I thanked you for a present you had sent me; I asked you to establish a comic correspondence between us two; in fact I said all it is possible to say when one attempts to paint one's feelings, and I begged you to excuse the feebleness of my expressions. . . . I am told that you did not receive that letter; but, as I wrote it, am I in the wrong?" Finally he explains that his domestic discords are at an end and that Madam Préville and he are once more living together. "I am more worthy to have friends and to recover those from whom I was separated; so I seek to become reconciled with you. Do not refuse me and you will add to my happiness."[1]

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[1] According to the best-known of these stories, the two comedians were one day out riding together. As they passed through what was then the village of Passy, Préville amused himself by pretending to be drunk. Garrick praised his imitation, but pointed out that his legs had remained sober. He then began, in his turn, to play the drunkard, and carried his sport so far that he fell off his horse and remained senseless on the road. At this Préville dismounted in haste and ran to help him; but when Garrick opened his eyes and burst out laughing at his distress, he owned himself beaten.

Another day, they were waiting in the diligence to go to Versailles; but the driver refused to start till he had at least four other travellers. On this Garrick got out of the vehicle, and, changing his gait and voice, hailed the coachman seated on the box and got in again. He repeated this trick four times, each time with a different voice and appearance. The driver, believing that he was now "full inside," cracked his whip and started off with the two actors.

[2] See Boaden, vol. ii. p. 495.

This appeal seems to have produced its effect, for later we find Préville recommending a friend to Garrick and giving him news of the progress of the new dramatic species, the *drame bourgeois*, in France. "You know doubtless of the success of *The Gamester*: it is astonishing and that is why I am

[1] Undated letter, New Year's Day, 1766 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 432).

much astonished at it; but one must be prepared for everything. Our taste is changing; but however it may vary, nothing will take from me the taste for good taste, and still less my admiration for your talent."[1]

Préville, however, was far from being a good correspondent. He appears not to have written again to his friend till 1776, at which date he puts him in communication with a French lady who desired to establish her relationship with the actor—a claim, says Préville, which does not in the least surprise him: "I wish you were my father, my uncle, or, at the least, my cousin. I should count it both a glory and a piece of good fortune."[2]

In spite of the fewness of the letters exchanged by the two comedians, they retained much admiration and respect for one another. When, in 1775, young Angelo called on Préville with a letter of introduction from Garrick, he was received with open arms. "M. de Préville introduced me to many of his friends. . . . I remember his being particularly inquisitive as to the private habits of Garrick, whom he ever spoke of with profound respect." As to the letter itself, which, says Angelo, was in English, Préville was delighted to read it aloud before his young guest and so to *parade his knowledge of the language.*[3] An amusing story, is it not? so characteristic of the sprightly comedian, with just that touch of harmless vanity which we English are willing to grant our French neighbours. But it has one small defect, which it shares with many other "authentic" anecdotes: it is contradicted by the facts. Garrick's letter was written *in French*, and, unless Préville was capable of executing a translation at sight, he can hardly have read it in English:

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[1] Letter of July 1st, 1768 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 539). Préville's remark shows us that contemporaries were fully conscious of the change coming over French dramatic art, under the influence of English pieces (Saurin's *Beverley*, or *Le Joueur*, was taken from Moore's *Gamester*). Cf. Morellet's remark on p. 344; the two literatures were interpenetrating one another.

[2] Letter of June 12th, 1776 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 622).

[3] See *The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*, 1827; reprinted, London, 1904, vol. ii. p. 57.

LONDRES, *janvier* 7^{e}, 1775.

Ne m'avez-vous pas oublié, cher Compagnon en ivresse? n'avez-vous pas oublié nos expeditions romanesques sur les boulevars, quand les tailleurs de pierre devenoient plus pierre que leurs ouvrages en admiration de nos folies? si je suis Encore Assez heureux d'avoir une place dans votre mémoire permettez moi de vous recommander le fils de mon ami particulier, pour avoir le plaisir de voir le grand favori de Theatre dans son propre Caractère.

Ai-je assez d'interest avec vous, de vous soliciter pour votre permission et amitié de vous voir tems en tems sur le theatre? si en retour vous voulez m'envoyez une demi douzaine de vos amis, les portes de teatre royal de Drury Lane et de ma maison seront aussi ouverts que mes bras de les recevoir—faites mille et mille complimens a Madame votre femme de le part de Mad^{e} Garrick et de son Mari—je suis avec le plus grande consideration pour vos talens rares et vraiment dramatiques,

Votre tres humble,
Serviteur et ami,
D. GARRICK.

Excusez je vous prie que jaye envoyé mes regards (et services) dans le plus mauvais français.

For his part, Garrick has expressed his high opinion of Préville's talents in a *Portrait*, written at Suard's request, for the *Gazette littéraire*,[1] but which does not seem to have appeared in that or any other paper. We quote it here, not simply to complete our reference to Préville, but as a really interesting piece of writing, and one of the best descriptions of an actor that we know of:

PARIS, *June 5th*, 1765.

When I return to England, I shall publish my thoughts upon the French stage and the performers, most of which you saw when you were here thirteen years ago: of these I shall at present say nothing, but only send you an imperfect sketch of the character of Préville, whom you have not yet seen, and with whose comic talents you have so earnest a desire to be acquainted.

He is rather a little man, but well made; of a fair complexion and looks remarkably neat upon the stage—this is of small consequence, but I choose to be particular. His face is very round, and his features, when unanimated by his *vis comica*, have no marks of drollery. He is, though, one of the most spirited comedians I ever saw, by nature of a grave cast of mind; and, if you will take Garrick's word for it, he is a man of parts independent of the stage, and understands his profession thoroughly. His eyes are rather of the sleepy kind, and very happily express, with the raising of his brow and opening of his mouth, folly, confusion, and amazement: when he is to be angry, he can throw such a ridiculous vivacity into his eyes, that you see a weak, cowardly mind, bustling up to a resolution which he can never attain; and his anger subsides as ridiculously as it was raised: add to this, that when his part requires a contrary expression, he can throw such an archness, spirit and intrigue into his countenance, that he appears the very Davus of Terence. He performs no less than five different parts in a comedy (not a good one) called the *Mercure galant*.[1] In the first, he is a miserable, half-starved, sneaking compound of flattery and absurdity; in the second, he represents a shrewd, sly, suspicious, obstinate *campagnard*—both which, though whimsical, are made natural by his manner of playing them; in the third, he is a Swiss soldier, most importantly drunk without grimace; in the fourth, he swells his figure and features into the full-blown pride, pomp, and passionate arrogance of a serjeant-at-law, and then in a moment changes himself totally, and enters with all the soft, smirking, self-conceited, familiar insignificance of a scribbling Abbé. His performance of this last character, perhaps, equals anything that was ever seen upon any stage; no humour or comic passion escapes him: nor is he only excellent in the low parts of comedy; in the *petites pièces* of Marivaux, you will see him act with as much finesse as nature. You tell me that in the part of the Physician, in the *petite pièce* of the *Cercle*,[2] you see little or nothing to be admired. This proves the actor's great merit, who can give a high colouring and a finished strength to the slightest outline. You will ask me if I like him equally in all parts? to which I answer, No. He is obliged, by the customs of the French stage, sometimes to play what they call *les rôles de charge*; but I am as sorry as he seems ashamed when he is obliged to perform them: it is no small honour to Préville to say, that he is always out of his sphere when he is out of nature. However, play what he will, he has such a peculiar pleasantry, that it must be agreeable to the generality of spectators. No comedian ever had a more happy manner in saying little things, but made capital by his comic power and excellence in pantomime—his genius never appears more to advantage than when the author leaves him to shift for himself; it is then Préville supplies the poet's deficiencies, and will throw a truth and brilliancy into his character, which the author never imagined. In short, he is not what may be called a mere 'local' actor, whose talents can only give pleasure at Paris; his comic powers are equally felt by Frenchmen and strangers: and as there are particular virtues which constitute a man a citizen of the world, so there are comic talents, such as those of Préville, which make him a comedian of the world.[1]

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[1] "Ce portrait de Préville? Je l'attends toujours." (Letter from Suard to Garrick, May 19th, 1765 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 516, where the letter is wrongly dated, 1767).) Garrick wrote the sketch between June 5th and June 12th, 1765.

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[1] By Boursault.

[2] *Le Cercle; ou, La Soirée à la mode*, par Poinsinet, 1764.

Shall we count, amongst the French actors who were friends of Garrick, Monsieur Le Texier? Le Texier would not have desired so to be classed, for he considered himself as far superior to the common player; but, as his reputation was made by his "readings," in which he acted successively all the characters of a piece, we have some right to disregard his feelings, and we will, accordingly, include him in this chapter.

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[1] This portrait is in the Forster Collection, vol. xxxi., in Garrick's writing, and is entitled: "Extract from the letter of an Englishman at Paris to his friend at London: Paris, June 5th, 1765." On the back is written, "Character of Préville, the French comedian; June 12th, 1756," (*a slip for* 1765). Garrick composed it, then, just at the moment when he was annoyed at Préville's seeming want of courtesy; that is probably the reason why he did not communicate it to Suard. Mr. Baker, in his *Unpublished Correspondence*, p. 27, quotes it as written at Paris; but by June 5th, 1765, Garrick had been back at London for more than a month.

Another French actor who had much admiration for Garrick was Caillot. In 1764 he was a favourite singer at the Opéra-comique. Garrick, struck by the natural ease with which he acted his songs, suggested that he should attempt comedy parts, and gave him some lessons. Caillot became celebrated for the sober, realistic force of his style, which was far removed from the rant of Molé or Le Kain.

And first, what was this curious personage who, after reciting before Louis XV. of France, George III. of England, and the Court of Weimar, after having been for many years a star in the fashionable firmament of London and well known in literary circles all over the Continent, has so completely vanished from memory that he has left scarcely a trace behind ?

Le Texier was born at Lyons about 1736–7, found a place there in the office of the Ferme générale,[1] and rose to be cashier. He had a strong inclination towards the theatre; and as his birth, which was probably gentle, though not noble, prevented him from going on the stage, he took part, whenever the opportunity occurred, in society theatricals. In June 1770 M. de la Verpillière, provost of the Lyons merchants, wishing to honour some guests of mark, M. and Mme de Trudaine, induced Jean-Jacques Rousseau, then in the city, to allow his little piece, *Pygmalion*, to be acted by Mme de Fleurieu and M. Le Texier. Their success was complete, and, added to previous triumphs that he had already achieved on local *théâtres de société*, seems to have determined Le Texier to abandon the excise. Two influences modified this resolution and gave to his future career a peculiar direction: first, his fear of losing caste if he fully embraced the actor's profession; secondly, his extraordinary powers of mimicry, which allowed him to assume, with singular perfection, the voice and demeanour of all ages and both sexes. Le Texier decided to be, not simply an actor, but a whole company; during the next two or three years he practised sedulously the reading of plays, and so great did his reputation become at Lyons for these *lectures en fauteuil* that he ventured, in 1774, to abandon his office and throw himself into the whirlpool of the capital. Paris received him with effusion; in the week after his first appearance, says Grimm, he was engaged for the whole season. "He is," continues that critic, "a man of intelligence who, having a passion for the stage and being a comedian from head to foot, has conceived the idea of training his voice, which is naturally flexible, so as to read all the parts in a play and to give to each the tone that fits the age and the humour of the person. This sudden change, managed without exaggeration or jerkiness, has an astonishing effect and produces a complete illusion. None of the characters are neglected; all make their effect. His face, which passes rapidly to the expression required, is always correct. To the perfection of his reading he adds all the little accessories of costume in the pieces he reads. Two recitals have been sufficient to establish his reputation, and soon nobody else was talked about. Our princes desired to hear him; everybody wanted to have him at supper; it was a perfect madness; but it must be confessed that nothing is more extraordinary or more agreeable. . . ."[1]

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[1] Farming of the public revenues.

And Mme du Deffand, writing to Horace Walpole a few weeks later, says: "I wish you could have heard what I heard last Thursday—a man who reads, or rather plays, a comedy by himself, so perfectly well that you believe you are hearing as many different persons as there are in the piece; he is a prodigy, and nothing has ever given me so much pleasure. . . . The piece he read to us is called *L'Indigent*; there are eight characters: a young fop of a financier, his valet, an old peasant—a very honest fellow, but in very great misery—his son and his daughter, an attorney full of probity, a clerk, a magistrate who is a great scoundrel. In the last scene they are all present together, except the valet. Each part is so perfectly acted, and with so much warmth and vivacity, that it would be impossible for the seven best actors that exist to give the same amount of pleasure."[1] She shows no less enthusiasm in a later letter to Walpole, April 17th, and in one to Voltaire, April 2nd.

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[1] *Correspondance littéraire*, February 1774.

Meanwhile Le Texier was, as we have seen, invited to show his talents before princes of the blood, and was idolized by all the fashionable circles of Paris and Versailles. This universal incense rose to his brain, and he showed to his protectors and adorers an arrogance that bordered on folly. Invited to act in the amateur company of the Duke of Orleans, he infringed court etiquette by appearing before that prince in riding-coat and top-boots, giving the explanation that he was in such demand that he had had no time to change. Louis XV. expressed the desire to hear him, and Mme du Barry accordingly arranged for Le Texier to give a recital at her house. The king, fatigued by a day's hunting, fell asleep soon after the commencement of the reading; Le Texier, after showing many signs of vexation, brought his book down on the table with such a bang that the monarch awoke with a start. When he understood what had occurred he declared that M. Le Texier's performance was too noisy. The royal doors being thus shut against him, the courtiers refused to receive him. When he had once lost the favour of the great, questions began to be asked as to his administration at Lyons and why he had left his post without permission. He was accused of having misappropriated the money of the Excise. No one dared defend him, and, to escape a lodging in the Bastille, Le Texier hurriedly left Paris. November (1774) finds him at Ferney, where he plays in some little comedies before Voltaire. But he apparently decided that it was better to place a greater distance between himself and French justice, so in the spring he took refuge in Belgium, whence a few months later he crossed to England. It is at this point that his history touches that of Garrick.[1]

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[1] Letter of March 27th, 1774.

Thanks to a letter of introduction from M. de La Place[2] and to the protection of the duc de Guines, he was at once made free of Drury Lane, where he followed the performances of Garrick with great assiduity: "M. Le Texier sends a thousand thanks to Mr. Garrick; he accepts with great pleasure the ticket sent to him, but he will be especially willing to avail himself of the seat in the orchestra when it is a question of seeing and hearing him." . . . "M. Le Texier presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick and begs him to be good enough to let him know whether it is true that he is to play next Wednesday, 29th inst., the part of Hamlet or that of Richard? The immense pleasure he had in seeing him play Abbel Drogget[1] gives him still more desire to admire him in a style so different and to join in the universal applause which the inexpressible superiority of his talent will always produce."[2]

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[1] In the original French edition of this book the sources of information about Le Texier employed by us were Voltaire's *Correspondance*, that of Mme du Deffand, that of Horace Walpole, the *Corr. litt.* of Grimm, the *Biographie Lyonnaise* (Lyons, 1839), the *Mems. Secs.* of Bachaumont, vols. vi. and vii., the letters published by Boaden and those unpublished in the Forster Collection, and especially *Paris, Versailles, et la Province*, par un ancien officier aux gardes françaises (Paris, 1811, vol. i.). Since the publication of our essay M. Auguste Rondel, the well-known French theatrical scholar, and M. Th. Lascaris have published *Le Ton de Paris* (Paris, 1911), a comedy by Armand Louis de Gontaut, duc de Lauzun, taken from one of the volumes of Le Texier's *Collection* (see below), and otherwise unpublished. They have prefaced their edition with an account of Le Texier, to which we owe more than one detail, and especially the reference to the preface of the reprint of Rousseau's *Pygmalion*. We believe that this, with the works we have quoted above and a passage or two in Goethe's Memoirs, constitutes the whole of the available information on this curious personage.

[2] See his letter of September 15th, 1772 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 612).

Soon, however, there is a change of key, and Garrick receives a long letter full of requests for help, of prayers to intercede with the French minister, M. Necker, and of complaints against enemies. In spite of all entreaties, Garrick refused to let himself be drawn into the exile's quarrels:

> En vérité, mon cher fils, votre lettre m'a donné beaucoup de chagrin et d'étonnement. J'écris ce billet entouré de la compagnie, et je l'envoie exprès pour vous dire mes sentiments sans perdre le temps. J'ai une si courte et si faible connaissance avec Monsieur et Madame Necker qu'il ne serait pas délicat pour moi d'écrire votre situation à M^{r} Necker. Je vous conseille de le faire instamment vous-même, comme vous avez une ancienne amitié avec lui. Il est si sage et si généreux qu'une lettre écrite dans votre manière peut avoir un bon effet. Si cela ne succédera pas, je suis prêt toujours d'avoir une consultation avec vos amis sur votre compte le moment que ma vie dramatique est faite.
>
> Je suis votre ami,
>
> D. GARRICK.[3]

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[1] That is, Abel Drugger in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist.*

[2] The originals of these letters are in the Forster Collection, vols. xxvi. *add.* and xxx.; so is Comte Lauraguais's letter (see page 273) and a letter from him to Le Texier. The count's letter to Garrick, with the latter's reply, are in Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 614, 616.

[3] Written in French by Garrick. Like the others that passed between Le Texier and him, it is undated, but belongs to the early months of 1776. It will be noted that he calls Le Texier *mon cher fils*; the French actor called Garrick *mon cher maître* and *mon cher père.* We give the translation of this missive. We will add that Garrick's French, never perfectly sure, got shakier with age. "In-

Le Texier's principal enemy was the Comte de Lauraguais, the "liberator of the French stage,"[1] who in 1776 was passing one of his frequent exiles at London. Seeing that Garrick protected the young Frenchman, de Lauraguais wrote him a long, furious, and very confused letter, requesting him to withdraw his countenance from the reader.[2] Garrick's reply does honour to his French courtesy and his English resolution: he gives his noble correspondent plainly to understand that these obscure attacks do not change in any way the consideration he has for Le Texier. He then continues: "He was recommended to me as a man of *probity, family, and talents* by a worthy friend of mine in France, and from whom I have received many favours. If I may be allowed to judge of his talents, I most sincerely think that they are very extraordinary, and therefore I am

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deed, my dear son, your letter has caused me much grief and astonishment. I am writing you this note surrounded by my company, and I send it to you express (?) to let you know my sentiments without loss of time. I have so short and so slight an acquaintance with M. and Mme Necker that it would not be delicate for me to describe your situation to M. Necker. I advise you to do so at once yourself, as you have so long-standing a friendship with him. He is so judicious and so generous that a letter written as you know how must produce a good effect. If that does not succeed, I am always ready to have a consultation with your friends about your case directly my stage life is finished.

I am your friend,
D. GARRICK.

[1] As he is often called in the literature of the period, because when in 1759, owing chiefly to Le Kain's exertions, spectators were excluded from the stage of the Comédie Française, it was he who found the money (60,000 fr.) to carry out the alterations necessary.

[2] The upshot of de Lauraguais's letter seems to be this: that M. Le Texier was a rascal; he had fought a duel at Lyons with a friend of de Lauraguais's, and, having given (or received, the point is not clear) a wound, was obliged to leave the town; in his haste he had forgotten to pay his debts; finally, that as he was, after all, only an actor, he would do well to remain in his place, and not to cross the path of so important a person as the Comte de Lauraguais. In the letter to Garrick was enclosed one to Le Texier himself, more extraordinary, if possible, than the first, which makes one suspect that, to solve the little mystery, it would be necessary to *chercher la femme.* See Boaden, vol. ii. p. 614; and Forster Collection, vol. xxx.

bound to believe that my friend has not deceived me in other particulars till I have certain proof to the contrary. . . . I was told by a man of fashion whom you well know that the comte de Guignes (*sic*) assured him, at his taking leave, that Mr Le Texier had been *malheureux*, but not *malhonnête*. After this stating of facts, I should appear very ungrateful to my friend, and show little of the spirit of my country, were I inhospitably to withdraw what you so pleasantly[1] call my *protection* till some stronger proofs of his ill-conduct are produced."

Nevertheless, friendly relations do not seem to have long subsisted between Garrick and his protégé. According to a note from Mr. J. H. Pye, preserved in the Forster Collection, Le Texier's later conduct to his professional *father* was "inexplicable, impertinent, and ungrateful"; he no doubt showed at London the same fatuous conceit which had ruined him at Paris. It is true that Horace Walpole, whose evidence must, however, be treated with reserve where Garrick is concerned, suggests another explanation of this rupture: after his retirement from the stage, Garrick, wishing to compete with the foreigner on his own ground, took to reading pieces before the Court and the nobility. But he did not meet with the same success as his *son*, of whom he was consequently very jealous.[2]

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[1] Garrick is thinking of *plaisamment*.

[2] Walpole's *Correspondence*, 1776–7. At London Le Texier's popularity was very great, and for many years he was much caressed by society people. He published a collection of *Pièces de théâtre lues par M. Le Texier en sa maison, Lisle Street, Leicester Fields.* Copies of this are usually in *eight* volumes, as at the British Museum; but there are four others, though these are extremely rare. When Napoleon became Emperor, Le Texier judged it safe to go back to France, and he gave recitals again at Paris. But with age the charm of his voice and manner had disappeared, and he did not renew his former success.

II

THE PLAYWRIGHTS

WHILST most of the French actors saw in Garrick a master of their art, their dramatic writers had other reasons for admiring him. He was for them the manager of a theatre at which translations and adaptations of French pieces were often acted. More than one French writer, inconvenienced by the narrowness of the taste and opinions of the day, or indignant at the insolence and stupidity of the members of the French Comedy, turned longing looks towards England and dreamt of appealing to a public less distrustful of novelties.[1] The first to put his desires into words was Fenouïllot de Falbaire.[2] Introduced to Garrick by Diderot, he wrote to the actor in 1767, and offered him his play, *L'Honnête criminel*,[1] public performances of which were forbidden at Paris, and which was to wait twenty years before being acted at the Comédie Française. "M. Fenouïllot," says Diderot in his letter, "is young, but his soul is lofty, and he considers that if it is not permitted to put on the stage priests, kings, and their ministers—in a word, all the great rascals of this world—there is nothing to be done but to shut up shop. The most ridiculous personages, abbés, bishops, monks, nuns, and chief justices are forbidden us; so infallible a thing for us is a cross or a hood. He who should dare to entitle his drama Jacques Clément, Henri IV., Richelieu, Damien, Coligny, would run the risk of getting a lodging at the State's expense in the Bastille or at Bicêtre; and the humour of my young friend is to deserve this favour and not to obtain it. The play you will receive, and which he submits to your judgment, is his first attempt. If it is possible to arrange it in English garb, I ask you, by the friendship you have for me, and which I return you fully, and by the interest you owe to budding talent which promises well if it is encouraged, to give it your attention."

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[1] Can anything be more curious than the absolute *volte-face*, in the mutual judgment of their neighbours, that the French and English seem to have executed from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century? In the eighteenth *we* were the liberal, intellectual, scientific, free-thinking, free-speaking, and free-living nation; the French were supposed to be conservative, artistic but not scientific—superficial, unenterprising, religious (externally at least). If one may judge by the comparisons instituted in late years (and it is significant that the great majority of these are the work of Frenchmen) we have increased in riches and righteousness, but in little else.

[2] Fenouïllot de Falbaire de Quingey, 1727–1800, had been destined for the Church, but, having come under the influence of the Philosophers, he abandoned that career for finance. Thanks to his wife's interest, he became director of the salt-mines in the east of France—a very lucrative post. It is a pity that he put none of his salt in his pieces. They are serious and lugubrious to excess, above all his *Fabricant de Londres*, acted in 1771, and of which an amusing story is told: In the last act the bankruptcy of the worthy merchant is announced, at which a spectator in the pit called out at the first performance, "Well, I'm let in for a shilling!" ("J'y suis pour mes vingt sous"). This is said to have contributed to the downfall of the

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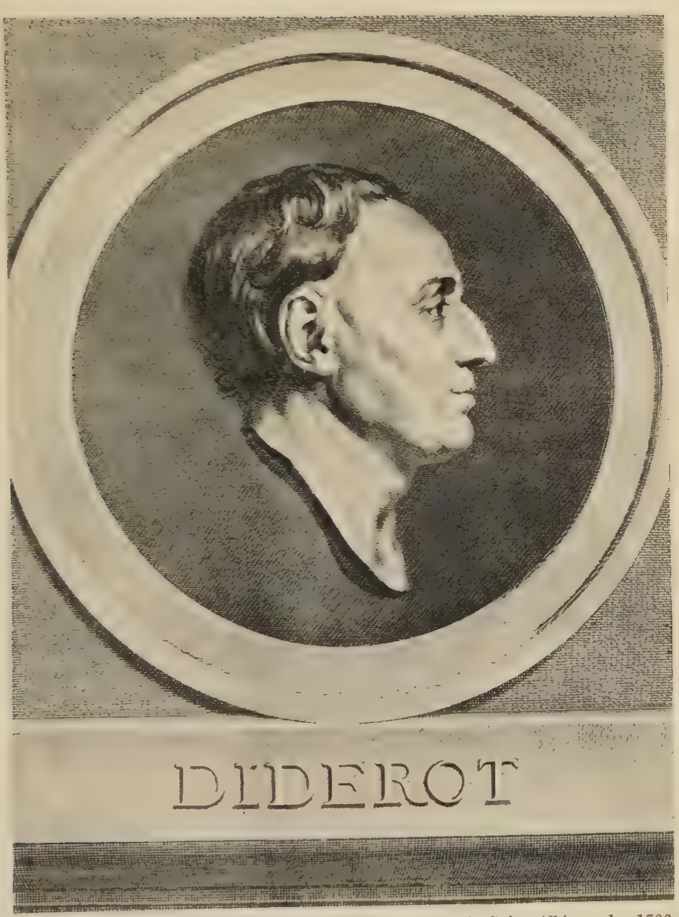
play. Although de Falbaire was an aristocrat, his pieces are full of noble sentiments of equality, liberty, and fraternity; so that, when they were revived at the epoch of the Revolution, they had considerable success.

His letters are all published by Boaden (vol. ii. pp. 422, 514, 526, 532). The first, like that of Diderot (p. 423), is wrongly dated—1763 for 1767.

[1] The hero of *The Virtuous Criminal* was Jean Fabre, of Nîmes, sent to the hulks in the place of his old father, who had been accused of attending a Huguenot conventicle. Falbaire's piece helped to excite public opinion in his favour and to secure his release. *L'Honnête criminel* was printed in 1767 (Falbaire sends a copy to Garrick with his letter of November 18th), and acted in January 1768 at M. de Villeroy's, then in most of the provincial theatres, but at the Comédie Française only on January 4th, 1790. See Gaiffe's *Drame au XVIII^e siècle*.



J. B. Greuze del. *Aug. de Saint-Albin sculp.* 1766.

DIDEROT.

Fenouïllot calls his work "a comedy[1] of a somewhat special kind, which cannot be acted in France because it is founded on Protestantism, and is, properly speaking, toleration put into action"; and, foreseeing a golden future when he should be furnisher-in-chief of Drury Lane Theatre, he goes on to speak of a tragedy which he has on the stocks, "of a very new kind, too, which from its subject and its allusions will have a special interest for your nation, but which its boldness of thought and of plot makes too hardy for mine. That is a second child which I shall ask you to adopt, too, and to which I shall try to give other brothers, confident as I am that you will take the same care of them all."

In spite of its author's confidence, *The Virtuous Criminal*, which had, at bottom, no interest but that of its subject and of its attacks on religious intolerance, does not appear to have attracted the sympathy of the London manager. But that did not prevent Fenouïllot from once more soliciting Garrick's approbation. This time he evidently took pains to study the English stage and to examine by what artistic means it was most possible to win the applause of the British public: "At the present moment I am at work on a tragedy, the subject of which is, in M. Diderot's judgment, the most theatrical and the most terrible ever put upon the stage. . . . If you will be good enough to accord it your care, this play cannot but succeed at your theatre."[1]

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[1] It is characteristic of the French stage that the word *drame* was long in coming into general use. There were two kinds of play admitted by the classical theatre—tragedy and comedy. Tragedies written in prose, or dealing with everyday life, or pieces in which the comic and the serious were mingled, were long without a proper name. It sounds amusing to us to call Fenouïllot's piece a "comedy." Beaumarchais's *Eugénie* and Saurin's *Beverley* were called *tragédie bourgeoise*. The first piece to bear the title of *drame* was Longueil's *L'Orphelin anglais* (1769).

When he read his work over, however, M. de Falbaire felt somewhat disappointed at the results of his efforts to attain a truly tragic horror; he seems to have considered that the colours he had employed were somewhat dull, for when he writes to Garrick a few months later he talks of making considerable alterations in the plot and of working at it anew "as if nothing had been done." And all that with the intention "of making it yet more terrible."[2]

Was his "comedy" *too* horrible at last? or was it still too mild and gentle for London taste? We know not; but Garrick did not adopt this second child of M. de Falbaire and Melpomene. The piece was finally played (for it is to his *Fabricant de Londres* that our author refers) at the Théâtre Français, where, despite "the horrific realism which was displayed in it,"[3] it fell heavily.

Thus the nascent *drame* sought protection in that country whence it had drawn its chief sources

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[1] Letter of November 18th, 1767.

[2] Letter of March 30th, 1768; date omitted in Boaden (vol. ii. p. 532).

[3] See Gaiffe, *Le drame en France au XVIII*^{e} *siècle* (Paris, 1910). Falbaire was not the only author of the school of horrors that Garrick knew. During his stay at Paris, Baculard d'Arnaud read him his *Comte de Comminge*, a heart-shaking piece inspired by the writer's way of understanding Shakespeare (see his letter of September 24th, 1770: Boaden, vol. ii. p. 571). Later Garrick introduced d'Arnaud, by letter, to his friend and country-woman, Mrs. Pye. The latter, writing to the actor, thanks him "for the pleasure you have procured me from his acquaintance. . . . I was not prepared for Arnaud's figure, and expected to see a little, black, wither'd, thoughtful-looking man; but was surpris'd with a vision of a jolly, round, unthinking face" (Forster Collection, vol. xxi. *add.*). She had evidently read his sorrowful novels (*Les Délassements d'un homme sensible*, *Euphémie*, etc.), and had judged of him from them!

About the same date d'Arnaud sends Garrick "a few lines," inspired by the news of his retirement. He calls them a "tribute of of inspiration, and at the theatre of that actor whose style best accorded with its aspirations. Tragedy was not long in following the example. De Belloy, the author who had dared to place people of low rank in the forefront of a tragic piece,[1] had the novel idea of appealing to the public of London against the unfavourable judgment passed at Paris on his *Pierre le Cruel.*

It was in October 1772 that he opened negotiations with Garrick for the translation and production of his piece. The manager of Drury Lane

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feeling, devoid of all the resources of art"; and this is so true that we dare not risk spoiling them by translation :

Garrick a donc quitté la scène !
Londres perd à la fois Thalie et Melpomène ;
Tout est frappé de ce départ affreux ;
Tout n'offre qu'un tableau des plus vives alarmes ;
Tes spectateurs Garrick, touchés de tes adieux,
Te donnent d'éternelles larmes,
Et je deviens anglais pour pleurer avec eux.

"Deign, Sir," concludes the poet, "ever to continue your kindly feeling towards me ; it is more precious to me than that of several sovereigns whom I have known, and whom I have forgotten ; the author of the *Comte de Comminge* is made for understanding the value of the celebrated Garrick. . . ." (Letter of June 3rd, 1776 : Boaden, vol. ii. p. 618). See, too, Monnet's letter of June 15th, 1765 : "I wish, too, that Becket could sell a few copies of the *Comte de Comminge* ; for that poor Arnaud de Baccular [*sic*] has even greater need of money than I, and I am still sorry that I did not secretly slip five or six hundred copies of it into your box."

[1] In his celebrated *Siège de Calais*, 1765. But for this piece, de Belloy, an inferior actor and inflated author, would be forgotten ; its cheap patriotism came at an opportune moment—just after the disastrous Seven Years' War—to remind the French of past glories and so reanimate their courage. For that de Belloy deserved well of his country ; but as literature the *Siège* does not count. When Louis XV., a great admirer of the piece, said to one of his courtiers, who did not share his opinion : "What ! do you, a Frenchman, not admire the *Siege of Calais* ?" the other replied : "Sire, I wish everything in the piece was as French as I !" Garrick, no doubt, saw the tragedy played during his stay at Paris ; possibly he shared Louis XV.'s opinion, for the Comte de Valbelle, Mlle Clairon's friend, sent him a finely bound copy of it, ornamented with engravings (letter from Clairon, May 9th, 1765 : Boaden, vol. ii. p. 432) ; but, in spite of what M. Jusserand says (*Shakespeare in France*, p. 245), he did *not* produce it ; the letter on which M. Jusserand bases this assertion refers to *Pierre le Cruel.* Ch. Denis (Garrick's friend ?) translated it into English. See Genest, *History of the English Stage*, vol. x. p. 112.

referred the matter to his friend, Arthur Murphy, who advised him thus: "The short argument which the author has given you is not enough to determine the question whether such a play will do on the English stage; but if this is the Mons^r de Belloy who wrote *Zelmire*[1] I think that piece shows that the author has an idea of theatrical business and of incident: without those two, no tragedy is likely to succeed with us. It seems to me that you may well make answer that you should be glad to read his piece, and, as he proposes to revenge himself upon his countrymen at Paris by the applause of an English audience, you will to the best of your judgment tell him whether his play is likely to answer that end. Should his piece bid fair for considerable success, if you choose to undertake the translation and will accept of my poor assistance to lighten your trouble, you may command me; and as you are rich enough, if I understood that you intend the profits for the French author (to make their nation stare!) I should go to work with more zeal. Such an event would be unparalleled in the history of the drama!"[2]

But to these generous ideas de Belloy opposed no less disinterestedness: "I ask nothing but the glory of pleasing your nation; that is the sole motive by which I am inspired: any idea of interest would degrade the noble ambition which animates me. The three performances[3] will belong, and rightly, to the translator who is to adorn my work and to whom I shall owe the advantage of having made me known to your countrymen; and I shall be happy indeed if I do not cost him vain trouble, and if success crowns his efforts and my desires. Once more, I will take absolutely nothing, and you will feel that that is not from pride but from justice."[1]

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[1] De Belloy's first success, 1762.

[2] Letter of October 21st, 1772 (Boaden, vol. i. p. 488).

[3] The third, sixth, and ninth performances, of which the proceeds were given, after deduction of expenses, to the author of a new piece.

He repeats the same refusal in a long letter which reached Garrick a few weeks later:

PARIS, *December* 14*th*, 1772.

SIR,

I yesterday sent to abbé Delaville the manuscript of *Peter the Cruel*; he has been good enough to undertake to have it delivered to the comte de Guines, to whom I have had the honour to send a line, begging him to hand it to you. Allow me to say again, Sir, that this is in no way a matter of interest; and that far from asking anything of you, I would not accept even a present should you have a mind to offer me one. It is a question solely of glory; and may I attain that I aspire to! You will judge more easily and more surely than any other person whether my tragedy is suitable to your stage: that is the capital point. For, if you think that my fashion of upsetting the facts of history, or my strictness in following the rules of the French theatre, might prevent my work from succeeding, I beg you not to risk it on the stage, but to send me back my manuscript by the same channel which I employ to send it to you.

As to the upsetting of history, would it not be possible to forewarn your public of that in your periodical papers, in which you could announce that the author has not followed closely the chronological order of facts, but has contented himself with depicting Edward, his generosity, his greatness of soul, and even his actions, only placing the latter in another time than that in which they happened?[1] . . . .

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[1] Letter of November 2nd, 1772 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 597).

And he plunges into an interminable explanation of the changes he has allowed himself to make in the order of events, with directions as to the right way of translating and producing his tragedy, etc.—floods of talkativeness, from the overflow of his self-importance.

In spite of these voluminous instructions—or perhaps because of them—Garrick's verdict was unfavourable; and thus the English nation and M. de Belloy lost, one the pleasure and the other the glory, they might have reaped from the production of this play. That disappointment did not prevent the author from thanking the actor in a most courteous letter:

PARIS, *April 30th*, 1773.

When I received, Sir, your reply and my manuscript, the production of *Peter the Cruel* was being prepared at Bordeaux; so I put off writing to you, until I had heard of its reception. It has had the greatest success, I may even say a success more brilliant than I could have wished. The opinion of an impartial public confirms your judgment on this tragedy. You know that Edward was adored at Bordeaux, where he resided for a long time; there his memory is cherished and revered. There he restored du Guesclin to liberty; there Peter the Cruel came to implore his help; and my piece, in which these incidents are recalled, inevitably produced in that town the same impression as would be made at London by the story of the battle of Poitiers and the representation of our good King John in captivity. I understand as well as you, Sir, that it is in this latter period that the English would like to have the character of their Black Prince retraced; but you love your country too well to suppose me capable of sacrificing mine, by showing it on the stage in that state of opprobrium and humiliation in which it was plunged during some years of misfortune. You will remember how, in my first letter, I pointed out to you my fears that the victories of Edward in Spain might not seem very interesting to the English; it was indeed for the same motive that I did not send you my manuscript in the first packet, as I wished to know first of all what you thought of the subject of the piece. To conclude, I am no less obliged by the good will you have shown me and which I shall, perhaps, be able to turn to better advantage in the future. I am delighted to have had this opportunity of showing you all my confidence, all my esteem and of receiving some marks of the feelings with which you do me the honour of requiting them.

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[1] This unpublished letter is in the Forster Collection, vol. xxx.

I am and shall always be with the same sentiments, Sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

DE BELLOY.[1]

After tragedy and drama, light opera; after Fenouïllot and de Belloy, very indifferent writers, M. de Rozoi, who hardly deserves the name of writer at all[2]; but in 1772 he nourished great ambitions. He had composed two tragedies, which he submitted to Garrick through a Mr. John Demarville. As the busy manager gave no sign, Mr. Demarville wrote, in May 1772, to remind him of the young poet: "He is an author of infinite promise who will not court success for his works nor the protection of the public by grovelling proceedings. His plan is to work for the English stage. If such a disciple deserves your kindness and your advice, he is determined to follow them."[1] One must suppose that Garrick refused to become guardian to the young author, for no further communication appears to have passed between him and de Rozoi; the latter, disappointed in his fair hopes of adorning the English stage with his talents, applied himself to his foreordained task of teaching his countrymen their own history by means of scenes mingled with little songs.

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[1] We give the original of this letter in our Appendix.

[2] De Rozoi was no doubt already known, at least by name, to Garrick. In 1765, while the actor was at Paris, de Rozoi had caused his *Decius français*; *ou*, *Le Siège de Calais*, to be printed before de Belloy's play on the same subject appeared, declaring that that writer had stolen his ideas while his piece was in the hands of the actors. De Belloy had, however, powerful protectors, and the only result was that de Rozoi paid a visit to For l'Evêque. He became a journalist, but continued to write for the stage, and produced an extraordinary number of pieces, of which the least unknown, if that is not saying too much, are his light operas, *Henri IV.*; *ou*, *Le Bataille d'Ivry*; *Bayard*, *ou*, *Le Siège de Mézières*, etc. He was guillotined, but not for these writings, in 1792.

If Cailhava d'Estandoux,[2] that enthusiastic disciple of Molière who wore a tooth of the great comic writer set in a ring, had no particular desire to see his comedies acted at London, he took care to keep Garrick informed of his various compositions and sent him his works. At the same time he studied those of his English friend, and even took the trouble to learn English for that purpose,[1] hoping apparently to be able to adapt them to Parisian taste. Their too close resemblance to certain French pieces prevented him from thus enriching his country's stage; otherwise who knows whether, from a sentiment of gratitude, Garrick would not have brought out *Le Tuteur dupé* at Drury Lane? Cailhava asked and received from Garrick advice and information for his book on *The Art of Comedy*, which, in spite of its empty pedantry, had considerable success in France in the latter half of the eighteenth century.[2] In his letters he recounted all the scandal of theatrical circles at Paris, and all the quarrels which at that date divided Molière's house. We quote an unpublished letter of his in which he dilates angrily and amusingly on the insolence with which the actors received the authors who dared to offer them pieces; it is a veritable document as to the state of the Comédie Française at that date, worthy to figure beside the *Memorials* drawn up by Fenouïllot, Mercier, Mme de Gouges and others on the same subject.[3]

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[1] Forster Collection, vol. xxi.

[2] Boaden has published five of his letters to Garrick; see vol. ii. pp. 448, 468, 470, 553, 469. We give two others, unpublished, from the Forster Collection, xxi. *add.* Cailhava had first attracted the notice of the Court and of the public by his vaudeville *L'Allégresse champêtre*, acted at Toulouse in 1757, which celebrated the escape of Louis XV. from the attempt of Damien. He came to the capital and gained a second success with his *Crispin gouvernante*, acted at the Comédie Française. His next pieces were failures, but *La Maison à deux portes*; *ou, Le Tuteur dupé*, the piece of which he speaks in his letter to Garrick, made up for these. The enmity of Molé preventing him from being acted at the national theatre, he turned to the writing of essays on theatrical art and to the composing of light operas. His *Études sur Molière* and his *Hommages à Molière* (1802) are early contributions to the literature attached to that author's name. Napoleon granted him a pension.

SIR, [1766.]

I am highly flattered to learn that you have still some friendship for me and that you are willing to continue to give me proof of it by writing to me from time to time; intercourse with great men extends knowledge, raises the soul, and flatters self-esteem.

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 470.

[2] It formed part of a whole series of such works published between 1745 and 1770, of which we mention the principal here for reference:

Le Comédien, 1747, by Rémond de Ste Albine.
L'Art du théâtre, 1750, by Riccoboni.
La Poétique française, 1763, by Marmontel.
La Déclamation théâtrale, 1766, by Dorat.
L'Art du théâtre en général, 1769, by Nougaret.
Garrick; ou, Les Acteurs anglais, 1769, by Sticotti.
L'Art de la comédie, 1770, by Cailhava d'Estandoux.
Le Mimographe, 1770, by Restif de la Bretonne.
L'Art du comédien, 1774, by d'Hannetaire.
(For Sticotti's book see p. 306.)

[3] For the original French see Appendix II.

You are kind enough to ask me whether I have any reason to complain of the comedians, and you exhort me to open my heart to you. I will lay it entirely bare before you and you will see the just indignation it feels. No sooner had the actors accepted my *Tuteur dupé* with acclamation, than I called on Molé. I begged him to be good enough to take upon himself a part which was not worthy of him, but which he would adorn by his talent. On that point I said all the most flattering things one can say. He took my rôle with disdain, came to the first rehearsal, made fun of every sentence in the first act, ran after a cat during the second, asked me in the third if he was the lover of the young or of the old lady, declaring that there was nothing in the piece that could make it clear, went to sleep in the fourth, woke up in the fifth only to read the asides instead of his part, ended by saying that he would not act in a bad play and exhorted his comrades not to produce it. And indeed a meeting was held about it, but it was decided that since they had accepted a bad piece they must act it. Molé declared publicly and on all sides that he was going to play *le beau Léandre*, which is a character in our low farces.

They gave the piece without taking the trouble to study it. No one knew his part save Préville, who acted divinely. The play was successful in town, and yet more so at Court.[1] Molé, indignant at this success, gave up his rôle to Venel, who was coming out at that moment, without consulting me or his comrades. Then it was decided that my play should remain on the list of the theatre, and that it should be revived at a favourable time, as it had been given in the worst season of the year. Nevertheless, four pieces acted after mine have been revived since then, but as for me, they absolutely will not resuscitate me in the memory of the public. What is hardest for me is that Préville, who, as all his comrades and the public confess, never acted in any piece as he did in mine, he whom I have studied, in whose soul I have tried to read so as to suit the situations to him, he to whom I have paid my court as one should to a great man—I mean by trying to make him the soul of all my pieces—well! would you believe that in such a pass he makes absolutely no move in my favour?

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[1] At Fontainebleau, where the author was called on the stage—an unprecedented honour.

My enemies, who will never forgive me for having succeeded with a piece which they had condemned, have had four comedies of mine refused one after the other. I did not give up heart; I composed a fifth. I read it to Préville, to his wife, to Belcour, to several men of letters, who all cried up its beauty. On the morrow, however, it was unanimously refused, and since then has been refused twice more. Nevertheless, so many persons talked of injustice, that it has at length been accepted; but I wager it will never be acted. What I tell you here, Sir, is only a small specimen of the horrors I have gone through. Nothing is more frightful, especially for me, who am at Paris against my parents' will, and who am possessed by the demon of comedy. I am in despair! Is it not unfortunate for me to be obliged to abandon a career which is costing me my fortune and my youth?

It is in order still to cling to it that I have undertaken the work of which I spoke to you in my last letter. I am delighted to hear that it pleases you; I count on your kindness to complete it. As it is not to appear before next winter, you will have the time to send me your remarks and your works. I await them with the greatest impatience. I do not understand English, but I have friends who know it perfectly. I hope you will be good enough to point out to me in what ways your stage is inferior and superior to ours, with examples of all that, and a note of such plays as are imitated from ours, and what pieces are better or not as good.

After having bored you with my quarrels with the Comedy, it is only just to give you some more general news. I believe that it [the Comédie Française] is totally ruined, and I am not the only one. How can it be otherwise, when actors are accepted or refused, and rewards and parts distributed by intrigue? They do not try to find any understudy for Le Kain, and at the present moment we have four soubrettes, M^lle^ Belcour, M^lle^ Lusi, M^lle^ Fare, and M^lle^ du Gazon, who has just been taken in place of M^me^ Le Kain, who has retired. The sister of this M^lle^ du Gazon, who is married to the brother of Vestris, the dancer at the Opera, and who was the mistress of a German prince, is to come out in princesses' parts: she is already accepted, and has a share assigned her, without knowing whether she is any good. In fine, things go so ill, that the wretched provincial actors, far from soliciting, as they used to, an order to come out at Paris, are afraid of being summoned to do so. We had quite recently an example of that. M. de Richelieu sent orders to an actress of Toulouse, who came, but only to entreat him not to make her perform. For her first attempt she chose the part of the sweetheart in *Les Menecmes*, in which there are not twelve lines to say, and went back again next day. You ask me for information about Venel; he is an attorney's clerk brought on to the stage by Préville, and kept by M^{lle} Lusi. He has won much applause during Molé's illness; the latter will never forgive him. Molé has abandoned Mad^{e} Préville; she was in the very depths of despair. Her husband has taken her back; they live together fairly decently. It is still said from time to time that M^{lle} Clairon will come back to the theatre. Grandval has retired; the Duke of Orleans has appointed him Master of the Revels, giving him a salary of two thousand crowns. That's all the news in a country where the writers of news-sheets do not make as much row as in yours.[1] Farewell, Sir. Continue, I beg, to favour me with your friendship, and I shall remain, with all possible gratitude, your very humble servant,

CAILHAVA.

Allow me to assure Madame of my respects.

At Paris, Hôtel du Cornet d'Or,
rue Ste Marguerite, F.S.G.[2]

In another letter of Cailhava's we note the following paragraph:

"One of my good friends, who would be yours too if you knew him, for he is an honest fellow, has got a tragedy imitated from the English accepted at the Français: it is *Hamlet*. He is making some corrections in it, and would like to be animated by the author and the actor, both inimitable, of that masterpiece in its class. That is why I unite with him in begging you to send us a print of Shakespeare, and your own in *Hamlet*. My friend is anxious to draw in the fire both of the dead and of the living Shakespeare; but he implores you to send him the best prints, and consequently the dearest: he is rich, and one or two louis more or less will make no difference. You have only to let me know to what person the money is to be handed, and it will be paid down to him at once."[1]

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[1] The allusion is to Wilkes, who was in exile on the Continent, and especially at Paris, since 1763.

[2] After what Cailhava recounts in this letter of the insolence of the actors, it is easy to understand why he was one of the first to demand the establishment of a second French national theatre.

Thus Cailhava presents to Garrick his friend Ducis.[2] It can be imagined with what joy Garrick heard that Shakespeare was to be acted at Paris. He hastened to despatch the two engravings,[3] and in his usual generous manner refused to accept any payment. This led to an exchange of letters between Ducis and him, in which the two admirers of Shakespeare seem to have mutually encouraged one another in their efforts to make his plays more regular and to remove the rubbish which hid his real beauties. "I imagine, Sir," writes the Frenchman, "that you must have thought me very rash in putting a piece like *Hamlet* on the French stage. Without mentioning the wild irregularities with which it abounds, the frankly avowed ghost which makes long speeches, the strolling players and the duel with foils seem to me springs of action which are absolutely inadmissible on our stage. And yet I have greatly regretted not being able to transplant that terrible shade which exposes the crime and demands vengeance. So I have been obliged to create, as it were, a new piece. I have simply attempted to make an interesting part of a queen and murderess, and above all to depict in the pure and melancholic soul of Hamlet a model of filial tenderness. I considered myself, in treating that character, like a religious artist working at an altarpiece. But why, sir, why do I not know your language!"[1] And we can only echo sadly, "Why, indeed!"

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[1] Letter of February 6th, 1769 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 553).

[2] Ducis was, of course, *not* rich, but he did not wish to put Garrick to the expense of sending him two costly engravings as a present. He had been secretary to the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, but had informed his protector that all duties which prevented him from writing poetry were uncongenial; on which the Maréchal relieved him of his office, but left him the salary. His *Amelise*, produced in 1768, had been a failure. His Shakespearean concoctions brought him fame. See Sainte-Beuve, *Lundis*, vol. vi. pp. 456–73.

[3] Ducis writes and thanks him for them on April 14th.

As we do not, unfortunately, possess Garrick's answer to this letter, we cannot tell what were his feelings on reading the French piece and seeing Samson Shakespeare shorn by Dalilah Ducis. Still, to judge from his actions, he can have felt little but approbation, for it was in 1772 that he brought out his own rendering of *Hamlet*, with all the "wild irregularities" of the fifth act suppressed. As we know, he had long been thinking of this daring innovation; but he had not dared to risk the wrath of the pit-ites till he had had the example of Ducis before him, and seen what a result he had attained.

But if Ducis's intrepidity encouraged Garrick in his attacks on *Hamlet*, Garrick seems in turn to have served the French author as a model when he undertook to arrange *Romeo and Juliet* for the Parisian stage. The actor had dared simply to modify the catastrophe and to restore to the piece a detail of the original story which Shakespeare had neglected; Ducis went further, and introduced the Ugolin episode which the dramatist had not taken the trouble to read in Dante. "After having put *Hamlet* on the stage, I have just produced *Romeo and Juliet*. To-day is my eighteenth performance. I hope that you will not be dissatisfied with this new tragedy, of which I beg you to be good enough to accept the copy herewith. Why, Sir, why have I not seen you, why have I not heard you? My soul will always lack an energy of which it has a vague idea, until I see Shakespeare living and animated on your stage. You were good enough to make me free of your theatre; I am sorely tempted to avail myself of your offer, to come and see a nation worthy of respect whose strong and decided character I esteem, and to talk with you, with the examples before us, of the high mysteries of tragedy."[1]

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 559.

However, he *did* resist the temptation, and to the end of his life remained lacking in that energy of which he had a vague idea, and in the knowledge of the English language, of which he had a much vaguer.

In the last letter that passed between the two conspirators (July 6th, 1774), Ducis announced his intention of producing *Macbeth*; and once more regrets and compliments abound. "Why can I not talk half an hour with you and see you in the terrible scenes of this admirable tragedy? . . . As I compose, my soul strives to assume your vigorous attitudes and to enter into the energetic profundity of your genius."[2] Really Shakespeare seems as much *de trop* in this *tête-à-tête* as the ghost in *Hamlet* and to have undergone much the same fate!

With this letter the relations—such as we know them as least—between the two admirers of the great Will come to an end. It is certainly to be regretted that they never met; they were born to understand one another.

As to Favart,[3] he never asked Garrick for any-

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[1] Letter of September 15th, 1772; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 635.

[2] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 609.

[3] Charles Simon Favart was the son of a Paris pastry-cook who wrote verses to advertise the merit of a new kind of cake, which he compared for their lightness to the intelligence of his countrymen. In spite of a passing popularity excited by these effusions, he died almost in poverty; and Charles Simon, who had been educated at the school of Louis-le-Grand, was obliged to continue the business. Meantime

Dans les Vers de Favart on voit les fleurs eclore ;
C'est le Fleuriste d'Apollon,
Vrai Successeur d'Anacreon,
Il cueille des Lauriers en repandant des Roses.
F.

J. F. Liotard pinx. *C. A. Littret sculp.*

C. S. FAVART.

From a print in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

thing, neither for advice nor information nor for patronage of his writings. He wrote to him simply as a friend, and in his letters are to be seen true sympathy and sincere respect for Garrick's character and talents; these feelings the English actor fully reciprocated. The two long letters from Favart, published by Boaden, are among the most interesting Garrick received. They cannot count, it is true, as social or historical documents such as give joy to the collector, but they are good examples of the chatty epistles that people found time to write in a less busy age—letters delightful to receive and to read over more than once, in which a witty mind and an experienced pen collaborated to produce the effect of clever literary conversation. Garrick appreciated them highly and he prized the friendship of this gentle, amiable man. "Je suis misérable," he writes to Monnet, "que je n'aie pas encore répondu à la lettre charmante que notre cher ami Favart m'avait écrite il y a longtemps. Je l'aime de tout mon cœur; mais j'ai honte de lui écrire en français. Sa réputation brillante vole jusqu'ici; et tous les honneurs qu'il reçoit me pénètrent tout jusqu'au fond de mon cœur. Je vous conjure, par notre amitié, de lui dire toutes

he wrote his first *vaudeville*, *Les deux Jumelles*, which had a great success; his *Chercheuse d'esprit* established his fame and provoked the well-known quatrain of Crébillon fils. Favart now wrote for the Opéra-Comique under Monnet's management, and next directed the Maréchal de Saxe's theatre, which accompanied that soldier in his campaigns. Unfortunately, Saxe fell in love with Mme Favart, a most charming actress ("Mais elle est bête, mais bête!" says Monnet), and employed against the couple all means to gain his end. Luckily he died in 1750, and Favart could then come out of hiding and return to Paris, where he helped Monnet to gain a fortune. He suffered much from weak sight and finally became blind, which was for him, however, a less affliction than the loss of his wife. He wrote more than sixty pieces, amongst them *Le Coq du Village*, *Bastien et Bastienne* (charming parody of Rousseau's *Le Devin du village*), and *Les Trois Sultanes*, revived at Paris in 1910.

les belles choses pour moi que l'estime la plus profonde peut dicter. Adieu, mon cher Monnet, plût à Dieu que vous et notre ami Favart, vous entendissiez notre langue!"[1]

The letter from Favart to which Garrick here makes allusion is that of July 24th, a perfect news-sack, to which Colman and Hume, Rousseau and Lally-Tollendal each contribute an item. It is, however, especially noteworthy for an excellent account of the execution of the Chevalier de la Barre. "This young man . . . was condemned to have his head cut off and his body cast into the fire, for having insulted an image of Christ. On the day of execution his sentence was read over to him, as is customary; he listened quietly and began to laugh. The confessor then took possession of his person, but until the dinner-hour the young man would talk of nothing but light and amusing subjects. They took their places at table; after having made a good dinner Mr le Febvre[2] asked the reverend doctor whether he might not be allowed to take coffee. 'I see no objection,' replied the latter. 'You are right,' added Mr le Febvre still gaily, 'it will not upset my digestion.' The officers came to lead him to execution; he showed the same calmness of mind; but when he set foot on the scaffold his face appeared to change slightly: 'Ah! so you are afraid to die!' cried the priest. 'Certainly not; but I remark with indignation among the crowd several of my enemies who have come to feast on the spectacle of my death. Look! do you see them, there, and there? To what point will the hatred and animosity of men go?' The reverend doctor attempted to seize this opportunity of speaking of the terrible passage from life to death. 'Ah! reverend sir, in an instant I shall know as much as you about that. What is that piece of paper dancing at the end of a rope?' 'It is the effigy of your miserable accomplice.' This made M. le Febvre laugh anew. Then he said, in a more thoughtful tune, 'That fellow should really have been hanged to save his honour. He ran away, like a scoundrel.' He noticed at one corner of the scaffold seven very well-dressed gentlemen and asked who they were; he was told that they were the executioners. 'What! seven executioners for me, all for me? That is very funny.' He beckoned one of them to draw near. 'So, sir, you are the headsman?' 'Yes, sir, I have the honour to be the Paris headsman.' 'Ah! then it was you that cut off M^{r} de Lally's head.'[1] 'Yes, sir, I had that honour too.' 'Well, listen, my good fellow: I am told that you went about it ill; you spoiled the job.' 'That's true, sir, but it was not my fault; he would not have the kindness to take up a proper position.' 'Well, tell me how I ought to place myself, for I must own that I don't know much about the matter; it's the first time I've had my head cut off. Place me in position yourself.' 'With great pleasure, dear sir.' The headsman set him in the proper way, but, as the condemned moved without noticing it, the executioner whispered to the priest: 'He lies ill.' At that he turned round and said, 'Deuce take it! place me better, then; it's your business; if you bungle me you will say that it was my fault.' So they placed him in position a second time. 'Is that right?' The headsman replied by a sabre-cut which sent his head flying. Next they threw his body on to the pile, and, as I said, the *Dictionnaire philosophique*, because M. le Febvre de la Barre boasted that he had read it."

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[1] Fragment of a letter, printed in Favart's *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 9 (Paris, 1805). It is undated, but may be placed at the end of the year 1766. We append a translation: "I am miserable at not having yet replied to the charming letter that our dear friend Favart wrote me a long time back. I love him with all my heart; but I am ashamed to write to him in French. His brilliant reputation flies as far as here; and all the honours he receives penetrate to the very bottom of my heart. I implore you, by our friendship, to say to him from me all the charming things that the deepest esteem can dictate. Farewell, my dear Monnet, would to God that you and our friend Favart understood our language!"

[2] M. le Febvre de la Barre.

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[1] Executed in 1766 for having surrendered Pondicherry to the English.

On January 9th, 1767, Favart again sends a charming letter to his friend: "True friendship knows not times and seasons. All days and all moments are alike to it; it is ever the same and has no need of protestations; and each new oath would be but a new insult. You have told me that you like me and I believe it; if you are equally sure of my affection, all is said for life. You will write to me when the whim takes you, and I will answer you in the same fashion." Then, in spite of his already tired eyes, he gives himself much trouble to send Garrick an interesting New Year's letter, recounting an almost tragic story of the loss and recognition of a daughter by her father (an incident worthy of forming a theme for the author of the *Fils naturel*) sending some unpublished verses by Voltaire,[1] and adding two little pieces of his own which did not fail to charm and flatter the actor.

The first was an epigraph which he had made for the portrait of his dear Garrick, and which he entitles:

PLURES IN UNO

En lui seul on voit plusieurs hommes;
  Lui seul nous offre les tableaux
  De mille et mille originaux,
Tant des siècles passés que du siècle où nous sommes.

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[1] *L'Hypocrisie*; Voltaire published it in the same year; vol. xxv. of his *Honnêtetés littéraires*.

Les ridicules, les erreurs,
  Sont tracés d'après eux par ce peintre fidèle;
Mais pour représenter l'honnête homme et ses mœurs,
  Il n'a pas besoin de modèle.[1]

"When I received that charming portrait," he adds, "I will confess that I took a few minutes to discover the resemblance, and my uncertainty gave rise to more verses."

Est-ce toi, cher Garrick? et l'art de la peinture
  Offre-t-il à mes yeux ce Roscius anglais?
Tu changes à ton gré de forme et de figure,
  Mais ton cœur ne change jamais.
Si l'artiste eut pu peindre avec des traits de flamme
  L'amitié, la franchise et l'amour du bienfait,
Esprit, goût, sentiment, génie,—enfin, ton âme,
  J'aurais reconnu ton portrait.[2]

Garrick would have been indeed ungrateful if, even amid the bustle of the theatrical season, he had not found a moment to reply to such delightful letters. On receipt of the second he at once took his pen, and sent the following answer in French[3]:

LONDRES, 5 *février*, 1767.

Vous ne pouvez concevoir, mon très cher Favart, le plaisir que m'a fait votre lettre; et

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[1] One may translate thus:

  Several men in him we see;
And he alone the sketch can paint
Of all that's odd and all that's quaint,
  A past and present gallery.
This faithful artist, too, can show
  Our human kind's mistakes and vices;
But if the honest man you'd know
  A simple glance at him suffices.

[2] Is this thy portrait, Garrick? 'Tis not strange
  That, painting thee, the artist's hand should falter,
For at thy will both form and features change;
  Thy heart alone, dear friend, thou canst not alter.
But could the painter on the canvas place
  Thy frankness, wit, and generosity,
Thy taste and feeling, genius and grace,
  At once, dear friend, I should exclaim: 'Tis he!

[3] We quote it from Favart's *Mémoires* (vol. iii. p. 18); it is not in Boaden, nor in the Forster Collection.

quoique ma raison me découvre la prévention d'amitié qui règne en ma faveur dans vos vers et dans votre prose, la source dont elle part me la rend chère. Mon amour-propre a même été si fort flatté de vos vers, que je n'ai pu résister à la démangeaison de les montrer à mes amis, qui m'ont forcé à m'exposer d'y répondre. Je vous les envoie en anglais et en français; mais comme la traduction a été faite par un de mes amis qui n'a jamais rimé de sa vie, vous voudrez bien excuser les fautes que vous trouverez contre la poésie.

Je ne suis pas moins flatté du compte que vous m'avez rendu de l'état des belles-lettres et des théâtres de votre pays; et si vous voulez prendre la peine de continuer cette correspondance deux ou trois fois l'année, pour ne pas trop prendre sur vos occupations, je la recevrai comme la plus grande faveur. Je ne sais si vous ne vous êtes pas trompé sur la pièce que vous me demandez[1]; celle dont je vous ai parlé est une comédie dont le titre anglais est *Rule a wife, etc.*; ce qui signifie en votre langue: *Si vous pouvez gouverner une femme, prenez-en une.* Le fondement de la pièce est un militaire qui, n'étant pas dans des circonstances fort aisées, feint d'être un sot pour s'introduire dans les bonnes grâces d'une femme qui ne veut se marier que pour pouvoir suivre plus aisément son goût pour le plaisir, et qui ne cherche dans un mari qu'une couverture à sa conduite. Ensuite, à l'instant où cet homme est marié, il commence par degrés de se rendre le maître et de chasser les compagnies qui lui sont suspectes, et il leur annonce qu'il fera usage de son autorité. Si c'est celle-là que vous entendez avoir, je vous l'enverrai par la première occasion.

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[1] "Vous m'avez promis de m'envoyer la traduction d'une comédie anglaise d'Otway, ou de Dryden : je ne me souviens pas du titre, mais le sujet est un mari qui oblige sa femme de céder aux instances de son rival. Comme j'ai un sujet à peu près semblable, je ne ferai point scrupule de profiter des beautés de la comédie anglaise" (Lettre de Favart). Il y avait, peut-être, confusion entre *Rule a Wife* de Beaumont et Fletcher, et *Volpone* de Jonson.

Je vous suis infiniment obligé pour les vers de Voltaire: ils ne sont pas, selon moi, les meilleurs qu'il ait jamais écrits. Je suis absolument de votre opinion sur cet objet, et vous pouvez compter que la pièce ne sortira pas de mes mains. Je vous prie de dire à mon cher Monnet que je n'ai pas reçu de ses lettres depuis longtemps. J'espère qu'il n'est pas fâché contre moi de ce que je ne puis pas lui envoyer les nouvelles politiques qu'il m'a demandées; il doit sentir les raisons qui m'empêchent de le satisfaire sur ce point. La redingote, le cotillon, et le fromage sont prêts. Il ne m'a manqué qu'une occasion pour les lui envoyer, parce qu'on m'a dit que c'était contrebande à Calais; mais, s'il veut en courir les risques, il n'a qu'à m'envoyer une adresse plus précise, où je les lui ferai parvenir. Ma femme vous présente, ainsi qu'à Madame Favart, ses amitiés et ses compliments.

Je suis, de tout mon cœur, *in secula seculorum*, etc., etc. Voilà mes vers:

The picture friendship sent to friendship due
  May not the critick eye with rapture strike;
But this, Favart, thy partial fondness drew
  Not vanity will whisper: It is like.

But why for me thy choicest colours blend,
  The first of actors, best of mortals paint?
His fame may sleep; and judgment place thy friend
  Far from a genius, farther from a saint.

I feel the danger of thy syren art,
  Struck with a pride till now I never knew.
Soothe not the folly of a mind and heart
  Which boasts no merit but the love of you.

La traduction des vers précédents par M. de V. :

Si dans mon portrait, cher Favart,
Ton esprit suspendu chercha la ressemblance,
Penses-tu que celui qu'a dessiné ton art
Doit, pour l'exactitude, avoir la préférence ?
Ton aveugle amitié, des plus belles couleurs
Peint le meilleur des cœurs, le premier des acteurs.

Chasse une illusion qui m'est trop favorable,
    Vois ton ami d'un œil plus sain :
Il est loin d'être un génie admirable,
    Plus loin encore d'être un saint.

Je sens trop le danger de ton art enchanteur ;
Tu portes dans mon âme un orgueil séducteur ;
        Mais ma vanité raisonnable
  Me montre le seul point en quoi je suis louable :
C'est d'aimer tes talents et d'estimer ton cœur.

N.B. Notre ami de La Place peut vous donner une traduction excellente. Faites-lui mille compliments pour moi.[1]

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[1] It is of this letter that Monnet writes to Garrick : "Our friend Favart is enchanted with your letters, your verses, and you" (February 28th, 1767).

"You cannot conceive, my dearest Favart, the pleasure your letter has caused me ; and although my reason discovers the friendly prejudice in my favour which runs through your verses and your prose, the source from which it flows makes it dear to me. My self-love was indeed so highly flattered by your verses that I could not resist the itching I had to show them to my friends, who have obliged me to risk a reply. I send them to you in English and in French ; but, as the translation has been made by a friend who never rhymed before in his life, you will be good enough to excuse any faults against prosody that you may find in them.

"I am no less flattered by the account you gave me of the state of your country's letters and theatres ; and if you will take the trouble to continue this correspondence two or three times a year, so as not to take too much time from your occupations, I should consider it the greatest of favours. I am not sure that you have not made a mistake about the play you ask me for ; the one I spoke to you about is a comedy of which the English title is *Rule a Wife*, etc. ; which means in your language : *Si vous pouvez gouverner une femme, prenez-en une*. The foundation of the piece is a soldier [*sic*], who, not being in the best of circumstances, pretends to be a fool in order to get into the good graces of a woman who wants to marry simply to be able to pursue more easily her taste for plea-

It is to be regretted that this interesting correspondence did not continue. On Favart's side weak sight and subsequent blindness were sufficient reasons for cessation; and Garrick's was a life that knew few moments of real leisure. Moreover, they heard of one another through Monnet.

The only letter that Garrick received from Diderot was that which introduced Fenouïllot de Falbaire[1]; the blank is by no means surprising, for the editor of the *Encyclopdéie* was a poor correspondent, and often made Voltaire rage by not replying to his communications. But he was an ardent admirer of the English actor, as several passages in his works show.[2] It was the perusal, in 1770, of what he calls "a poor

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sure, and who hopes to find in a husband a cover for her conduct. But afterwards, when the man is married, he begins by degrees to make himself master, and to drive away all society which he deems suspicious, letting them know that he intends to make use of his authority. If that is the one you want I will send it to you at the first opportunity.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for Voltaire's verses; they are not, in my opinion, the best he ever wrote. I am absolutely of your opinion on that subject, and you may count on the pieces never leaving my hands. I beg you to tell my dear Monnet that I have received no letter from him for a long time. I hope he is not angry with me because I cannot send him the political news he asked me for; he must surely understand the reasons which prevent me from satisfying him on that point. The frock-coat, the petticoat, and the cheese are ready. All that I need at present is the opportunity of sending them to him, for I am told they are contraband at Calais; but, if he is willing to run the risk, he has only to give me a more precise address, and I will see they reach him there. [*We dare not follow the history of these three objects, which form the theme of many sorrowful complaints on Monnet's part, running like a minor leitmotif through a whole series of letters. Garrick entrusted the things to a Major Mant, who never delivered them at their destination; according to Monnet, he wore the frock-coat, gave the petticoat to a friend, and ate the Cheddar!* "A friend who saw him at Court tells me he smelt very strongly of cheese!"]

"My wife presents to Mme Favart and to you her kind regards and compliments; I am, etc."

[1] See p. 275.

[2] See Assézat and Tourneux's edition, 1875, vol. vii. pp. 395, 402; viii. pp. 352, 382, 396; xi. p. 16; xix. p. 396; and *passim*.

pamphlet entitled, *Garrick; ou, Les Acteurs anglais,*"[1] which impelled him to write his well-known *Paradoxe sur le comédien* (first published in the form of *Observations* in the *Correspondance littéraire*[2]), in which he develops his ideas on the actor's art and shows that, in order to play successively touching or amusing scenes, he needs to be devoid of all personal feeling; that is the *paradox* of his profession—whilst he must appear to suffer he must not suffer; whilst seeming to grow excited he must remain cool.

It is permissible to discover in *Le Paradoxe sur le comédien* a reflex of Garrick's influence, to hear in it an echo, as it were, of his chats with Diderot about stagecraft. For in his earlier writings on this subject—the *Entretiens sur le Fils Naturel*, or the *Essai sur la poésie dramatique*—Diderot is continually demanding more life and more natural feeling in the actor, a free and instinctive painting of the passions, a style of diction and gesture liberated from all theatric convention and which, according to him, is to be attained by yielding to the impulse of the moment; but what he maintains in the *Paradoxe* is the utter want of feeling in the fine player and the necessity of preparing and rehearsing every effect. Again, in his *Letter to Madame Riccoboni* (1758), he recounts the anecdote of Garrick depicting the despair of a father who had let his child fall from a window into the street[1]; he insists on the force of that dumb show which could raise in the spectators "movements of consternation and fright so violent that the majority withdrew"; then he concludes: "Do you suppose that, at that moment, Garrick was thinking whether the audience saw him side-face or full-face; whether his action was becoming or not; whether his gestures were measured and his movements rhythmic?"[2]

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[1] By Antoine Fabio Sticotti, a Venetian who had acted Pantaloons, with but middling success, at the Opéra-comique and the Italian Theatre. He was a friend of Favart (see his *Mémoires*, pp. 108, 116), and knew Monnet; he had composed several comedies and vaudevilles. His book is an adaptation of *The Actor; or, A Treatise on the Art of Playing* (London, 1755; by Dr. John Hill?), which was, in turn, founded on *Le Comédien*, by Raymond de Ste Albine (Paris, 1747), although it is not a translation of it. Sticotti's book is a ridiculous compilation, but its very title shows how keen was the interest taken at Paris in all that concerned Garrick and the London stage.

[2] Ed. Tourneux, vol. ix. pp. 133, 149.

Is it not evident that the author of the *Paradoxe* would have replied to this question: "Of course he was thinking of that"? For, says Diderot in that essay, the great actor must have much acuteness and no feeling; he should act according to reflection, imitation, and memory; everything should be measured, everything learnt; he will always take the same position and employ the same movements; he will know every detail of his rôle by heart; he will keep cool and repeat what he has prepared without any interior emotion; his cries of grief are noted in his memory; his gestures of despair have been worked up; "that tremble in the voice, that shuddering of the limbs, that shaking of the knees—pure imitation, a lesson learnt beforehand."[3] Had he employed in the *Paradoxe* the anecdote to which we refer above he would have certainly drawn from it the conclusion that the actor's heart could not possibly have experienced in a few seconds so many different passions, passing from tender affection and joy to fright, despair, and madness; and that is precisely the deduction he makes from another story of the same sort which he quotes in that work.

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[1] It will be noted that this anecdote circulated at Paris before Garrick's principal visit in 1764: this is another small indication of how widespread was his reputation.

[2] *Works*, ed. Assézat and Tourneux, vol. vii. p. 402.

[3] See *Le Paradoxe sur le comédien*, ed. Dupuy (Paris, 1902), pp. 9, 11, 12, 18, and *passim*.

To sum up the question : Diderot's ideas on the actor's art changed greatly between 1758 and 1770 ; the principles he advances in *Dorval et Moi* are those of a layman, of one who knew the stage from the pit ; and Mme Riccoboni, more experienced than he in such matters, was justified in telling him that he "did not know the smallest details of an art which, like all others, has its technique"[1] ; in the *Paradoxe* he shows a closer acquaintance with the profession he is speaking of, and he gives of the comedian's art the only tenable explanation. He owed this evolution in great part, no doubt, to the working of his ever-busy brain ; but, given his admiration for Garrick and the profound impression the actor had produced on him, a share in the change must also be attributed to the influence of him whom he called "most amiable Roscius."[2]

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[1] See Diderot's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 397. On *Le Paradoxe sur le comédien* and Suard see p. 337 of this essay.

[2] This evidence of Garrick's influence on Diderot depends, as has been seen, on pure deduction established by a comparison of certain works. We are glad to see that our view is adopted by M. Baldensperger, Professor of Comparative Literature at Paris University. In an article on the French edition of this book, published in *La Semaine littéraire de Genève* (July, 1911), he writes : "Plus curieuse encore est l'influence qu'a eue l'adroit acteur, avec ses transformations prestigieuses et son imperturbable sang-froid sur les théories de Diderot. Le fameux *Paradoxe sur le comédien*, qui s'inscrit en faux contre les idées les plus chères du bouillant encyclopédiste, stigmatise à sa façon l'art de Garrick. L'acteur doit-il se laisser aller à l'impulsion du moment? Doit-il maîtriser, abdiquer même toute sensibilité et ne se servir que d'effets préparés? . . . Diderot, avant d'avoir vu Garrick, défendait le premier point de vue ; son *Paradoxe*, où il fait si bizarrement volte-face, semble le repentir de quelqu'un qui s'explique désormais tout différemment une suprême faculté de métamorphose. . . ."

We will remind the reader that Garrick did not trust *wholly* to prepared effects, but was able, thanks to his supple talent, to introduce into his acting movements drawn from "the impulses of the moment." See p. 244.

III

MEN OF LETTERS

NEARLY all the literary men with whom Garrick continued relations after his return to England belonged, like Diderot and Fenouïllot, to the Philosophical party. Let us take first the Baron d'Holbach, his host at Paris, who came to see him at London in July 1765.[1] The Forster Collection contains two long and interesting letters[2] from him, written in excellent English. The first is dated,

PARIS, *June* 16*th*, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I received with a deep sense of gratitude your kind letter along with Hurd's *Commentary*,[3] and the two last volumes of *Tristram*. I am extremely glad to hear of your and M^{rs} Garrick's happy arrival in England, and proud to know that the hurricane of affairs has not made you forget your friends in Paris, among whom I hope to be number'd. I can tell you sincerely, in the name of all honest men I am acquainted with, that we regret you very heartily and had been extremely happy to keep you longer, if not for ever, among us. But we must submit to fate and content ourselves with the hopes of seeing you here again, according to your promise which we are very desirous to see fulfill'd. In the meanwhile it will be a great comfort for us all and especially for me, to hear of your good state, and to continue by letters that intercourse with you which will be very dear to me.

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[1] From this visit to England d'Holbach returned "greatly disappointed with the country, which he found neither as well peopled nor as well cultivated as he had been told; disappointed with the buildings, which are nearly all odd and gothic; disappointed with the gardens, in which the affected imitation of nature is worse than the monotonous symmetry of art; disappointed with the taste which in the palaces piles up excellent, good, bad, and detestable pell-mell; disappointed with the amusements, which seem like religious ceremonies; disappointed with the men, on whose faces are never seen confidence, gaiety, and sociability, but which all bear the inscription: *What have you and I in common?*; disappointed with the great, who are gloomy, cold, haughty, disdainful, and idle, and with the lowly, who are unfeeling, insolent, and barbarous." (*Diderot à Sophie Volland*, September 20th, 1765.) Cf. with Helvétius's opinion, p. 216; and with Garrick's: "London is good for the English, but Paris is good for every one."

[2] Vol. xxxi.

[3] Commentary on Horace's *Ars Poetica* (1749).

Our friend, M^r^ Helvétius, is come back from Berlin, where he was very friendly receiv'd and entertain'd by his Prussian Majesty and at last presented with a very rich snuff-box and picture. You know by this time that the Empress of Russia has purchas'd M. Diderot's library, under condition that he should keep it in his possession till further orders and receive a thousand livres per annum for the trouble of keeping it.

Your good friend, M^lle^ Clairon, has entirely renounced the stage, tho' some people think it is not her last word. However I cannot help approving of her resolution; the publick deserves punishment for not supporting talent against its oppressors. D^r^ Gem[1] has promised to send to you a new romance of M^me^ Riccoboni,[2] which she desir'd me to get convey'd to your hands; the history of Ernestine is reckon'd here a very charming performance. M^rs^ Garrick, I daresay, will be very pleased with it.

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[1] An English doctor in practice at Paris.

[2] *Ernestine*, a long story rather than a novel, and the masterpiece of its author.

I am very sorry you could not see upon our stage a new actor,[1] whose plain and noble action, without any affectation, has lately rais'd the admiration of the public: however, it is doubtful whether he'll be admitted or not, for I hear that our *Bombasters* are intriguing very much to have him rejected.

Receive the kind wishes and best compliments of Mad^{e} d'Holbach, for you and for M^{rs} Garrick; we both, as all our friends, should desire very sincerely to be serviceable to you.

I am, Dear Sir, you most faithfull humble servant,

D'HOLBACH.

I send you along with this letter the queries of Abbé Morellet.

My best compliments to S^{r} James Macdonald (tho' he seems to have forgot his French friends) and to M^{r} Foley. Nobody of my acquaintance knows anything about the Glascow's *Euripides.*

The second letter, written after his return from London, alludes to the famous quarrel between Rousseau and Hume:

PARIS, *Feb. y^{e} 9th,* 1766.

I received, my very Dear Sir, with a great deal of pleasure, your agreeable letter of y^{e} 24th of January, but was very sorry to hear that you are inlisted in the numerous troup of *gouty* people. Tho' I have myself the honour of being of that tribe I don't desire my friends should enter into the same corporation. I am particularly griev'd to see you among the invalids for you have, more than any other, occasion for the free use of your limbs. However, don't be cross and peevish for that would be only increasing your distemper; and I charge you especially of not scolding that admirable lady M^{rs} Garrick, whose sweetness of temper and care must be a great comfort in your circumstances. I beg leave to present her with my respects and y^{e} compliments of my wife, that has enjoyed but an indifferent state of health, owing to the severity of the winter. M^{r} and Mad^{e} Helvétius desire you both their best wishes, and so do all your friends, for whom I can answer that every one of them keeps a kind remembrance of your valuable persons. D^{r} Gem thinks you'll do very well to go to Bath, but his opinion is that a thin diet would be more serviceable to you than anything else; I believe he is in the right. Abbé Morellet pays many thanks for the answers to his queries,[1] but complains of their shortness and laconism; however, it is not your fault. He is glad to hear you have receiv'd his translation of Beccaria's book, *Des délits et des peines*, and the compliments of our friend, D^{r} Gatti, to whom I gave your direction before he went to London. Our friend Suard has entered his neck into the matrimonial halter; we are all of us very sorry for it, for we know that nothing combin'd with love, will at last make nothing at all.

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[1] Aufresne, whose realistic style of acting seems to have closely resembled Garrick's; see our note on him, p. 407.

I was not much surpris'd at the particulars you are pleas'd to mention about Rousseau.[2] According to the thorough knowledge I have had of him I look on that man as a mere philosophical quack, full of affectation, of pride, of oddities and even villainies; the work he is going to publish justifies the last imputation. Is his memory so short as to forget that M^{r} Grimm, for these nine years past, has taken care of the mother to his wench or *gouvernante*, whom he left to starve here after having debauch'd her daughter, and having got her 3 or 4 times with child? That great philosopher should remember that M^r^ Grimm has in his hands letters under his own hand-writing that prove him the most ungrateful dogg in the world. During his last stay in Paris he made some attempts to see M^r^ Diderot, and being refus'd that favour, he pretended that Diderot endeavoured to see him, but that himself had refused peremptorily to comply with his request. I hope these particulars will suffice to let you know what you are to think of that illustrious man. I send you here a copy of a letter supposed to come from the King of Prussia, but done by M^r^ Horace Walpole,[1] whereby you'll see that gentleman has found out his true character. But enough of that rascal, who deserves not to be in M^r^ Hume's company but rather among the bears, if there are any in the mountains of Wales.

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[1] Questions in connection with his *Dictionnaire du commerce*. See his letter of November 4th, 1765 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 459).

[2] Garrick had evidently written to him about Rousseau's conduct at London, where he had arrived with Hume on January 13th. The quarrel belongs to April.

I am surpris'd you have not receiv'd yet the *Encyclopédie*, for a great number of copies have been sent over allready to England; unless you have left your subscription here, where hitherto not one copy has been delivered for prudent reasons.

We have had in the French Comedy a new play called *Le Philosophe sans le savoir*, done and acted in a new stile, quite natural and moving; it has a prodigious success and deserves it extremely well. Marmontel will give us very soon upon the Italian stage his comical opera of *La Bergère des Alpes.* I hope it will prove very agreeable to the Publick, having been very much delighted by the rehearsal of it; the music was done by M^r^ Cohaut, who teaches my wife to play on the luth. We expect a tragedy of the *Dutch Barnevelt.*[1]

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[1] The translation and publication of this letter in the English newspapers was one of the causes of Rousseau's quarrel with Hume. Garrick was, perhaps, a go-between in this affair.

Mr Wilkes is still in this town, where he intends to stay until you give him leave to return to his native country. We have had the pleasure of seeing Mr Changuion, your friend, who seems to be a very discerning gentleman, and to whom, in favour of your friendship, I have shown all the politeness I could. I hear that Sr James Macdonald has been ill at Parma, but is now recovered and in Rome. Abbé Galliani is still at Naples and stands a fair chance of being employ'd in the ministry there. Adieu, very dear Sir, and remember your affectionate friend,

D'HOLBACH.

Next, Jean François de Chastellux,[2] soldier, essayist, pro-vaccinator, amateur dramatist and actor, writes to chat of Hume and Suard, of Morellet, d'Holbach, and other friends. He sends Garrick books, amongst others Saint-Lambert's *Saisons* and his own *Essai sur l'union de la poésie et de la musique*, and learns, with great pleasure, that the latter is not considered "a damned Grub Street" at London. Later he makes a voyage to England, and brings back a tender remembrance of this stay, often recalling "the dear moments passed at Hampton under that beautiful weeping-willow whose branches seem to droop down into the Thames, as if to refresh themselves in its fair waters."[1] This journey inspired him with the courage necessary to attempt a translation of Shakespeare in the style of Garrick's 'regularizations': "It is *Romeo and Juliet* that I have dared to arrange for a French stage; it appears to have made the greatest impression. I have made considerable changes in the plot, and I have cut out all the comic parts. I am very vain at having won the approbation of some Englishmen, but I should like to have yours."[2]

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[1] A reference to Le Mierre's *Barnevelt*; it was thus called because of its subject, and to distinguish it from the other adaptations of Lillo's celebrated piece. Composed in 1766, Le Mierre's play was stopped by the censor and not acted at the Comédie Française till after the Revolution. See Hallays-Dabot, *Hist. de la censure théâtrale* (Paris, 1862), ch. iv.

[2] Le Chevalier, later Marquis, de Chastellux, born in 1734, first brought himself into notice by a pamphlet on smallpox, in which he ardently supported Jenner's theories. He passed from smallpox to music, as above; but it was his essay, *De la félicité publique; ou, Considérations sur le sort des hommes dans les différentes époques de l'histoire* (1772), which opened for him the doors of the French Academy. Voltaire, with friendly prejudice, placed it above *L'Esprit des lois.* De Chastellux, who had fought through the Seven Years War, was one of Rochambeau's chief officers in the War of Independence. In 1787 he met a young Irish lady, Miss Plunkett, at Spa, and married her, but died next year, leaving a posthumous child. Boaden has published four letters of his to Garrick, but wrongly dated and out of their order: p. 438, p. 552 (January 3rd, 1766), p. 513 (May 4th, 1769), p. 583.

Thus the author; but the picture traced by another pen, friendly but malicious, is somewhat different: "The Chevalier de Chastellux has become a confirmed and determined author. He has brought out two comedies which have been acted all the summer at La Chevrette, a pretty mansion at three leagues from Paris, which belongs to Monsieur de Magnanville, keeper of the royal treasure. Here lately was represented the Chevalier's masterpiece, which is, saving your respect, *Roméo et Juliette.* The whole town started off to see this pretended imitation of the poet cherished and revered by Great Britain. I followed the torrent with two Englishmen, friends of mine, who were very eager to see Shakespeare disguised in French dress. But we found him neither Gaul, Briton, nor Italian: no interest, no warmth whatever; wit where thought should have been—great words and little action. The last act is an absolute take-in. Instead of wasting their time taking poison or stabbing themselves, Juliet and Romeo go off gaily from the abode of the dead to get married—where is not known; to live together—how is not made plain; to be happy—as you may please to imagine. Every one looks at every one else, wondering where the terrible catastrophe is, so pathetic and so touching! The curtain comes down, and leaves the astonished spectator to ask himself what questions he will."[1]

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 513, 583.

[2] June 15th, 1771.

Such was the result of Garrick's bad example!

Then there is abbé Bonnet, the hero of the pineapple adventure, who sends the actor amusing epistles, sometimes written in impeccable English. He loved to transmit to his friend the latest Paris gossip, with the epigrams and *vers d'occasion* that circulated at the moment. We translate one of his letters, written on December 20th, 1768:

Sir,—I have just come up from the provinces, and one of my first dinners is with some Englishmen. Guess of whom we have at once begun talking. But you care little for the praises *of private men*,[2] now that you are the favourite of kings. I have been told of the applause, of the visits and presents you have received from a crowned head on whom our ladies could not make the least impression.[3] That is all very flattering; but remember that you are in a land where the people abates no jot of its importance before kings: *nos populus sumus*; and, for my part, I render you all the homage in my power.

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[1] Letter from Mme Riccoboni, November 27th, 1770 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 575). Mlle de Lespinasse has said of this piece: "Cela n'est pas mauvais, cela n'est pas médiocre, cela n'est pas même ennuyeux; cela est monstrueux, cela est à faire fuire" (*Corr.*, vol. ii. p. 115). On this play, its author, the private theatricals at La Chevrette, and the Marquise de Gléon (see further), one may consult Rey, *Le Château de la Chevrette* (Paris, 1904).

[2] Words left in italics have not been translated.

[3] The King of Denmark, who paid a visit to Paris and to London in 1768–9.

So far I have seen neither M^lle Clairon nor M^me Riccoboni; their affection is worthy of you, and, did I need to fortify my own admiration for you, I would have recourse to them. I send you an epigram by the Chevalier de Boufflers. *He introduces the King of Denmark, speaking to M. de Duras*, gentilhomme de la chambre, *who was ordered to wait upon him*:

Dans ce pays où l'on m'assomme
  De spectacles et d'opéras,
Je suis venu pour voir des hommes:
  Rangez-vous, M. de Duras.[1]
(*Get out of the way, M^r de Duras.*)

You know that the Chevalier de Boufflers was M^me Riccoboni's friend. My respects to Mad^e Garrick. I am very happy to have dined with D^r Verdun,[2] who is good enough to take charge of my letter. My address is: abbé Bonnet, at M^r Meade's, rue de Bourbon, faubourg Saint-Germain.[3]

Grimm sends to our actor the ten portly volumes of the *Encyclopédie*.[4] He tries to interest him in the Calas affair[5]; finally he goes to England with the Prince of Hesse to see him act. Helvétius writes to recommend him a tragedy written by an Irish friend[6]; later he sends him his portrait. Elie de Beaumont, the eloquent defender of Calas, Sirven, Damade-Beller, and other innocents makes him a present of one of his Memorials.[1] Cazotte,[2] formerly Superintendent of the Marine at Martinique, but already living in retired ease at Pierry, near Epinay, where he was giving himself up to literature and those occult sciences which were to bring him to the scaffold, Cazotte invites him to come to the grape-gathering: "We are going to pick the finest grapes that hung on vine since Noah planted it. Come and eat some with M^{rs} Garrick. . . . We will drink of the best I have, and we will play the prelude to many mad tricks to be done when time and place are suitable. . . . We will have walks long enough to drive away all spleen; and if you or one of your intimate friends would like some wine of the finest sort, you shall take it on the spot."[3]

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[1] De Duras was the fatuous courtier who persecuted Sedaine, and whom that writer has ridiculed in *Raymond V., Comte de Toulouse.* We translate:

You bore me, since my visit here began,
  With ball and concert, fête and opera:
Ah! what a change 'twould be to see a man!
  Please stand aside, good Monsieur de Duras.

[2] That is, Turton, the doctor who had treated Garrick at Munich.

[3] Forster Collection, vol. xxxi.; there is another letter of Bonnet's in vol. xxi. *add.* Boaden has printed two others: vol. ii. pp. 463, 476.

[4] Garrick was a subscriber to the *Encyclopédie*, to Le Tourneur's translation of Shakespeare's works, to Buffon's works, etc. He received regularly several French papers; see Monnet's letters.

[5] April 1766.

[6] December 30th, 1766.

Then there were the artists: Faesch, a Swiss miniaturist, sends him portraits of the actors of the Comédie Française and comes to London to paint Garrick's; Gravelot, the eminent engraver, as well known at London as at Paris; Watelet, the rich amateur in art, one of the introducers of "English gardens" into France—with many others, who wrote to him of pictures painted or to be painted, of illustrations for books, etc. Leaving on one side those who interest us little here, let us examine somewhat more closely his friendly relations with two Parisian journalists.

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[1] March 22nd, 1767.

[2] Known at first by his songs and his tales in that oriental style that the translation of *The Arabian Nights* had brought into fashion, Cazotte later wrote some romantic stories (especially *Le Diable amoureux*—a Spanish tale), which were widely read. He corresponded on occult science with Pouteau, secretary to de la Porte. At the Revolution these letters were seized, and, as no one could understand them, they were deemed treasonable, and Cazotte was guillotined.

[3] September 7th, 1765.

IV

JOURNALISTS AND VISITORS

De La Place[1] had known Garrick at Paris in 1764, probably through Monnet, for it is to him, when starting for London in 1766, that the editor of *Le Mercure de France* entrusts his compliments to the actor.[2] He appears to have been much charmed by the grace and good nature of Mrs. Garrick, for he adds in his letter to Monnet: "As to Mrs. Garrick, oh! tell her all that you know I am and think about her: that is to say, all that a lady so amiable and so estimable as she is has the right to inspire in the hearts of all who have the happiness to be acquainted with her and to know how to appreciate her."[1]

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[1] De La Place had been brought up at the English Jesuit College of Saint Omer, where he is said to have learnt English so well that he forgot his own tongue. Some critics have said that he never learnt it again; at the same time, his translations seem to suggest that he forgot his English. De La Place imagined that he was a dramatist, and the success of his translation of Otway's *Venice Preserv'd* flattered this belief, with the result that he wrote several other pieces, all of which were failures. Mme de Pompadour obtained for him the post of director of *Le Mercure de France*; in seven years he reduced the list of subscribers by half, and was then induced to retire, with a pension of £200. He withdrew to Brussels—to breathe "a more salubrious air" than that of Paris, he tells Garrick in a letter; really because he had fallen into complete discredit. Later, he returned to the capital and continued writing for the booksellers till his death in 1793. He has published many, and feeble, translations from the English: *Petits romans traduits de l'anglais*, 8 vols., 1788 (in the fourth volume is a letter from him to Garrick); some plays, and the volume of *Epitaphs* to which we refer.

[2] "Embrace affectionately friend Garrick for me. Tell him that I have almost forgotten my sulks against him and, had I not loved him so heartily, I should never have sulked at all." Garrick had forgotten to say farewell to him before leaving Paris.

In 1768 he writes to apologize for his indolence, sending at the same time to his friends the last ten volumes of *Le Mercure*, from the management of which he was retiring.

Soon after he takes up his quarters at Brussels, and it is there that he receives from Garrick the letter, the reply to which we have already quoted[2]:

"I am still upon the stage," says the actor, "and am so flattered by my country's partiality to me that I have not yet been able to retire. Just before Christmas I appeared in the character of 'young' Hamlet, and received more applause than when I acted it at five-and-twenty. . . . However, it is time for me *cæstus artemque reponere*, and I shall do so at the first convenient opportunity."

Then, speaking of the changes introduced into *Hamlet*, he adds:

"It was a bold deed, but y^e^ event has answer'd my most sanguine expectation. If you correspond with any of the journalists, the circumstance will be worth telling, as it is a great anecdote in our theatrical history.

I have some thoughts of printing my works y^e^ next winter; if I should, you may depend upon having them before they are published. In y^e^ meantime, think of us and love us as we do you, and Heaven will bless you for a just man.

Most truly and affectionately yours,

D. Garrick."[3]

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[1] Letter of April 3rd, 1766 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 473).

[2] See p. 78.

[3] Catalogue of the Bovet Collection, p. 528, where the date is given as December 3rd, 1773; this is evidently a mistake, as it was on December 18th, 1772, that Garrick brought out his version of *Hamlet*, and on January 24th, 1773, that de La Place replied to his letter.

Garrick always remained on good terms with de La Place, sending him books—evidently the "works" referred to above—as a present in 1775. The letter, already quoted, in which the journalist introduces Le Texier to the manager of Drury Lane, is the last document in this series. But when, in 1784, de La Place, then nearly eighty years of age, wrote and compiled his *Recueil d'Épitaphes,* in which he addressed terrible verses to the memory of all celebrated men, from Adam down to M. de Maurepas, and even gratified his living friends by printing inscriptions for their future tombs, he did not forget the English Roscius; this is what he offered him:

> Aussi louable citoyen
> Que célèbre comédien,
> Ci-gît Garrick, dont le talent suprême
> Jamais ne dut rien qu'à lui-même;
> Qui peignait tour à tour la tendresse et l'horreur,
> Le vieillard décrépit, le fringant petit-maître,
> Sut plier la nature à son art enchanteur
> Et fut à tous les yeux tout ce qu'il voulut être.[1]

Suard, a rival of de La Place's, but better prepared than he for the transmission of foreign news and the translation of English books, saw in Garrick not only a friend whose fame increased his own importance, but also an excellent source of information and intelligence.[2]

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[1] Praiseworthy citizen
And famous comedian,
Garrick lies here, whose talent so sublime,
Needed no teaching all characters to mime;
Turn by turn depicting love and hate and woe,
Old age lean and slipper'd, the young and dashing beau.
Enchanted Nature ne'er refused
Obey his magic art,
But clothed him in the very form
Required for every part.

[2] We are acquainted with thirteen letters exchanged between Garrick and Suard, nine written by the latter and four by the English actor. Of these four Boaden has published none; we give

For his part the actor, who was an adept in the art of working the gazettes of his own country,[1] was not sorry to have a friend in France capable of sustaining, by discreet references in the papers, his reputation on the Continent. Thus we find Suard asking Garrick for an appreciation of Préville, for some notes on a manuscript of Diderot's, for details of the payment accorded to English playwrights—the latter information being evidently required for the use of Beaumarchais and the French authors in their struggle with the actors[2]; he begs him to explain some difficult passages in Shakespeare for the benefit of a titled lady; he requests his judgment on new publications, and, when he is at London, writes for seats at Drury Lane for himself and his acquaintances. In a word, he turned his friend Garrick to account, and, through him, rendered services to other friends. Such was his wont, for he was one

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one (p. 325) according to a draft in the Forster Collection; the other three we retranslate from the French version given by Charles Nisard in his *Mémoires et correspondances, historiques et littéraires*, 1726 à 1816 (Paris, 1858). We have not been able to discover the original letters which Nisard had in his hands, but of which he neglects to mention the whereabouts. We wish it to be plainly understood that what we give is only the substance, and not the exact form, of what Garrick wrote. Boaden has printed eight letters of Suard's, some with incorrect dates (vol. ii. pp. 516, 471, 568, 569, 622, 607, 613, 620). The note we quote on page 338 is from the Forster Collection, vol. xxvi. *add.*

[1] According to Mrs. Garrick he always wrote his own notices.

[2] Letter of February 28th, 1776: "Be good enough to let me know in two lines: 1st, What are the performances of which the profit is given in your country to the author of a new piece, in 5, 3, 2, or 1 act? 2nd, When does the author's right cease? 3rd, When may the second theatre play a piece which has been given by the other? 4th, What disadvantages do you find in your arrangements for the payment of new plays? 5th, What other rights have the writers of plays, freedom of the house, etc.? I beg you will do me the favour to reply about each of these articles as soon as possible. Your answer may have some influence on an arrangement which is meditated here for the same matters; but that is a secret." (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 613; cf. de Loménie, *Beaumarchais et son temps*, vol. ii. ch. xix.)

of those men who skilfully heighten their own reputation by making others work for them.

In the first letter written by Suard to Garrick after the latter's return to England he speaks of his fable, *The Sick Monkey*, and promises to make a reference to it in the *Gazette littéraire*; at the same time he demands the promised portrait of Préville.[1] Then more than a year passes by without any sign of life coming from Suard, until his silence at length provokes the reproaches of his English friend. Suard replied:

> No, David Garrick was not made to be forgotten; woe betide me if I ever forget him! I should not deserve to have known him. I love his person as much as I honour his rare talents; his friendship flatters me, his correspondence interests me; and yet for the last I dare not think how long, I have not sent him news of myself. I ask pardon of him, and of the holy friendship I have neglected! I fall sincerely on my knees, dear Garrick; pardon me, love me still, and impose upon me what penance you will; I submit. And now that I have confessed my fault, let me attempt to lessen its enormity. Suppose I told you that I have been married for three months past to a young, virtuous, and tender-hearted girl, whom I had loved, and who had loved me, for nearly three years? Suppose I told you that the preparations and the difficulties caused by this great revolution in my state have taken up for a long while my leisure and my thoughts? Suppose I added that the chosen one of my heart is a Mlle

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[1] Letter of May 19th, 1765; Boaden gives in error 1767 (vol. ii. p. 516).

Panckoucke, sister of the bookseller you saw and knew here?—then I am quite sure that my faults would appear less serious, and that you would be so glad to know that I am happy that you would forget that I am guilty. . . . Talking of remorse, it is not your fault, my dear Roscius, if I am not full of it for having printed that extract from *The Ambitious Stepmother*, which displeased you so. What harm was there in that? We said that Rowe was, after Shakespeare and Otway, the best of your tragic poets; isn't that true? We said that *The Ambitious Stepmother* had had much success, *i.e.* at first; and that I read in your *Companion of the Playhouse*. We said that that piece furnished a new proof of the difference between your stage and ours; and that is simple enough, for a French play, composed and written in such a style, would not have been listened to on our stage as far as the second act. . . . Moreover, we took good care not to compare Rowe to Shakespeare. The latter's monsters are of quite another kind. Pardon me if I speak thus of your divinity; but, after all, why conceal one's opinion of poets who are no more? And what difference does it make to the glory of a great English poet whether a Frenchman, who can only just stammer your language, says and thinks of him good or ill? And above all, what matters it to illustrious Garrick, whose glory is quite independent of that of the English drama, if we prefer Corneille to Shakespeare and Racine to Otway? We owe the dead nought but the truth. I am one of those in this country who admire Shakespeare the most, but I admire him as a barbarian full

> of genius.[1] You had over-excited me about the beauties of this poet; I wanted to write an article on his character, and I began reading him anew, but I was so terrified by the extravagances and childishnesses which disfigure his finest pieces that the pen fell from my hands. I repeat, one must abandon every principle of good taste, of nature, and of propriety, and burn all the models of antiquity, or declare that Shakespeare's dramas are monstrous, and his genius like gold encrusted in a mine. *Vitium non hominis sed temporis.* . . .[2]

To this unexpected news, and this trenchant attack, Garrick replied as follows:

> HAMPTON, *July* 18th, 1766.
>
> I hope my dear and amiable friend will not imagine that I have wilfully neglected to answer his last most agreeable letter, which brought me word of his connection with one of the most charming young ladies I ever convers'd with. I have long been a most profest admirer of Mrs Suard, and thought it the greatest impeachment of the French taste (which you so much plume yourselves upon) that so admirable a creature should remain unmarried; but you are the happy Jason in possession of the inestimable fleece, and I wish from the soul that it was a golden one.

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[1] Suard, in spite of his friendship for Garrick, never expressed anything but contempt for Shakespeare; this sentence shows plainly why. He was a faithful admirer of Voltaire, and repeated textually the master's opinions. The article which had offended Garrick is in the *Gazette littéraire*, September to November 1765, vol. vii. p. 81. It is a letter on "*La Belle-mère ambitieuse* de Rowe . . . le poète tragique que les Anglais estiment le plus après Shakespeare and Otway." Suard repeats the same criticisms in a review of Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, *loc. cit.*, p. 169.

[2] Letter of March 16th, 1766; Boaden gives 1776 (vol. ii. p. 471).

M^rs^ Garrick, who has often heard (not with the greatest satisfaction) my extravagant praises of Miss Panckouke, sends with me her most sincere congratulations to M^rs^ Suard, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing her next year as happy as she deserves to be and as we wish her.

I have long intended to send you an answer to your last critique upon our theatre, but I have been so often interrupted by business and sickness, and my zeal has carried me into some warmth and length, that (considering my antagonist) my prudence has got the better of my passion, and I have wisely retired from the battle; however, I shall have something to say to y^r^ infidelity in general about Shakespeare and our stage; and when my three volumes of *Nonsense*[1] appear, you shall know my mind a little in a preface. I hope you will not find me bigotted to our errors, for we have a multitude; but then I hope I may, without offence, endeavour to convince our good neighbours (who think that there is no salvation out of their own dramatic pale) that we have merits which their prejudices blind them from seeing, or the ignorance of our language and manners will ever make them incapable of tasting. I will venture to prove that there is not one French author, from their highest, Voltaire, down to their lowest, abbé Le Blanc, who understands accurately any three speeches together of Shakespeare; and yet these are the gentlemen from whom the nation in general takes their ideas of our theatre. The absurd blunders of the abbé are not worthy of criticism, but it will be much to the honour of Shakespeare and to our stage in general that the wilfull and other mistakes of such a genius as Voltaire should be publish'd: and I will not rest in my bed till his injustice and want of candour be exposed[1]; for the consequences:

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[1] That is, his *Works*, published in three volumes, 1768. There is no defence of Shakespeare in them.

Tradam protervis in mare Creticum,[2] etc.

I suppose it will be no small amusement to you and the rest of my friends to hear that Mon^sr^ Rousseau has behav'd to M^r^ David Hume as he formerly did to his other friends. M^r^ Hume has procur'd him a pension from our King's private purse of one hundred guineas a year, for which he has written y^e^ most abusive letter to him, calling him *Noir et Coquin*: pray let my dear baron d'Holbach and M^r^ Grimm know this. How must they smile when they know that Rousseau's best friend and champion, and who took his part very warmly a few months ago, now finds himself in the same predicament with the rest of his much-abus'd friends!

If Becket has wrote to you about a mistake in sending me one sheet of y^e^ *Dict^re^ Encyclo.* for another, I must desire the friend who sends it to me will take care to send y^e^ right, and in such a manner that it may come to me *bien propre.* Once more let me pay my devoirs to y^r^ fair lady, wishing you and her every felicity this world can afford.

D. GARRICK.[3]

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[1] He left this task to his friend Mrs. Montagu, who certainly damaged Voltaire's reputation as a critic, both at home and abroad, by her *Essay*, published in 1769. It is probable that at this date (1766) Garrick knew she was preparing it. See Huchon, *Mrs. Montagu*, p. 123.

[2] Horace, *Odes*, I. 26.

[3] This hitherto unpublished letter comes from the Forster Collection.

In 1767 Suard paid a visit to London, and this journey partly explains a gap in the correspondence at this date. In 1769 Garrick took his pen anew in order to recommend his *Ode to Shakespeare* to the French journalist's attention :

> My dear Sir,
>
> Tho' I have no news of you, I do not cease to think of you. I send you my latest offspring, begotten and brought forth in the excess of my zeal (I wish I could say of my poetic enthusiasm) for the god of my idolatry. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in the spring. Till then I am, as ever, my dear Suard, your sincere and affectionate friend,
>
> D. Garrick.
>
> You will I am sure learn with pleasure that a piece of my fabrication was played yesterday with all the success and all the applause my friends could desire.[1]

Soon after he has two services to ask of the French writer: to welcome his friend, the musician Dr. Burney, at Paris, and to correct an error which, he believed, was being circulated in France at his expense :

> Undated (1770).
>
> My dear Suard,
>
> I will not attempt to excuse myself to you for the liberty I take in presenting to you my friend, Dr. Burney, and in recom-

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[1] We remind the reader that this letter, as the one that follows, is translated from the French version given by Nisard, *op. cit.*, p. 160. Nisard gives it the date 1763, and, thanks to it, corrects an imaginary error of Grimm's. It evidently belongs to the year 1769, and the "offspring" alluded to is not, as Nisard believed, "quelque dissertation apologétique" in favour of Shakespeare, but the *Ode.* The piece of his which had had so great a success at Drury Lane was *The Jubilee*, a stage version of the Stratford festivities, acted October 15th, 1769.

MADAME NECKER.

From an anonymous engraving in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

mending him to your friendship, for he is a very amiable, honest, and clever man. He is doctor of music, and although the degree of doctor does not always imply great talents, the honour and genius of his profession are none the less happily united in the person of this gentleman, my worthy friend. You need only to know him to love and esteem him. He has undertaken to write a History of Music, and his conscience would upbraid him if he did not seek to make his work as complete as possible. His journey into France and Italy has no other aim. Great is the expectation of his friends; and he considers it his duty to write a book worthy of their esteem and his own reputation. He could desire nothing more than that.

Allow me to ask you to be good enough to contradict in my name, if possible, a statement which concerns me, and which is reported in a book recently published in France, under the title of *Londres*, by an abbé Deslandes.[1] The author is pleased to say, vol. i. p. 89, that I had wished to put the theatre here on the same footing as those of Paris, that I failed in this attempt, that I was obliged to ask pardon on my knees of the majesty of the English people, and that I have taken the decision never to appear again on the stage. There is not a word of truth in all that. I have made no innovations since I have been manager; I have not asked pardon, neither on my knees nor in any other way, and I am still acting. The compliments he is good enough to pay to the English actor are poor compensation for the injury he does to the man, and I should ill deserve the friendship of certain persons in France and England had I degraded myself to the point of going down on my knees.

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[1] He refers to Grosley's book, *Londres*, published at first anonymously (Lausanne, 1770). In the chapter "Police," vol. i., Grosley, relating the disturbance which took place at Drury Lane in 1763, says: "Garrick, having appeared in order to apologize for what had happened, was treated like one who had insulted the majesty of the British people; and, as atonement, he was required to ask pardon on his knees under pain of seeing his theatre destroyed. He did so, and has not since reappeared on the stage."

I should like that to be neatly turned. I shudder when I think of it. I am distress'd to see Frenchmen carrying that book as their *vade mecum.* I have never read such a collection of blunders, mistakes, marks of ignorance, and absurdities. It is worse than the book of abbé Le Blanc.

Whatever you may do in the case I shall be most grateful to you.

Yours most affectionately,
D. Garrick.

Suard accedes to both these requests: he welcomes Dr. Burney at Paris and introduces him to the Philosophers; at the same time he causes a rectification of Grosley's errors to be inserted in the *Mercure*, the *Avant-coureur*, and the *Journal encyclopédique.*[1]

The next letter of this series shows that Suard again paid a visit to England in the spring of 1773, when he found Garrick ill and incapable of acting. But he passed some happy moments in the country with him and his amiable wife, and, like de Chastellux, brought back to France a tender recollection of "the beautiful weeping-willow at Hampton." When he wrote to his friend it was to ask for "some observations on the manuscript I gave you, and which I only gave you on that condition. Send them me promptly, I pray you; I am anxious to have your opinion on that question as soon as possible; it is, indeed, a matter of some concern for me; but do not entrust the paper to any one."[1] At the same time he scolds Garrick for not having let his friends at Paris know that his two nieces were completing their education in that town: "I call upon you . . . to send me at once the address of those two charming nieces, for I have not been able to discover it, although I have asked every Englishman I met. Merry Dr. Gem and gallant abbé Morellet too are absolutely determined to see them; there are many people who dote on all that bears the name of Garrick. Allow my wife to go and call on them one day and to have them to dine with her; we will try not to bore them too much."[2]

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[1] See his letters of July 2nd and August 12th, 1770 (Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 568, 569). See, too, an unsigned letter, by Suard, in the *Journal encyc.* for September 1770.

It is now his turn to ask a service: the Marquise de Gléon,[3] a fair and aristocratic anglomaniac, having abandoned herself *totally* for two years past to the study of Shakespeare and being desirous of solving *every* difficulty in that author's text, had covered the margins of two volumes with explanatory notes, and filled a whole notebook with "unexplained, but not inexplicable, passages." To whom should she appeal for the solution of these literary problems if not to the poet's self-adopted son? So then, "you are summoned, in the name of Shakespeare, of the Graces, of beauty and of that gallantry which we have always known in you, to send back without delay the notebook here enclosed with the explanation of each passage, written in a clear hand—like mine, for example; do you understand?"[1]

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[1] See p. 336.

[2] Letter of June 25th, 1773 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 622).

[3] She was a daughter of the financier Savalette de Magnanville, and, as we have seen, p. 315, had a private theatre at her father's house of La Chevrette, where she acted with de Chastellux (for whom she had a tender fancy) and other friends. Contemporary accounts praise her acting; she also wrote some light and graceful pieces; for example, *La Fausse Sensibilité;* see her *Recueil de comédies nouvelles* (Paris, 1787). At the Revolution she retired to Italy and died in exile.

There must certainly have been times when Garrick regretted his too public admiration for Shakespeare and when he would willingly have abjured the god of his idolatry! In the present case he was some time in replying; and when at length he wrote to Suard, to compliment him on his election to the French Academy, he seems to have made an amusing confusion between him and de Chastellux, sending to the latter apologies which he really owed to the former:

> *Dec. 2nd*, 1774.
>
> MY DEAR FRIEND,
>
> First allow me to congratulate ourselves, both you and me, on the honour which the French Academy has just conferred on itself by the choice it has made of you.[2] Your speech pleases me infinitely; and if you keep your process secret, I defy the shrewdest critic (without excepting *your* Fréron—for we, too, have *ours*[3]) to pick out one broken mesh in its composition. It is spun and worked in so close a fashion, and the whole piece is so well made that neither moth nor bug nor any other literary vermin will be able to bite nor to sully it; of that be assured.

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[1] Letter of May 18th, 1774.

[2] Already elected in 1772, Suard had not been allowed to sit because of his supposed collaboration in the *Encyclopédie*. Having proved that he had had no part in it, he was re-elected and took his seat August 4th, 1774.

[3] He was thinking, no doubt, of his enemy Kenrick.

Let all my dear friends know that I shall never forget their affection and their kindnesses to me. They will (I hope that I shall not offend a French academician if I employ an expression of that barbarian Shakespeare) they

> *"shall live*
> *Within the book and volume of my brain,*
> *Unmix'd with baser matter."*

Since I am speaking of my friends and of Shakespeare (and I speak of nothing so often), you may tell my friend Chastellux that I am distressed on his account. He must think me, for having forgotten his commissions, an Englishman as oddly cold as phlegmatic. He sent me several questions on Shakespeare, begging me to answer them for a lady of his acquaintance. Although I was very ill when I received his letter, knowing how anxious so amiable and gallant a *chevalier* must be to fulfil the wishes of a lady who had asked his assistance, I sent my reply by a gentleman who promised me to hand it without fail to my friend. But lo! my man goes off to Brussels, visits Flanders, and comes back with the book, without having seen Paris. He announces his return to London for next week, and brings with him my notes on the difficult passages!

What can I say of this accident? I am too painfully affected by it not to desire your mediation between my distress and his anger. Get him, I pray, to write me a line, so that I may know if I am to give my answers to M. Garnier, or what I am to do in this difficulty. At the same time, kindly present

> my best regards to him and to all those whom you know to be dear to me; you will, I hope, allow me to include Madame Suard in that number. My wife sends you, without ceremony, her regards and affectionate compliments to you and yours.
>
> Yours most sincerely to the last moment
> of my life,
> D. Garrick.
>
> I am just going to the theatre to play *Hamlet* with my variations. Did I know how to write in French as well as you when you are ill, I would address an Academic discourse of gratitude and thanks to Madame Helvétius, for the honour and pleasure she has done me in sending me an engraving of M. Helvétius. Try and get my friend Morellet, I beg, to act as my interpreter on this occasion.

Next, Garrick recommends to Suard his friend and colleague King,[1] and Suard begs Garrick to send him at once Burney's *History of Music*, which he was thinking of translating into English. In the same letter he reverts with fuller detail to the subject of the manuscript left at London in 1773: "You solemnly promised to make some notes on that manuscript of Diderot's which I left with you in 1773. Those notes will be for me alone if you require it. I need them for a work I am preparing. I summon you to keep your word; you are free now; you have no longer any pretext for refusing, and you will find me a pitiless creditor." Suard had, then, communicated to Garrick Diderot's famous *Paradoxe sur le comédien*—for everything shows that that is the work in question —begging him to add to it his observations and criticisms, with the intention of using them in a work of his own or in some review article. Nothing would have been more interesting than the remarks of the famous actor on Diderot's theories, but he does not seem to have responded to Suard's appeal, nor to have confided to paper his ideas on the point.

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[1] The famous creator of Lord Ogleby in *The Clandestine Marriage* and of Sir Peter Teazle in *The School for Scandal*; he was at Paris in 1776 in search of dancers and tumblers for Sadler's Wells Theatre, of which he was proprietor.

Nevertheless, this paragraph of Suard's letter is not without interest. As is well known, a furious critical battle took place some few years ago around *Le Paradoxe sur le comédien*. Is it, as we possess it to-day, really the work of Diderot? or did his disciple and friend, Naigeon, adulterate and spoil the original draft that appeared in the *Correspondance littéraire* in 1770 by the addition of odds and ends borrowed from different sources? This allusion of Suard's seems to suggest that already in 1773 the *Paradoxe* had been thrown into definite form; for if Suard had sent to Garrick a copy of the *Observations sur une mauvaise brochure intitulée Garrick; ou, Les Comédiens anglais*, as they appeared in the *Correspondance*, would he not have made some allusion to the fact that the actor was referred to in the title?[1] And if these *Observations* had become the *Paradoxe* in 1773, then it was certainly Diderot who arranged them as we have them to-day.[2]

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[1] Moreover, copies of the *Correspondance* were *not* easily obtainable at Paris.

[2] In other words, this reference is too vague to be used as a real piece of evidence; but it seems to support the theory defended by Monsieur Tourneux against Monsieur Dupuy in the *Revue historique* in 1902. Those whom the matter interests may consult this review, vol. ix. pp. 500–529; the *Revue universitaire*, May 15th, 1902 (article by G. Lanson); *La Révolution française*, August 14th, 1902 (article by M. Aulard), etc.

About the same date Garrick's definite determination to quit the stage became known at Paris. At the news Suard grows sad: "I cannot think without bitterness that I shall die without having seen my dear Roscius in all his glory, stirring at will the souls of a whole people and filling mine like the rest with terror, tenderness, admiration, and tears. I shall die without having known all the empire of tragedy and the true sublimity of tragic imitation." But finally he starts off for London with his friends, M. and Mme Necker and the Chevalier de Chastellux, to be present, like so many other Frenchmen, at Garrick's last appearances.[1] No sooner is he back at Paris than he writes to communicate his impressions: "Since our return here we have done nothing but talk of you. As for me, never in my life shall I forget the impressions produced on me by, especially, Lear and Richard. You have given me an idea of your art above my conceptions; Nature has become greater in my eyes, and all her cold, petty, and affected imitators that one sees in our theatres appear at present perfect pigmies. Now that you have left the stage, my friend, take up the pen and leave to the world some great lessons on an art in which you have proved so great a model."[1]

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[1] See Morellet's *Lettres à Lord Shelburne*, ed. Lord Fitzmaurice (Paris, 1898); letter of March 12th, 1776. We reproduce here, without translating it, a note written by Suard during this visit, and characteristic of the man:

SUFFOLK STREET, 24 *mai*.

S'il est permis d'être importun, c'est avec ses amis et pour ses amis. Je viens vous persécuter encore pour Madame la baronne de Diede. Elle devait partir demain pour aller passer plusieurs jours à la campagne; je l'ai engagée à rompre cette partie dans l'espérance de voir *Richard*; elle en meurt d'envie; elle est enthousiaste de vous. Je l'aime de tout mon cœur; j'aimerais à faire quelque chose pour elle et j'aime toujours à recevoir quelque chose de vous. Voyez, mon bon et cher Garrick, si ces motifs-là ne sont pas suffisants pour trouver un moyen de donner trois ou même deux places à une jolie femme. Je voudrais avoir une réponse positive à lui donner. Je me recommande à votre amitié; la mienne durera autant que moi.

SUARD.

Suard is not the only Frenchman who undertook the pilgrimage to London to see Garrick act, or who profited by a stay in England to pay a visit to Drury Lane. Ambassadors and authors, exiled philosophers and travelling actresses, all paid homage to his talents. Rousseau, escorted by his friend and patron Hume, went to a performance of *Lethe* and *Zara*[2]: "I prevailed on him," says Hume, "to go to the play-house in order to see Garrick, who placed him in a box opposite the King and Queen. I observed their Majesties to look at him more than at the players."[3] For his part, the hermit-philosopher had something better to do than to notice a pair of monarchs; he passed the evening leaning half-way out of his box, so as to show himself to the inquisitive public—an altruistic movement which might have finished ill had not Mrs. Garrick hung on to his coat-tails so as to prevent him from falling into the pit. After the performance, however, "the celebrated John James Rousseau . . . made our English Roscius the following compliment: 'Sir, you have made me cry at your Tragedy and laugh at your Comedy, tho' I scarce understood a word of your Language.'"[4]

Beaumarchais, in England in 1774 as agent for the French Government in that affair of the *Avis à la branche espagnole sur ses droits à la couronne de France* which led to his extraordinary adventures in Germany, found time to call on Garrick and to read him his *Barbier de Séville*:

> The opinion of a man so deeply skilled in

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[1] Letter of June 12th, 1776 (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 620).

[2] Aaron Hill's version of Voltaire's *Zaïre*.

[3] Burton, *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, 1846; letter to the Marquise de Barbantane, vol. ii. p. 309. See also pp. 304, 310.

[4] *St. James's Chronicle* (January, 1766).

theatrical art could not fail to produce a keen impression on me; and Madame Garrick's acute and most expressive smiles showed me plainly enough on what I may count for the success of my *Barbier de Séville* and what parts I must touch up. Your idea of giving opium to L'Eveillé and of showing him still drowsy on the stage was at once adopted. . . .[1] I shall, of course, send you the first copy that comes from the press; meanwhile, accept a complete edition of my *Mémoires*[2] as a slight testimony of the friendship, esteem, and profound regard with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

BEAUMARCHAIS.

Morellet, invited to England by Lord Shelburne in 1772, did not miss the opportunity of seeing his friend Garrick; and the actor showed no less eagerness and pleasure in welcoming the good abbé. He was one of the little party that received Morellet at Wycombe, Shelburne's country seat.[3]

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[1] See Act II., scenes iv. vi. and vii. The actor's suggestion was excellent, and the result most amusing.

[2] Boaden publishes (vol. ii. p. 559) another letter from Beaumarchais about the English translation of *Eugénie* (see p. 152), in which the author promises to send Garrick an abstract of a new drama which he had just given to the Comédie Française: "The first copy printed will follow the abstract sent to you." The piece in question was *Les Deux amis*, acted January 1770; but Beaumarchais appears to have sent neither it nor the *Barbier*.

[3] The others were M. FitzMaurice (Lord Shelburne's brother), Colonel Barré, Dr. Hawkesworth (Garrick's former comrade at Edial), and Benjamin Franklin, at that date Commissioner for Pennsylvania. Shelburne had read Morellet's *Dictionnaire du commerce* and had been much impressed by the liberal principles of the French École économique there advocated. When he was at Paris in 1771 he made Morellet's acquaintance and invited him to England. They remained in correspondence after the journey (see the Letters referred to, p. 338). When, in 1783, Lord Shelburne signed the treaty which brought to an end the American War of Independence, he wrote thus to Morellet: "I have begged the Viscount de Vergennes and M. de Reyneval to tell the Count of Vergennes that if, in the course of our negotiations,

"He showed me during my stay [in England] all sorts of proofs of friendship. He made me read *Richard III.* and *Othello*,[1] which he promised to act on his return to London. . . . And he did act when we got back to London, and I had the satisfaction of twice seeing that tragedian, amazing for the force and the truth of his expression and to whom one could alone compare our great actor Le Kain. He had given me a seat in the orchestra of his theatre at Drury Lane and had forbidden me to read whilst he was acting, maintaining that I should understand him without that assistance, in spite of the fact that spoken English was still very foreign to my French ears, so great was his confidence in the truthfulness of his gesture. Now and again I infringed his prohibition and opened the book I had brought with me almost against

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he has found my opinions worthy of his approbation and esteem, it was to you that I owed them; that your conversation and your knowledge has essentially contributed to extend and liberalize my ideas on this subject. . . ." This praise from Lord Shelburne brought the worthy abbé a royal pension. See Lemontey, *Histoire de la régence* (Paris, 1832).

Morellet, born at Lyons, 1727, had earned a modest pension by educating the son of a noble Pole. He added to this by his numerous translations and other writings. Elected a member of the French Academy in 1785, it was he who, during the Revolution, saved the Archives of that institution and the manuscript of the Dictionary. Besides the influence he exerted on Lord Shelburne, he helped to form, as a guest at M. Necker's, the mind of the future Mme de Staël.

[1] In the notes which he took during this journey under the title of *Melanges sur l'Angleterre* and which are to-day among his papers in the town library at Lyons, Morellet gives some details of these readings of *Othello*. "I asked him why Shakespeare had made his hero black. I pointed out to him that, in our idea, that Moorish face greatly diminished our interest in him; and that, moreover, it made Desdemona's virtue almost incredible and impossible. His answer was that Shakespeare had shown us white men jealous in other pieces, but that their jealousy had limits, and was not so terrible; that, in the part of Othello, he had wished to paint that passion in all its violence, and that is why he chose an African in whose veins circulated fire instead of blood, and whose true or imaginary character could excuse all boldnesses of expression and all exaggerations of passion. If this defence is not sufficient, it is ingenious; but I can at least assure you that, in giving it, he is perfectly sincere."

his will. At that he glared at me terribly. I decided at length to look at nothing but him, and, in truth, although a great number of words were lost to me, if I did not understand everything, I understood all but everything. Garrick might have served as interpreter to that Asiatic king who asked the Romans for a mime by whose aid he might make himself understood by all the nations subject to his vast sway.

"When, some six months after that date, I was back again in London on my return journey to Paris, he took me to pass a few days at his country house near Hampton Court, on the banks of the Thames, with his amiable wife. She was German and had been a dancer; she had much grace and kindness of heart, and the sight of their union was charming. . . ."[1]

Home once more, Morellet writes Garrick a long and interesting letter, in which he speaks of a proposed translation of Hawkesworth's *Voyages*, to be made by himself and Suard, "the man in this country who understands English best and who writes our language best. . . . I repeat that it would be an agreeable thing for him [Hawkesworth] to be translated with such care and into *good French* at a time when our language is *still*, for a great part of Europe, the means by which works in English are known."

In the same letter we note a passage relative to Burke, the orator, a close friend of Garrick's:

> Our friend, Mr. Burke,[2] has left us too soon. We should perhaps have got him to adopt maxims of tolerance somewhat more liberal

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[1] See *Mémoires de l'abbé Morellet* (1823), pp. 202, 208.

[2] Burke passed through Paris in February 1773, after having taken his son to Auxerre to learn French. It was on this occasion that he saw the Dauphine (see his *French Revolution*), supped at Mme du Deffant's (see her *Lettres*), and made the acquaintance of Morellet and

than those he lays down in the House of Commons. Tell him, from me, that tolerance is ineffectual if not universal; that it must be extended to sceptics, and even to atheists; that those who extend it thus are not necessarily atheists themselves; that atheism is too metaphysical a doctrine, and one, moreover, too much opposed to those ideas that men necessarily draw from natural phenomena and the evils of life, ever to be generally adopted. That there is then nothing to be feared from it, provided we have good laws, which we must always have and without which all the religions in the world can do nothing for the happiness of man on the earth; that the shortest and the surest way and the only one that can help us to have good laws, is the entire and unbounded liberty of saying and writing what one pleases, even what is mad, stupid, immoral and impious; as, in matters of government, a people that does not enjoy the liberty of attacking even liberty itself, will never succeed in establishing fixed and firm principles of good government and good administration. I beg him and you too to think over this small number of principles, and I hope he will be convinced that they are right; if not, I shall not love him nor you the less for that; for I must, of course, put my own lessons into practice by tolerating you. Know, however, that it would not be intolerant not to tolerate the intolerant. From here I can see M. FitzMaurice laughing and then

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the Encyclopædists. At the House of Commons, in March 1773, he gave his assent to a bill abolishing the religious tests imposed by the Toleration Act, but he declared himself opposed to all rationalism. "Infidels," he said, "are outlaws of the constitution, not of this country, but of the human race." It is to this speech that Morellet alludes in his letter.

> thinking over the words of Papa Morellet. Remember me kindly to him.

And the good abbé gives a proof of his large-mindedness in adding to this philosophical dissertation his affectionate compliments to Mlle Heinel, the dancer, and his congratulations to Garrick on his alteration of *Hamlet*, of which, he says, he would be glad to have the text so as to see "what ceases to be the English taste in 1773."[1]

As we have already seen, Madame Necker was amongst those who came to London in 1776 to witness the actor's last public appearances. They excited her enthusiasm to the highest degree. Her letters, overflowing with praise and compliments, have more than once been quoted by the biographers of the actor, especially that of which Gibbon, touched perhaps by a tender remembrance of the fair Mlle Curchod, said that it was "the best letter that ever was written."[2] Here is another from the same lady, less eloquent, but in the same enraptured tones; it might have been written by Rousseau's Julie:

> So I can tell my friends that I have seen that unique man; that man, who is the admired of all Europe and the delight of his friends. Behold him as he is; but the painter has seized a single instant and I have imprinted a thousand in my head and in my heart. I shall add: to him I owe that sublime engraving; he honoured me with his friendship and his favours; and if I shed torrents of tears, when he played Hamlet and Lear, I

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[1] Letter of April 5th, 1773.

[2] See Boaden, vol. ii. p. 624; Garrick's reply, p. 625. There are other letters from Mme Necker on pp. 617, 626, 634. The one we quote is taken from a copy in the Forster Collection, xxvi. *add.*; see Appendix I.

> shed yet more copious streams when I parted from him and his charming companion; their fair picture shall be ever joined to all my feelings.
>
> I will travel no more; I have, in M^r^ Garrick's acting, studied the manners of all men and I have made more discoveries about the human heart than if I had gone over the whole of Europe. I am at least perfectly certain that I should have seen nothing as worthy of admiration, of respect and of attachment as M^{r} and M^{rs} Garrick, to whom I present my tenderest respects.

On the back of this letter the flattered actor wrote: "A most charming billet!"; and in his reply he attempted, not without success, to imitate the style of his fair correspondent:

> MADAM, HAMPTON, *June* 18*th*, 1776.
>
> I cannot say whether I am most happy or distressed by your very elegant and affectionate letter: such a sincerity of praise from such a lady has added a cubit to my stature; but the self-conviction I have that I cannot answer it as such a letter ought to be answered, makes me miserable. I defy the whole French Academy, with my most critical and worthy friend Suard at their head, to give such power to words as you have done; nor is it in their power to lower the joy of my mind or the pride of my heart from the present exalted state you have raised them to. Though every poet was a Voltaire, and every proseman a Rousseau, I now defy the devil of criticism and all his works. I can say with our Waller:
>
> She smiled, and from her smiles were sped
> Such darts as struck the monster dead.

> I flatter myself that you will not be displeased to know that I departed my theatrical life on Monday the 10th of June—it was indeed a sight very well worth seeing! Though I performed my part with as much, if not more, spirit than I ever did, yet when I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too; it was indeed, as I said, *a most awful moment.* You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling if you had then seen and heard them. After I had left the stage and was dead to them, they would not suffer the *petite pièce* to go on; nor would the actors perform, they were so affected: in short, the public was very generous and I am most grateful.
>
> M^rs^ Garrick, who has taken your letter from me by force and keeps it locked up, begs to join her most affectionate respects with mine to you and M^r^ Necker.
>
> I am, with the greatest truth, Madam,
> Your most obedient and devoted,
> D. GARRICK.[1]

The Comtesse de Boufflers, the friend of David Hume and ex-admirer of Jean-Jacques, brings less effusion but as much commendation:

> I should be sorry, Sir, to leave the town without having expressed to you the sense I have of your complaisance with my desire and my strong admiration of your uncommon talent. I think myself more unhappy than I did before to be so ignorant in the English Language; my attention having often been disturbed by the necessity of reading, tho'

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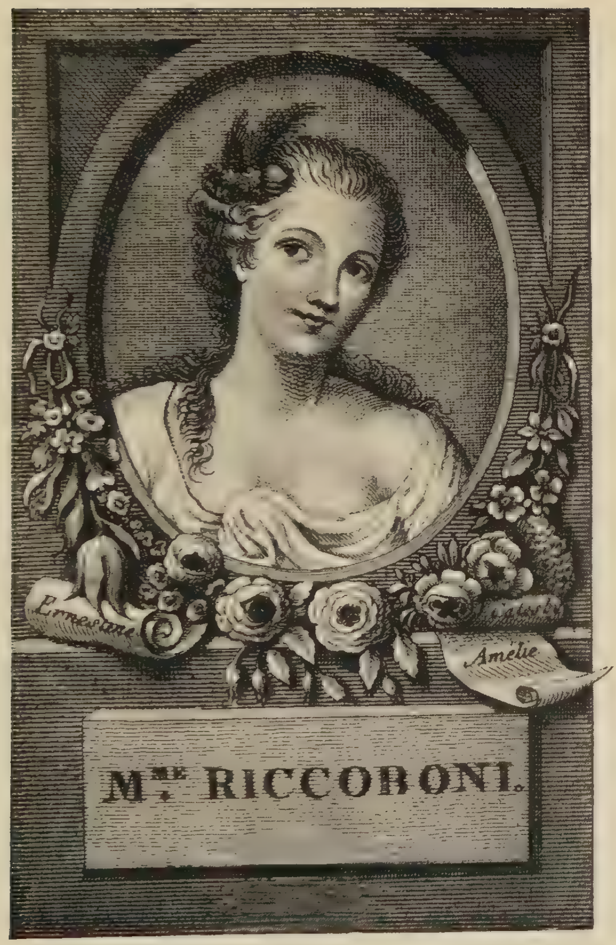
[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 161.



Bovinet sculp.

MADAME RICCOBONI.

not so far as to prevent me to see your abilities are not inferior to your great reputation.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,
HENRIETTE D'ANJOU,
COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.[1]

Grimm, when he came to England with the Prince of Hesse in 1771, did not fail to take his Highness to the theatre of Drury Lane. His pupil and he had studied together some comedies of Ben Jonson's, of Beaumont and Fletcher's, and of Hoadley's; and we have an amusing letter of theirs in which Grimm assures the actor that "were it absolutely necessary to prepare ourselves in a tragedy, we would, I believe, sit up at night to study it"; and in which the prince adds, in what is in one sense nervous English: "The plays are so handsome and spiritfull, that uppon the Theater the Plays cannt are agreeable from itself, when but the illustrious Garrick Plays itself, and we poor Strangers when we hear him alors nous serons dans la plus grande satisfaction d'avoir vu la plus belle chose de l'Angleterre; osons-nous l'espérer, Monsieur?"[2]

Abbé Morellet was right; the English language was not yet well known on the continent of Europe.

Thus every one came prepared to admire, and every one went away contented. No, not every one; one visitor, at least, did not receive a very cordial reception from Garrick, and ever after bore him a grudge for his coldness. This was the notorious

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[1] This letter was written as quoted (Forster Collection, xxvi. *add.*).

[2] Letter of October 11th 1771; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 635. Garrick appears to have acted the pieces asked for and to have done his best to be agreeable to the visitors.

Linguet,[1] who, struck off the lists of the Paris Bar, and deprived of his licence to publish *L'Année politique et littéraire*, went into exile in 1776. He withdrew to London, and when he arrived there sent to the actor the following pompous letter:

> Cicero, Sir, boasted that he had taken lessons from the first actor of his time; had he lived in our days, he would not have chosen Roscius for his master, he would have come to London to find a model. So far I have nothing in common with him but the fact of being exiled; if your health and your occupations allow of it, I should like to imitate him in a more agreeable point, and to learn from you what relation there is between the secrets of your art and of that I exercised for a time. As I cannot expect to be so fortunate, I hope at least that you will allow me to render to your talents the homage due to them from every man of feeling. I entreat you to inform me on what day and at what hour I can discharge that duty. I am earnestly urged to do so by a lady whose wishes affect me closely and who, by her personal merit, is not unworthy of appreciating yours.
>
> I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,
>
> LINGUET.[2]

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[1] Linguet was a man of great ability but of unsociable temper and overweening conceit. He had made a great reputation at the Bar; but his pride annoyed his colleagues, his attacks in *L'Année politique* created him many enemies among the Philosophers, and the advanced views he expressed in his *Théorie des lois* brought him into trouble with the Crown. Exiled by Louis XVI., he travelled in England, Holland, and Switzerland, and when he was allowed to return to France he soon earned a lodging in the Bastille. He remained, however, a firm royalist, and was guillotined as such in 1794. See Cruppi *Linguet*; Paris, 1895.

[2] Letter of November 1st, 1776 (Forster Collection).

Garrick, who was well acquainted with the ex-barrister's bad reputation, and was aware of his quarrels with the Philosophers, did not answer this letter, and refused to receive the writer. Linguet's anger found vent in the columns of *L'Année politique*, and pursued the actor's memory even after his death: "I have never seen David Garrick act. . . . That actor had—a thing which accords rarely, or rather never, with genius of any kind—much trickery and pliancy, with a childish conceit and ridiculous vanity—the lot of small souls, far different from that appreciation of oneself which belongs to the great; and a sordid avarice, a stinginess which might have provided new features for Harpagon's character. . . ." And he goes on to tell how Garrick counted every penny taken each evening at the door of the theatre, and ransacked all the rag-shops of London for old clothes, which he patched up to replenish the wardrobe of Drury Lane![1]

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[1] See *Jugemens sur Le Kain*, par Molé; avec *Linguet sur Garri(c)k* (Paris, 1801).

Linguet was not quite alone in considering the welcome offered him by Garrick unworthy of his merits. The following note, preserved in the Forster Collection, displays an amusingly laconic anger:

ORCHARD STREET, WESTMINSTER,
LE 3 *septembre*, 1766.

Pardon, Monsieur, si j'ai été si importun. C'est qu'on m'avait trompé et on m'avait assuré que vous vous faisiez un plaisir particulier d'obliger. Je reconnais mon erreur et n'y retomberai sûrement plus. Voilà ce que c'est de mal connaître ses gens. Vous me donnez des notions plus claires. J'en profiterai, et serai toute ma vie avec les sentiments qui vous sont dûs, Monsieur.

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,
LE COLONEL DE CHAMPIGNY.

In the same Collection is a letter, already quoted by Sainte-Beuve (*Nouveaux Lundis* (1872), 2nd ed., vol. vi. p. 401), in which a certain René de Vigny, imprisoned for debt at London, asks the actor for help:

Je suis ici depuis dix mois pour 300 pièces; j'ai éprouvé tout ce qui peut affliger un cœur tendre et sensible; si vous joignez à cela de manquer du nécessaire depuis deux mois, vous jugerez de quel prix serait le service que vous me rendrez. J'ai caché à ma famille et à mes amis en France ma détention, j'ai cru devoir le faire : je n'en reçois point de secours. Un domestique m'a emporté mes plus précieux effets, j'ai été forcé d'engager les autres ; je m'efforce de cacher ici mon état, je souffre en silence, craignant le mépris qui suit le besoin ; mais je ne puis plus le tenir secret, on commence à s'en apercevoir, et sans respect pour mon malheur, on me tourmente pour quelques avances contractées par l'affreuse nécessité. Je vous prie donc d'adoucir mes douleurs en me prêtant dix ou douze guinées dont j'ai besoin tant pour acquitter les dettes humiliantes, que pour vivre en attendant que je prenne des arrangements. Je vous les rendrai dès que je pourrai, etc. . . . Je vous envoie, Monsieur, une lettre de recommandation que m'avait donnée un conseiller au Parlement de Bretagne de mes amis pour un gentilhomme des siens. . . . Je vous prie de la garder comme un titre de vérité jusqu'à ce que j'aie rempli mon devoir envers vous. . . .

Jean René de Vigny,
Ancien Mousquetaire et officier dans une des compagnies de la garde du Roi de France.

This letter suggests two questions. Was this de Vigny a member of the family of the poet Alfred de Vigny, as Sainte-Beuve wished to insinuate? He seems rather to have been an impostor, and a member of the noble race of begging-letter writers. The Archives of the French War Office contain no trace of the self-styled officer. It is true that that does not prove conclusively that he was not attached in some capacity to the King's Guards; for the rolls of the Royal Household preserved at the War Office are extremely voluminous, and so far have not been indexed. But although we have carefully sought for a Jean-René de Vigny among the noble families bearing that name in the eighteenth century, we have not succeeded in identifying him; we are forced to conclude that his nobility was assumed.

Secondly, did Garrick give him the assistance asked for? There is no document to prove definitely that he did; but the actor often performed acts of kindness unostentatiously. We note, however, that the verses sent by him to Favart (p. 304) were translated into French by a "M. de V. . . . a friend who has never rhymed in his life." The date of that letter (February 5th, 1767) is very close to that of de Vigny's epistle, and seems to suggest that "M. de V." and the "Ancien Mousquetaire" were the same person.

All the French ambassadors to the Court of St. James's saw and admired Garrick: the Duke of Nivernois in 1763; the Duke of Guines, 1770–76 (see an anecdote—apocryphal, no doubt—about a curious meeting between Garrick and him at Lord Edgcumbe's: *Hist. abrégée du th. ang.* in the *Méms. de Garrick*, translated by Desprès); the Marquis of Noailles in 1776. At this latter date the actor had already retired; but at a dinner given by Mrs. Montagu he kindly showed the French visitors a specimen of his talent: "I dare not repeat to you what was said," writes the hostess, "lest it should look like flattery; but I will tell you that Mme de Noailles thanked me above an hundred times for the pleasure and surprise; she was thanking me and wondering at you all the way she went downstairs so earnestly that I was afraid she would fall and break her bones." (Boaden, vol. ii. p. 369.) We will conclude these notes by a copy of some "Vers sur Garrick par un Français," published in the *Public Advertiser* in 1772; we do not recommend them as poetry; Garrick was not lucky in the tributes he received from his Gallic admirers.

En vain sous les dehors d'une figure humaine
Voudrais-tu déguiser le fils de Melpomène.
Aux sons harmonieux de ta divine voix
Garrick, le masque tombe et le découvre en toi.
Quel mortel put jamais ainsi sur son visage
Peindre l'effroi, l'amour, la terreur, le courage!
Ou d'un œil animé pénétrant jusqu'au cœur
Le remplir à son gré de joie et de douleur?
Non, il n'en fut jamais. Par sa douce éloquence
Un Dieu civilisa le monde en son enfance,
Quand innocent encor il était vertueux:
Orphée, eût-il vécu dans ces temps moins heureux,
L'Homme, sourd à sa voix, l'eût forcé de se taire;
S'il peut être touché, Garrick seul peut le faire.
J. C.

V

MADAME RICCOBONI

But of all the French people whom Garrick knew, Madame Riccoboni and Jean Monnet were his most faithful friends and most regular correspondents. The others wrote to him from time to time to ask him some favour, or when they had some special reason for thinking of him; these two felt the need of remaining in closer relations with him, of following his movements, receiving news of his health, and assuring him of their affection. Garrick, hurried along by the current of a busy life, did not always answer their letters; but they did not misinterpret his silence, and continued to send him communications which they knew gave pleasure.

They both lived at Paris; yet Madame Riccoboni and Monnet did not know one another, or were only the most distant acquaintances. The former, a lady-novelist greatly in vogue, frequented literary circles, such as that of the Baron d'Holbach; or, more often still, worked quietly in her study beside her sole friend, Mlle Biancolelli, confiding herself to her books. Monnet, the theatrical free-lance and adventurer, was an assiduous guest at the merry gatherings at Pelletier's and the Comte de Luc's, shared his time among a whole circle of acquaintances, and was a well-known figure in gay society. The difference is apparent in their letters; those of Madame

Riccoboni, in spite of their wild disorder, are always concerned with intellectual matters; those of Monnet deal with more material things. Yet these two characters and these two styles find a bond of union in their affectionate admiration for their common friend, Garrick.

As we turn over the epistles of Madame Riccoboni we seem to feel that, had she met some twenty years earlier him whom she calls *the dearling of her heart*, the result might have been more serious. Mrs. Garrick would not, perhaps, have been too well pleased to see a younger woman express so ardent an affection for her husband, and the *combustible heart* of the ex-actress might have set fire to that united household. Her letters show that aftermath of love that can still spring up in life's autumn, especially—as was the case with Madame Riccoboni—in a soil worn and beaten by the storms of life; and that tardy affection excited a certain sympathy on Garrick's side, and a desire to know his correspondent's story.

"You ask me my history," replied Madame Riccoboni; "do you suppose that I have one? . . . I have recounted in one of my works the event which changed the first arrangements that Fate had made for me; and, unknowingly, the public showed great interest in my misfortunes, which it regarded as fiction." And she resumes, in a few sentences, the misery of her childhood, darkened by the death of her father and the loss of her fortune; the unhappiness of her youth, spent under the tyranny of a coquettish and indifferent mother; the mishaps of her married life with a fickle, excitable, and bad-tempered husband; the disappointments of a theatrical career, employed, despite her sensitive and serious character, in playing light comedy parts; and her experiences as the author of works which would have made her fortune but for the dishonesty of piratical publishers. "I have won consideration, and that is a great deal. When she loses her youth, a woman has nothing left; I do still exist, and if I owed to my small reputation nothing but your acquaintance and your friendship, I should yet be glad at having become a writer."[1]

Such, then, was the woman who sent to Garrick those impetuous letters, half in English, half in

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[1] Letter of January 2nd, 1772; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 593. Marie-Jeanne Laboras de Mézières, Madame Riccoboni, was born at Paris in 1714. What she recounts of her life in her letter to Garrick is substantially correct, and errs only by its omissions. She does not mention an incident which she has employed in her *Lettres de Fanny Butler à milord Charles Alfred, comte d'Erford*: she had been seduced and then abandoned by a M. de Maillebois. She joined the Italian Theatre in 1734, and married Riccoboni, an inferior actor and the author of several comedies and of *L'Art du Théâtre*. She was forty-three when she published her first novel, founded on her own experiences. Her second, *Juliette Catesby*, won a great success and established her reputation. She composed a *Suite de la vie de Marianne*, an excellent imitation of Marivaux's style; a novel, *Miss Jenny*, which was honoured by a translation by Goldoni; and others, much appreciated in the eighteenth century and certainly superior to the lucubrations of Mme de Puisieux, Mme de Saint-Aubin, Mme Elie de Beaumont, and the other women writers of the day. It is with the *Nouvelle Héloïse* that her writings should be compared, and in them are to be found the same scenes of passion, the same *tender and respectable* lovers, who *flood* one another with *torrents of delicious tears*; the same faults on the side of the young people and the same severity on the part of the parents; the same *emotions of the heart* and the same pages of philosophical reflections: and, although they have less original force and betray more foreign influence, they are not always inferior to Rousseau's compositions. There are letters in *Fanny Butler* which remain still fresh to-day, and in which, in spite of a too stiff and too affected phraseology, one feels a human heart. The idea of *Juliette Catesby* is well conceived in its simplicity: the opening scenes especially, in which Lord d'Orsay (all her heroes are *Milords* and most of her heroines *Miladies* or *Misses*), who is in love with Juliette and engaged to her, yields to a moment of folly and seduces the sister of one of his friends, is lacking neither in force nor in talent. It would be possible to glean, in her bulky productions, the matter of a still readable volume, which would include her tales *Ernestine* and *L'Aveugle* and some of her letters to Garrick, Hume, and Adam Smith. The Revolution, by depriving her of her crown pension, brought her to misery; she died in 1792. Consult, on her, the *Notice* in the first volume of her *Works* (Paris, 1818); and De la Porte, *Hist. litt. des femmes françaises*, vol. v. (1869).

French, full of shrieks and cries, with sudden stops and no less sudden resumptions, such as this:

> Mon Dieu! la mauvaise tête! Je parle de la mienne, et vous le jugez bien. Votre lettre est arrivée à Paris le même jour que notre aimable Baron en partait, chargé de trois pages de mes impertinents reproches. Je vous le dis en secret, je suis étourdie, impatiente, grondeuse, pétulante, insupportable! —au reste, la meilleure créature du monde: quand j'ai fait cent sottises, je me chagrine, je me désole; je vois mes torts, je les sens, je m'en repens, je les avoue. Me voilà dans le cas: Your pardon, my dear, dear friend; I write to you upon my knees. Vous méritez mille et mille remerciements; je vous ai querellé, traité comme un chien; il faudrait m'assommer; mais you are so good, j'espère ma grâce; forgive this fault; je n'y retournerai plus jamais, jamais, jamais. Et cet honnête libraire, poor man! . . . je lui écrirai, quand j'aurai reçu son envoi; ne me trahissez pas; chut! paix! Faites-lui bien des compliments de ma part, bien des civilités; c'est un digne homme que Monsieur Becket —a galant man, a very good man; I kiss him.[1]

Or again:

> Help, help! murder, murder! dear Theresa, make haste, give me some relief—I am in a fit—I am distracted—Cut off M^r^ Burke's throat[2]—mercy on us! forbear—O tyrant! Mais il n'est pas prudent d'irriter ce méchant

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 450.

[2] The allusion is to Sir Richard Burke, who was at Paris in 1765-66.

> diable. Honest M^r Noise, I implore your pity: upon my knees I crave your pardon! Be good, be merciful, do not cut nothing to the lovely Dick. Faith, his eyes are fine eyes; his smiles are sweet smiles. Well, and what for this? Venez ici, répondez à ma question; tenez-vous là, soyez sage. Est-ce que depuis le voyage de M. Burke en France, je vous en aime moins, my little irrational? est-ce que je mérite toutes ces dures épithètes? You are too hasty, Sir. En parlant de M^r Burke, je dis *le bel Anglais*, ou *mon aimable écolier*; en parlant de M. Garrick, je dis *the dearling of my heart; the charming David; my dear, my sweet friend.* I call you an ungrateful monster, are you not? Quel torrent d'injures! et les terminer par Woman, Woman! Zounds, Sir, a pretty piece of insolent vanity, indeed! Mais, je m'honore du nom de *femme*, à la barbe de toute l'impertinente tribu de votre espèce; je ne voudrais pas changer de sexe; non, depend on it, man, lofty man![1]

And of what does she talk in her letters? Often, as has just been seen, of matters of trifling import. But there are also in her pages little pen-sketches of celebrated people, paragraphs of literary criticism, and items of literary history; all that, mingled with anecdotes and chatter of Parisian society, forms an agreeable document on French social life in the eighteenth century.

First, stout David Hume crosses her pages. With him she is "on the best of terms." He has sent her his *History of England*, of which she writes: "I have much admired it. No reflections could be truer, no views more just, no narration more concisely conducted, no portraits more impartial. The book does as much honour to your heart as to your mind."[1] Whilst, in a letter to Garrick, she adds: "Paris will regret Mr. Hume; he is going to Ireland, you know."[2] Like every one else at Paris and London, she has something to say about the quarrel between Hume and Rousseau: "Men of letters take Mr. Hume's part, and people of good sense do not imagine that he is in the wrong. A kind and affectionate nature, an honest heart and well-balanced mind—such are the historian's guarantees. Rousseau seeks celebrity, and prefers that to all else; he will not rest quiet in the retreat he desired. Is he not very inconsistent? Do not his conduct and his principles clash? When one despises men, can one wish to occupy their attention? One is too happy to be neglected by those whose manners one contemns, whose hearts one believes incapable of kindness, of gratitude, and of friendship."[3]

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 477. Boaden regrets the indelicate freedom with which Mme Riccoboni betrays her feelings. Poor lady! she was fifty-two.

Next comes another celebrated Scotchman, Adam Smith: "Have you not yet seen him? He is the most absent-minded creature! but one of the most lovable! I like him much and esteem him yet more." And when Smith leaves for London, she gives him a letter of introduction for Garrick, in which we read: "A Scotchman, a man of the highest merit, as eminent for his good nature and for the gentleness of his character as for his intelligence and knowledge, asks me for a letter to you. You will meet in him a moral and practical philosopher, gay and laughing, a hundred leagues removed from the pedantry of ours. He has much esteem for you, and would like to know you more intimately."[1] In these sentences she resumes an admiration which Smith returned with interest: "The poets and romance writers," he declares, "who best paint the refinements and delicacies of love and friendship, and of all other private and domestic affections, [are] Racine and Voltaire, Richardson, Marivaux, and Riccoboni."[2]

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[1] Letter of June 29th, 1766; see *Letters of Eminent Persons to David Hume* (Edinburgh, 1849), p. 301.

[2] August 31st, 1765. Lord Hertford, appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had offered a post to Hume, who, in the end, did not accept it.

[3] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 488.

When it is not of common acquaintances that she writes, she chats of books and authors, passing on men and things amusing judgments, not lacking in shrewdness and wit. Smollett is a *wretched scamp*, who has as little knowledge of the manners of his own country as of those of France; all his works are *detestable*, his *Peregrine Pickle* especially is an *accursed book*, and his *Count Fathom*, *odious*. "The *Night Thoughts* of Young," she tells her friend, "have had great success here. It is an unanswerable proof of the alteration in the French character. I have read half the work, and, in spite of its beauty, I could not get on with it. One reads without pain a treatise on death; it saddens but does not amaze one, and does not fix sombre pictures in the mind; but to read this sublime and dark poet one must be without friends. . . . It is unfortunate for Young that the vapours were known before his verses; otherwise he would have been the creator of that malady, and his memory would have been precious to all the Faculties of Medicine in Europe."[1]

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[1] Letter of October 6th (1766); Boaden, vol. ii. p. 548.

[2] See his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, vol. i. p. 350, ed. 1790. In 1765 Smith especially frequented at Paris the philosophers of the Economic School; and his conversations with Turgot, Helvétius, Morellet, and others helped him to develop the ideas he expressed later in his *Wealth of Nations*. See John Rae, *Life of Adam Smith*, 1895; Morellet, *Mémoires*, p. 244. Every one had not the same exalted opinion of Madame Riccoboni's talents. Palissot, in his *Dunciade*, promotes her to the command of Stupidity's bodyguard (Chant ix.), and declares that she had not written the novels that bore her name; in the later editions of his poem he withdrew this unfounded allegation.

Garrick sends her Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on Shakespeare.* "A pamphlet perfectly written. The reflections on Voltaire are just. Your author calls him ignorant; but I accuse him of base jealousy, unpardonable in a man of genius."

Her opinion on the lately published *Vicar of Wakefield* is yet more interesting: "He will teach me nothing. He is a man who passes rapidly enough from misfortune to misfortune, and from happiness to happiness quite as quickly. That is hardly like real life. One should endeavour to depict the most ordinary situations, those in which many persons may find themselves. Then the lessons of conduct will be useful. I am not a competent judge of the style, but the plan of the work did not interest me; the pathos which Mr. Burke had promised me did not strike me; the pleading in favour of robbers, thieves, and people of bad morals was very far from pleasing me. We must tell men: *Always be honest; honour, once lost, is never regained.* That would throw them into despair, people will say; you would deprive them of all desire to get back to the path of duty. My friend, experience proves that he whose ideas have been turned towards baseness and crime by misery or want, and who has looked shame in the face and run the risk of deserving it, is a man whose heart is corrupted. Your vicar preaches to scoundrels, and converts them: I should not like to meet his congregation in a wood, if I had a thousand guineas in my pocket!"[2]

She keeps Garrick posted up in the theatrical news of Paris: "Yesterday a piece fell at the French Theatre; its author is M. de Beaumarchais;

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[1] Letter of September 12th, 1769.

[2] Letter of September 11th, 1766.

Préville acted in it like an angel"[1]—this laconic announcement tells of the failure of *Eugénie*. She helps Garrick to follow the evolution of the new school of drama: "Saurin has put Mr. Moore's *Gamester* on the stage. He has added blackness and horror to it. He has taken from the novel of *Cleveland* the passage where the hero wants to kill his children. That's all very well for Cleveland, whose good conduct makes him believe that unhappiness is inseparable from life; but Beverley, who has ruined his son, is a fool to wish to kill him. A vast amount of ill has been said of the play, but people have been in crowds to see it and Molé has seemed wonderful in a part in which I should dearly like to see you."

Finally, they had always one inexhaustible subject of conversation: their own works. In Madame Riccoboni's eyes every production of Garrick's inkpot was charming and masterly. His poor operetta, *Cymon*, she declares to be "well composed, well written, everything in it is true, everything agreeable"; but this judgment of the ex-actress need not astonish us, for Garrick's play was a kind of Shakespearian fairy-piece arranged in the style of the Italian Theatre. She promised to translate all his works; but the two volumes of her *Nouveau théâtre anglais*, published in 1769, did not contain a single one; the reason for this omission has already been given. We will not follow through this long correspondence the history of Madame Riccoboni's novels; all of them, from *Madame de Sancerre*—with a dedicatory epistle to the actor, written in the maddest style—to the *Lettres de Lord Rivers*, took the road to Hampton; and Garrick, with generous kindness, busied himself in finding translators, in getting them published by his friend Beckett, and in recommending them to his large circle of acquaintances.

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[1] Cf. a letter of Monnet's: "*Eugénie*, that poor piece I spoke to you of . . . which fell so flat the first day and which picked up again on the second, has been interrupted by Préville's illness." Opinions were divided on this play, but were in general against it.

His time was, however, more fully occupied than that of his correspondent and his pen could not keep pace with hers. His silence must often have damped Madame Riccoboni's "combustible heart"; she is continually complaining of his neglect: "I have not had a line from you all this year"; "I shall go on writing until I *do* get a reply"; etc. Three of his letters to her have been preserved, and we will give them here; the first, no doubt, represents fairly well the jocular and hurried style in which he usually answered her lengthy and more studied epistles:

> *May* 15*th*, 1766.
>
> THOU DEAR, WILD, AGREEABLE DEVIL!
>
> I have but a moment to tell you that I love you in spite of your cruelty and ill-usage of me. I have received your letters by M^r Liston,[1] but have not yet seen him; and, indeed, what shall I say to him when I do? You say such fine things of him, that I ought to measure swords wth him, instead of doing him any Service in my power; in short, if I was to fight every man that I am jealous of upon your account I should have no time for eating and sleeping.
>
> The bearer of this is a Gentleman who has written with great success for the Stage[2]; he will tell you all about me, and can give you the best information about our theatrical

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[1] A young Scotchman whom Mme Riccoboni had recommended to Garrick; see her letter of May 25th, 1766; Boaden, vol. ii. p 482.

[2] Isaac Bickerstaffe.

affairs. His merit as a writer you are acquainted with; for, if I mistake not, I sent you his *Love in a Village* and *Maid of yᵉ Mill*; he has likewise given a piece to our theatre this last winter, which I have sent you, with another in which I have the right of being a half-father.[1] If it amuses you and your amiable friend (to whom we send our best wishes) I shall not be asham'd that I had a finger in the pye.

What a good sweet-temper'd Christian am I, to forgive you after all yᵉ Injuries I have receiv'd from you!

My wife joins her love with mine, but she can't love you half so well as I do, and for a good Reason.

Sweet, witty Barbarian,
Yʳˢ Ever and Ever,
D. Garrick.

P.S. I am allways upon the Gallop. Mʳ Bickerstaff can't stay, nor have I time to read my letter over.[2]

Garrick's second letter is a reply to one of Madame Riccoboni's, so characteristic in its mingling of chatter and literary criticism that we will quote a portion of it:

Paris, *Sept. 7th*, 1768.

Were I not your friend, your tender, your stedfast friend, you might call me *an ungrate-*

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[1] This is *The Clandestine Marriage*, to which Colman would never admit that Garrick was in any way related. Thus Favart (July 24th, 1766) asks Garrick for his opinion of a comedy which Colman, *the author*, has given him, and which is called *The Clandestine Marriage*; at the same time Mme Riccoboni congratulates Garrick on the same work: "The finger you put in the pie has certainly made it very tasty."

[2] This letter has kindly been communicated to us by Sir John O. S. Thursby, the present possessor of the four volumes of letters and documents relating to Garrick collected by the late Sir Henry Irving.

ful slut. I fall out with you, I worry you; and, instead of growing weary of my impertinence, you oblige me and do me a thousand favours. Believe me, my dearest and most amiable friend, I retain a sincere and lively affection for you, which my gratitude increases and time shall never weaken. Were it possible for me to come and pay you a visit at that charming country-seat where you are kind enough to wish to see me, the fear of offending M^rs^ Garrick would not hinder me. One cannot displease her by cherishing the man she prefers to all others; and then I am a handsome ape indeed to inspire jealousy in a beautiful woman! If I were she, I would beat you. I would have satisfaction for that tittle-tattle, and I would get very angry.

Let us talk of my accursed affairs, since you are good enough to concern yourself with them. Never have I been so vexed and so upset. Not to be able to get from London some twenty comedies in the course of a whole year! I could have got them from China! I have cursed like a pagan; at present I am waiting patiently, but Heaven alone knows with what rage.

Not having enough to make a second volume, I have decided on printing the first; it will be out in two months or earlier. You shall have it directly it is printed. Perhaps you will not be as pleased as your prejudice in my favour makes you hope. You will find great changes in the dialogue; I have taken tremendous liberties, I warn you. The two English authors will talk of ineptness and ignorance and will say that they have not been understood. They will be right at London, but wrong here. I have not aspired

> to correct them, but simply to render their work more capable of pleasing my compatriots.[1]
>
> The taste of all nations, my friend, agrees on certain points: what is natural, what is true, what is touching, is equally interesting to the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Russian, and the Turk. But wit, trifling, fun, and what is the proper tone for jesting—these things change their name when they change their climate. What is sprightly, light, and graceful in one language becomes cold, heavy, insipid, or coarse in another: the right tone and propriety of application, which are the sources of pleasure, disappear. What would cause a peal of laughter in France, would make people hoot at London or Vienna. In every land a trifle will make or mar a joke, and often that trifle is local. Usually, those whose profession it is to translate have little idea of these delicate distinctions; and that is why I have never seen a tolerable translation.

She then explains that she has translated Murphy's *The Way to keep Him*, and Mlle Biancolelli, Moore's *The Foundling*. She praises and criticizes these two pieces, and continues:

> The Chevalier de Chastellux has lent me *The Suspicious Husband*. Nothing could more closely resemble an Italian piece: a great deal of plot, little interest, a character ill in keeping with the subject. The indecency of Ranger would certainly not be tolerated here. Our very indecent French

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[1] She refers, of course, to her *Nouveau théâtre anglais*. For the titles of the pieces translated, to which she refers here, see Bibliography.

> people are becoming ticklish at the theatre, in proportion as they are less so in their conduct. Chaste ears, it has been said, are always a sure proof of depraved morals; and I can well believe it. When our fathers were saints they had played before them horrors which would make the atheist of our day flee.[1]

To this letter Garrick sent the following reply:

> I have this moment receiv'd a most charming letter from my dear, amiable Riccoboni. You have really given so true and ingenious [an] Account of national taste with regard to the Drama, that it would make a great figure in y^{e} very best Collection of letters that Ever was written. Your letter, upon my Soul, has charm'd Me; and tho' I am in the Midst of bustle and business, I cannot stay a single Moment without answering it. You may depend upon my sending immediately every Play or dramatic piece as they are Acted, and before they are publish'd. But my dear good Friend, why will you talk of keeping an Account? Plays cost me Nothing, and, were they Ever so dear, You would overpay Me by the honour and pleasure I should receive in your Acceptance of such trifles. No, no, my proud, generous, high-spirited Lady, we will keep no Accounts but in our hearts, and if you don't ballance the debt of Love and friendship you owe Me, I will use you, as such an ungrateful Devil ought to be Us'd—so no more of that.
>
> I will not despair of seeing You some time or another at my sweet little Villa of

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. p. 547.

> Hampton. Perhaps it will raise your curiosity y^{e} more, when I tell you that the King of Denmark came with all his Suite yesterday to see my house and Garden, the Owner and his Wife. You would think me vain should I tell you what he said, and I hope you will think me sincere when I tell you that I had rather see You and y^{r} friend there than all the Kings and Princes of Europe. [He next speaks of the translations, and concludes:] My Wife sits by me, as jealous as the Devil, and asks me if I shall Ever have finish'd; however, she pretends to love you still, and sends her warmest wishes with mine to you and y^{r} Companion—so Heav'n bless you both, and love me, as I love you.
>
> D. GARRICK.[1]

His third and last letter is in reply to one of Mme Riccoboni's, written on October 1st, 1770, in which, after asking Garrick to secure Murphy as translator of her new novel (*Lettres d'Elisabeth*, at that date unfinished), she talks of Voltaire, to whom the people of Paris are to raise a statue as fine as that Garrick had consecrated to Shakespeare; of Rousseau, living in retirement, and earning his bread by copying music; and of rumours of war between France and England.[2]

> *Nov^{r}* 20, 1770.
>
> MY DEAR, AND VERY DEAR RICCOBONI,
>
> I was upon the road from Bath when your most agreeable and delightful Epistle came to my house in London. This is the reason that you did not hear from

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[1] This letter and the next are quoted from P. G. Baker's *Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick* (p. 53 and p. 56), by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[2] Letter of October 1st, 1770; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 571.

Me yᵉ next Post. Why did my amiable friend imagine that I should Scold or be angry? Does she feel that She merits my Anger? Let her feelings be what they will, mine are all love, friendship, Sweetness, affection, and what not? Mʳˢ Garrick, who is sitting by me (and who loves you as [much] as she possibly can love one whom her Husband loves so much), desires that Every Warm Wish, and affectionate thought may be presented to you, which her friendly heart overflows with. Now, my dear friend, I will finish this Love part of my letter with our best Compliments to your amiable Companion, and proceed to business.

Mʳ Murphy, who is really much your friend, and burns to give you proof of his regard, is at present so much Employ'd in his profession of a Lawyer, and taken up With a great addition of business lately come upon him, that I fear it will be impossible for him to do that, which if it had come at yᵉ time we expected it, would have been the highest pleasure to him. He has written to me, for I could not see him, that he begs to think a day or two upon yᵉ Matter before he gives it up; but I fear, tho' his heart is warm in yᵉ Cause, he cannot have time to Shew his friendship; therefore I must beg of you to send one of yᵉ printed Copies to Me before you publish them at Paris, and Beckett and I will procure the best translator for yʳ work. Had *I left yᵉ Cursed Stage*, I would do yᵉ business Myself; but indeed I am so hurried that I have scarce time to Keep my Wife in humour and say my Prayers.[1]

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[1] *The Letters of Elizabeth Sophia de Vallières*, translated by Mr. Maceuen, were published by Becket in 1772.

> I have so many friends that you must send to Becket 200 of y^e^ f[irst] Copies, and I'll assist him in y^e^ sale. The Sooner you send me y^e^ Copy we are to translate y^e^ better. Pray let it be a printed one. I shall expect another letter with y^e^ approbation of my Scheme, or I shall be angry indeed. Just going upon y^e^ Stage in the Character of S^r^ John Brute, an ill-natur'd, peevish, Woman-hating brute. Do you think I shall do it Justice?
>
> I love you Ever and Ever,
>
> D. GARRICK.
>
> I hate y^e^ thoughts of War, and I dread it.[1]

Here we must leave the story of this platonic friendship. As the actor grew older he probably felt less and less inclined to respond to the effusions of his French admirer. But Mme Riccoboni continued to write to the *dearling of her heart*. She wrote to him because she needed to realise on paper a portion, at least, of the conversation she continually pursued with an agreeable souvenir. She thought of him, talked of him with all her friends, and drank modest toasts to her dear Garrick and to the confusion of his enemies.[2]

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[1] See the answer to this letter in Boaden, vol. ii. p. 574.

[2] See a letter from Mrs. Pye, November 17th, 1777: "I was admitted to partake of a little dinner at our dear Friend M^me^ Riccoboni's, where there were no guests but myself. After dinner Mad^me^ Riccoboni, M^me^ Bianco[lelli] (her friend) and myself drank an amazing bumper with this toast, Health and Happiness to M^r^ and M^rs^ Garrick and Confusion to Linguet and M^rs^ Brooke." (Forster Collection). Mrs. Brooke had translated one or two of Mme Riccoboni's early novels. Annoyed at Garrick's refusal of her pieces, she satirized in her novel, *The Excursion* (1777), his way of receiving authors (see Book V. chap. vii.). The attack is smartly written, the best of the many satires aimed at the actor. For Linguet, see p. 350.

VI

JEAN MONNET, UNIVERSAL PROVIDER

Jean Monnet's friendship for Garrick was of the most practical kind. He became a perfect factotum for the actor at Paris, looking after his interests, running his errands, and keeping his memory alive in the four corners of the capital. When one reads his letters one is amazed at the variety and importance of the services he rendered. Garrick needs information about a new system of lighting in use at the Paris Opera, and which he thinks of introducing at Drury Lane: Monnet procures him full details, and sends him samples of the lamps, with prices. Garrick requires dancers and *figurantes* for his ballet: Monnet seeks them out, tests their capabilities, passes judgment on their merits, discusses the question of their salary, signs their contracts, packs them off to London, and lends them money for the journey. Garrick has forgotten to reply to a letter, or has no time to acknowledge the receipt of a book: Monnet calls on the neglected correspondent or wounded author, transmits excuses, and re-establishes good relations. Actors or actresses of Garrick's company pay a visit to Paris: who so capable of making them feel at home as the former manager of the Opéra-comique? Monnet meets them, finds them lodgings, acts as guide and cicerone, and places himself at their entire disposal for business or for pleasure. He buys and despatches to Garrick new books and engravings, the latest plays; he has a family tree drawn up (invented?) for him[1]; he takes care of the clothes he has left behind at Paris, and even wears them.[2] He recommends to him artists and musicians, professors of French,[3] professors of pyrotechnics, jewellers, valets, and cooks. Not satisfied with attending to Garrick's needs, he procures laces, silk petticoats, embroidered cuffs, and other fal-lals for Mrs. Garrick; he sends her a work on *The Forty-five Ways of Dressing the Hair.* When the actor's nieces come to France to complete their education he looks after them, and when Arabella is discovered in a romantic correspondence with an officer, Monnet protects the family interests and obtains restitution of the letters. Had Garrick desired to remove some obnoxious critic or rival actor from his path, Monnet might have been relied on to carry out his desires. After the busy life he had led, the ex-manager no doubt felt the hours of retirement hang heavy on his hands, so he adopted the new profession of Universal Provider to his English friend. He must have almost lived for Garrick; there was certainly nothing he would not have done to prove his affection.

It is somewhat difficult to give in a few pages an adequate idea of this long correspondence, which rolls in its disordered course things and persons so dissimilar as cheeses and frock-coats, princes and coryphées, grave volumes of the *Encyclopædia* and treatises on hair-dressing. Let us speak first of frivolous matters and so clear the way for more important affairs. But are the consignments of goods, thanks to which Monnet kept Mrs. Garrick in "the latest Paris fashion," to be classed under the head of frivolities? Do they not rather form part of the history of that most important institution, *La Mode*? And are not those paragraphs of Monnet's letters which have reference to such things documents which help to prove how ancient and how firmly rooted in the hearts of Englishwomen is the adoration of everything Parisian? The commencement of that cult is covered by the mists of antiquity; possibly the Norman ladies, like the true provincials they were, already aped the dress of the French Court and established in England this religion which has known no Reformation. Chaucer we find casting ridicule on his countrywomen's (and men's) imitations of French styles in dress; but during the Middle Ages, Italy seems to have disputed with France the sovereignty in such matters. Already in Shakespeare's time our Gallic neighbours bear off the palm for elegance of apparel:

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[1] Boaden, vol. ii. pp. 437, 441.

[2] "Talking of clothes," says Monnet in his letter of August 14th, 1765, "we have had great heat here the last few days. It seemed to me that to bear it and yet to get about in the morning, the most suitable thing was a linen suit. But as my tailor asked a week to make one, I naturally took yours, which fits me very well. When you come to Paris, I will have one made for you, and we shall be quits. You see, my friend, that I do not stand on ceremony; that should induce you to act towards me in the same way."

[3] See his letter of recommendation for a M. Gilbert: "A good and honest fellow, but a sort of fool and idiot, only good to teach French." Boaden, vol. ii. p. 530.

> They in France of the best rank and station
> Are most select and generous chief in that.

When Charles I. brought to London a daughter of Henri IV. the French fashion in dress became law for the great ladies at Court. Queen Henrietta had her *corps de jupe* made by a French tailor; in 1630 we find her writing to her friend Madame de Saint-Georges and asking her to send "Monsieur Pin" over to make her some new ones, for "the last you sent me is so heavy and so thick that I cannot wear it. I have still got my old one of two years ago, but it is so short and so worn that I have great need of another."

At the Court of Charles II. none but French fashions were accounted proper. The king himself was dressed by a French tailor named Sourceau, with whom he 'ran an account'; in 1661 we find Sourceau demanding £2,027 19*s*. for "clothes made in France"; amongst these figured, no doubt, the splendid coronation robes which Charles gave, after the ceremony, to the actor Betterton. In the month of June 1662 Sourceau is still reminding the monarch of his 'little bill'; but he was not paid till the end of the year, and then only because he declared that he could no longer afford to have Charles as a customer. The French visitors at Court aided, by their elegance and the splendour of their apparel, to increase the native admiration for the Paris style; the Chevalier de Grammont was the model for the men and, during the time of her husband's ambassadorship, Madame de Cominge for the ladies. When Catherine of Braganza came to London attended by a train of withered duennas all attired in Portuguese costume her success was great—but it was a success of raillery: they were so entirely out of the fashion. In spite of Evelyn's protests — which brought about a momentary change in favour of baggy, Persian-like garments —the Parisian mode continued to bear all before it. The French *costumières* began to find it worth while to send over assistants to secure the orders of the London ladies. When they did not do that, they despatched to their London correspondents little dolls dressed in the style of the year. War between the two countries plunged our *élégantes* into the deepest distress, for, with the Straits of Dover closed to French shipping, how was one to know what to wear? And what was life without stylish clothes? On this subject one of the numbers of *The Spectator* contains a delicious burlesque, from which we will venture to quote:

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am so great a lover of whatever is French that I have lately discarded an humble admirer because he neither spoke that tongue nor drank claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the calamities of my sex during the war, in all which time we have laboured under the insupportable inventions of English tire-women, who, tho' they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that *goût* they do in France.

"I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model from that dear country, when last Sunday I overheard a lady, in the next pew to me, whisper another that at the *Seven Stars* in *King Street, Covent Garden*, there was a *Mademoiselle* completely dressed, just come from Paris.

"I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining part of the service, and as soon as ever it was over, having learnt the milliner's Address, I went directly to her house in *King Street*, but was told that the French lady was at a Person of Quality's in *Pall-Mall*, and would not be back again till very late that night. I was therefore obliged to renew my visit early this morning, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

"You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the war, and how infinitely the French dress excels ours.

"The Mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the French ladies, so as to want that kind of ballast; the petticoat has no whalebone, but fits with an air altogether gallant and *dégagée*; the *Coiffeure* is inexpressibly pretty, and in short, the whole dress has a thousand beauties in it, which I would not have as yet made too public.

"I thought fit, however, to give you this notice, that you may not be surprised at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* on the next Birthnight.

"I am, Sir,
"Your humble servant,
"TERAMINTA."

Next follows a letter from the milliner, Betty Cross-Stitch, announcing that *the French baby for the year* 1712 is on show and inviting the writer of the article to come and see it. He does so, and is introduced to the little damsel:

"The puppet was dressed in a cherry-coloured gown and petticoat, with a short working-apron over it, which discovered her shape to the best advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several ribbons stuck up and down in it. The milliner assured me that her complexion was such as was worn by all the ladies of the best fashion in Paris. Her head was extremely high. . . . I was also offended at a small patch she wore on her breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good design. Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in such a manner that the two ends hung down to her girdle. . . .

"After having observed the particulars of her dress, as I was taking a view of it all together, the shop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that *Mademoiselle* had something very curious in the tying of her garters; but as I pay a due respect even to a pair of sticks when they are under petticoats, I did not examine into that particular.

Upon the whole I am well enough pleased with the appearance of this gay lady, and the more so because she was not talkative, a quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her countrywomen. . . ."[1]

Thus early was Paris enthroned as the Queen of Fashion, and all Englishwomen who took life and dress seriously varied the size of their hats, the colour of their stockings, and the way of dressing their heads, in accordance with the vagaries of their French sisters. As to hats, the ladies of the present century must not imagine that their headgear has established a record for size. The Princess Henrietta-Maria introduced large hats in 1660, when paying a visit to her royal brother; at once they were all the rage. Nell Gwynn wore one on the stage as big as a cart-wheel; this was in mockery, but the female mind, ever impervious to irony, considered it "most becoming," and cartwheels became the fashion.

Then there were patches, first in favour at the Court of Charles I., revived at that of Queen Anne, and worn at different dates during the eighteenth century. Very useful, no doubt, for hiding an obtrusive pimple; slightly ridiculous, perhaps, when cut out into various figures—stars, suns, hearts, crosses, etc.; but then they made so striking a contrast with a snowy skin! Gloves and lace, to be wearable, had to come from France or to be bought at the French houses in Covent Garden. None but French hose were worn, and "French garters!" became a well-known cry in the streets of London.

As to the hair, the style of arranging it changed at every moment in accordance with that of Paris. To-day ladies had "cornetts," or long curls, falling down beside each cheek; to-morrow "confidents" frizzed up pertly above each ear; then *crève-cœurs,* little rolls airily placed on the nape of the neck, did their murderous work; but one would have to be a professor of the noble art of hair-dressing to follow in detail all these variations. Confessing our ignorance, we pass on to Mrs. Garrick and her *Quarante-cinq façons de se coiffer.* Let not the uninitiated male reader mistake. There is no question here of drawing a parting, of brushing to right or to left; not even of simple curling, frizzing, or waving. The *façons* treated of are much more complicated and reach the level of high art. For in 1766 ladies had begun to array their hair in the most elaborate style ever known. "The fashion," says a correspondent of the *St. James's Chronicle,* in 1763, "hath gradually crept in during the present war"; and he describes it briefly as "an additional growth of hair both in front and rear on the heads of our females." This is attained by the addition of pads and false fronts, by curling and crisping, by the addition of pomatum and meal, after which the barber "works all into such a state of confusion that you would imagine it was intended for the stuffing of a chair-bottom; then, bending it into various curls and shapes over his fingers, he fastens it with black pins so tight to the head that neither the weather nor time have power to alter its position. Thus my lady is dressed for three months at least, during which time it is not in her power to comb her head." On to this formidable structure, which towered a foot or more above the skull, were fastened strings of pearls and bows of ribbon; powder was added afresh each morning, and—*horresco referens!*—compounds for the destruction of inhabitants! For the operation explained above was a matter of several hours' work and of much expense. A head of hair thus dressed was not "opened" (such was the technical expression) for at least three weeks[1]; and, if one may believe the very realistic accounts that have come down to us, that opening was attended with horrible and painful circumstances. Into such details there is no need to enter here; enough has been said to prove once more that woman's courage and endurance will shrink at nothing in a good cause. The English authority on this art, which remained in vogue till nearly the end of the century, was *The Ladies' Toilet; or, the Art of Head-dressing in its Utmost Beauty and Extent, translated from the French of Sieur Le Gros, the inventor and most eminent professor of that science at Paris*, published in 1768. The book sent by Monnet to Mrs. Garrick was the original French treatise on the subject.[2]

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[1] January 17th, 1712; No. 277; the article is by Budgell.

Mrs. Garrick, then, thanks to Jean Monnet, kept abreast—in this case, we may say ahead—of the fashion; and her heart was at peace. "Antonio asked me, from Mrs. Garrick, for a coloured drawing, showing how the French ladies of *bon ton* dress and do their hair at present. I am sending you three designs—please give them her from me—which I have had done by M. Boquet, and which have been sketched from the two smartest ladies in all Paris, and the best dressed according to present fashion."[3]

And again: "M. Panckoucke handed me yesterday a note from Mrs. Garrick, in which she asks for drawings of the new headdress for French ladies; also lace, skirts, embroidered cuffs, and a kind of cotton-stuff for linings.

"The lace: It is impossible to get any of the same pattern; it will have to be made, and I will send it over by the first person I get hold of.

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[1] The "three months" of the correspondent quoted above is, we imagine, a poetical exaggeration.

[2] November 20th, 1767: "Un livre fait par un perruquier nommé Le Gros, que indique 45 façons de se coiffer."

[3] November 20th, 1767.

"The skirts: These I can only send across by lady-travellers—a thing seldom found; however, I will do my utmost to give her satisfaction on that head.

"I am sending her three pairs of embroidered cuffs, very cheap; if she wishes to have dearer ones, those with two rows of embroidery cost £2, and with three rows £4.

"As to the cotton-stuff, either because M. Panckoucke has lost the sample, or because Mrs. Garrick forgot to give it him, I cannot send her any."[1]

Mrs. Garrick seems to have been well pleased with her cuffs, although they were so *very cheap*; later she wished to give Monnet what is called "a repeat order." But by that time they were no longer *modish*: "As to the embroidered cuffs which she asks for, tell her, please, that only the little shop-women and servants wear them here; but if she would like some on fine thin muslin, they must be made specially. I await her orders on that point, and for her to tell me how many she will need."[2]

Mrs. Garrick, then, loved smart things; but she was by no means a spendthrift, and preferred a good bargain to a bad one any day. The "repeat order" for those cuffs (after three years, too!) suggests as much; and more than one paragraph in Monnet's letters goes to confirm the suspicion. At times she seems to have proposed, for the articles she desired, prices which made Monnet raise his hands in protestation:

"Madame Garrick asks me for a petticoat at fifteen francs; she is forgetting the price of grey

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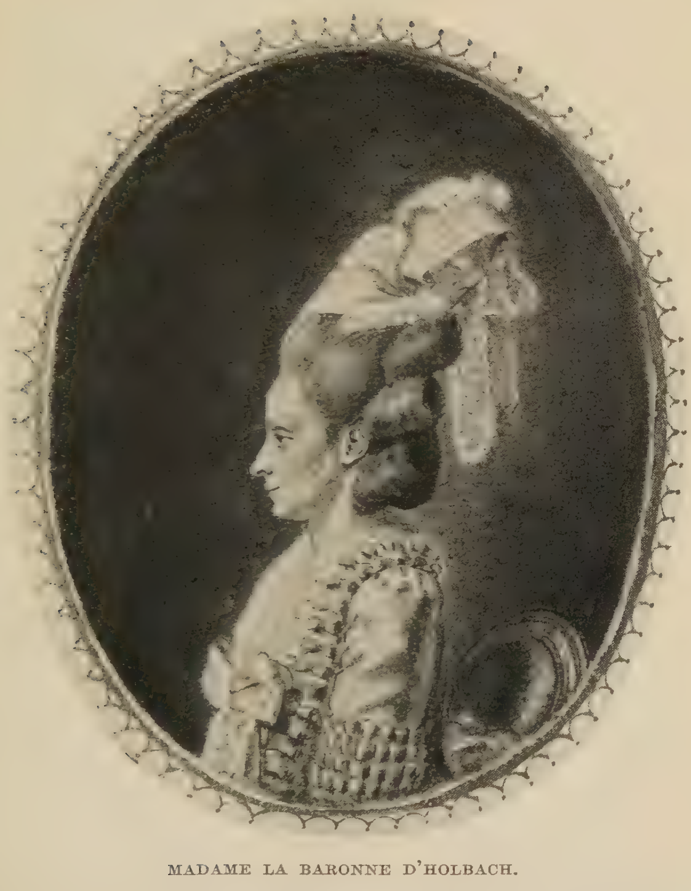
[1] Letter of December 3rd, 1767.

[2] Letter of May 31st, 1771.



MADAME LA BARONNE D'HOLBACH.

Showing the fashionable coiffure in 1765. From a unique water-colour in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

quilted satin! I have always paid thirty francs for them. I beg she will give me further explanations." And in another letter he reverts to the same subject: "Is it a *quilted grey satin* petticoat she wants? They cost *thirty* francs."

Mrs. Garrick's thriftiness, however, was not meanness, but only the care of a sensible woman who knew the value of money and the many good uses to which it may be put; of that the following charming letter, written to one of her nieces during their stay at Paris, furnishes sufficient proof:

> MY DEAR KITTY,
>
> . . . You are to be a better judge of what is proper for you to wear than I can be, and I would not have you to imagine that I should like either of you to appear in public in *buff* or not at all. Therefore get yourselves dressed as soon as you can; always remember that the dearest silks are not *always* the prettiest, and never think they will last longer for being richer. I compare them to an old woman who, when she has lost her beauty, will not be admir'd because she was once handsome. . . .

And again:

> MY DEAR KATE,
>
> I received your present very safe by Mr. Macpherson, but should not have had the good manners to thank you for it, which I now do, had you not absolutely found means in your last letter to rouse me out of that neglectful mood I have been in this six months, since I wrote to you both by

Mr. Walker. But, my dears, what can I do about your mourning which you are to wear in Paris? All that I can advise is, to be dressed like gentlewomen, but not like Duchesses. Madame Descombes must be the best judge where and what to buy upon such occasions, and to get only what is absolutely necessary for you to wear, as you will have things cheaper by and by. I hope you will not be above making up little ornamental things, such as ruffles, tippets, sleeve-knots, etc., yourselves, *car il faut savoir faire pour juger le travail des autres.*

And now I have advised you to learn to decorate your outside, let me say a word how to beautify *vaux petit cervelle* [*sic*]. I am persuaded that you have conquered to speak French as well as you write it. Music I hope you have likewise improved in, and if I were in your state, I should be satisfy'd with what I knew of embroidery and take a drawing-master, as you would be able to draw your own patterns and to shade your work. But the most pleasing account you can ever give me how you employ some hours in the day will be that you read books of History, and of other improvements, and that you imprint things of note in your *petit cervelle* of yours [*sic*], which should have its share of labor in disgesting [*sic*] what you have read; these will be lasting ornaments indeed. I gave you twelve months to learn the language, etc., and sayed nothing about improving your mind, as I would not burden you with too many things at first; but now you will hear me continually upon the same string. Get a taste for that amusement, and all your time to come will pass in one continual series of pleasure. Here ends my first sermon. . . .

God bless you both,
and believe me,
ever yours,
E. Maria Garrick.

London, *May the* 20, 1774.[1]

Here, then, we see the Misses Garrick, Arabella and Kate, daughters of David's younger brother George, at Paris, where they had been sent at their uncle's expense to learn the language and to "finish off," under the care of Madame Descombes, who kept a most select *pension* (Lord Camden's daughters had been there) in the rue Verte, Faubourg St. Honoré. They seem to have arrived in the summer of 1773, and to have stayed two years, when the discovery of a somewhat serious flirtation between Arabella and a French officer decided their uncle to recall them at once to London. Since this curious little affair associates the two celebrated names of Molière and Garrick, and since our friend Monnet was called upon to put an end to it, let us briefly sketch its course.

M. de Molière was a subordinate officer of dragoons, in the lately formed Légion de Corse. His eyes had been attracted and his heart inflamed by the fresh beauty of "Bell," then not twenty years of age. As a brave soldier, Molière immediately decided that it was best to come to close quarters with the enemy; so he took a room in that same house of the rue Verte in which Madame Descombes had her *pension*. Whence, meetings on the stairs, glances, sighs, and, finally, the passing of letters. Matters had gone thus far when Madame got wind of the affair. Uncle was communicated with; an immediate return to England was commanded; amid tears and cries Bell tore herself away from her bold dragoon. But Uncle had to be propitiated; for George, the father, was poor, had five children, had married a second wife, and had just had a new baby; while David was rich and had no family. So we find poor Bell writing very humbly as follows:

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[1] These hitherto unpublished letters are taken from the Forster Collection. The first has been dated by some one, probably Boaden, May 17th, 1774. This date is plainly erroneous (see second letter); it should probably be May 1775.

> Sir,
>
> I find we have been unfortunate enough to offend you and our Aunt by not waiting on you this morning; the only reason we had for not doing so was the knowledge we had of M^{rs} Descombes being to wait on you to settle some affairs. As my Aunt did not mention that we s^{d} accompany that Lady, we imagined we should be rather troublesome than otherwise. We are sorry to have given occasion for your anger, and hope you will not deny us your pardon.
>
> M^{rs} Descombes is this instant returned and has made me *very unhappy indeed* by repeating to me some part of this morning's conversation at the Adelphi,[1] and showing me a letter that came from Paris. The idea you have of my still corresponding with M. de Molière is indeed very unjust, and I am sure, did you but know, or even conceive, half the pain and trouble that are locked up in my bosom, far from abandoning me, as you threaten, you would give me all the assistance in your power. . . . After so many proofs of your affection and goodness, shall I find you inflexible in this most im-

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[1] Adelphi Terrace, where Garrick lived at what is now No. 4.

> portant moment? Do, Sir, put an end to this thing; you see it is in your power. Act as nature and your natural propensity to do good directs you, and not according to my deserts. In the meantime, I hope I need not assure you of my total obedience and submission to all your commands. Dear sir, shut me up for ever rather than abandon me; and cease for Heaven's sake to load me with your curses. I have many more ills than I can bear; ease me of one which outweighs all the rest, that of your hatred; and believe me,
>
> Your truly miserable,
> but dutiful niece,
> A. Garrick.
>
> My sister joins me in begging you to present our Duty and Respects to my Aunt.

Uncle David allowed his wrath to be appeased; indeed, in the face of Bell's humility, it would have been difficult to continue obdurate.

> "Your letter is so properly written [he informs her], with such a feeling of your situation, a true compunction for the cause of it, and a resolution to take warning for the future, that I will forgive you, never upbraid you again with the distress you have brought upon us and yourself, provided that you will show your gratitude by telling every circumstance of this unhappy affair, that I may be y^e better able to deliver you from y^e villain; and that hereafter you will let your good sense and delicacy combat with your passions and not involve yourself and family in y^e greatest affliction by another unwarrantable, indecent, and ruinous connection. Indeed,

> my dear girl, I cannot account for your rash and almost incredible behaviour; you seem'd to have lost y^e^ greatest ornament and safeguard of y^r^ sex—delicacy of apprehension. When that great barrier that Nature has cautiously fixed between passion and prudence is so easily overleap'd, even by our sex, we see the daily consequences; but when y^r^ sex is possessed with such a madness, the horror that attends it is best described by y^e^ number of the most miserable wretches that have fallen a sacrifice to their imprudence. . . ."[1]

And so on, in a grave but affectionate strain, which bears testimony once more to the actor's good sense and kind heart. What could Bell do? It is improbable that she had ever felt a deep affection for Molière; his brilliant uniform and the romantic glamour which always embellishes anything in the way of stolen fruit had probably been the chief ingredients of the spell. In any case, all hopes of a union with him were at present destroyed; affection and prudence dictated submission to the head of the family. In a long reply, which we need not quote, she completely threw over her French dragoon, exposing his artful wiles, and, somewhat meanly, putting all the blame on his shoulders. She had her reward: Uncle David took her back into favour; moreover, a few years later she married a soldier—an English soldier—to whom she bore three English sons.

Yet one regrets that this Anglo-French marriage did not take place; it would have been almost a union of the houses of Shakespeare and Molière! And let us not judge de Molière hastily, and condemn him on the evidence of the heartless Bell. The following letter of his sounds sincere:

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[1] Garrick should have quoted his friend Goldsmith's lines, "When lovely woman stoops to folly," etc.

> PARIS, *July 26th*, 1775.
>
> MADEMOISELLE,
>
> Until now I have been unable to learn if your voyage has been favourable, and if you have enjoyed good health, as well as your sister. I have had much trouble to find out your address, and I do not even know if that which has been given me is correct. My Colonel tells me that information has been asked for about me, and that he has done me justice. I should be glad to know if your intentions are still the same, and beg you to inform me whether you think it right for me to write to your father, and whether he will approve my proceedings. I asked you this favour some time ago, and at present you are in a position to tell him how greatly I desire to be united to you. When you inform me of the state of your health, which affects me much, let me know to what persons I must write to obtain your hand, and give me their addresses and titles so that I may not set them against me instead of making them favorable.
>
> Awaiting the honour of your reply, I have that of being, Mademoiselle, with deep respect,
>
> Your very humble and very obedient servant,
>
> DE MOLIÈRE.[1]

---

[1] "MADEMOISELLE,

"Je n'ai pu jusqu'à ce moment m'informer si votre voyage a été heureux et si vous avez joui d'une bonne santé ainsi que Mlle votre sœur. J'ai été si embarrassé pour savoir votre adresse et je ne sais pas même si celle qu'on m'a donnée est bonne. Mon Colonel m'a dit que l'on avait fait des informations à mon sujet et qu'il m'avait rendu justice. Je désirerais savoir si vous êtes toujours

But before this epistle reached London, Monnet, at Garrick's request, had intervened, and requested Molière's colonel to reprimand his subordinate. Monnet seems to have taken the affair less *au tragique* than his English friend. He promises "to call on M. d'Arcambal, to point out to him that Molière's idiotic conduct, and to get the letters back, if that is possible. But, my friend—he adds—put all that under your feet, and forget all about it."

In all his long correspondence with Garrick, Monnet interests us most as intermediary between the theatres of Paris and London. During his stay in France the Drury Lane manager seems to have been especially struck by the magnificence of the scenery, the richness of the staging, and the brilliancy of the lighting; the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique left a stronger impression on him than the Comédie Française. He had always had a weakness for show-pieces, which, he knew, attract the public better than the finest

dans les mêmes intentions et vous prie de me marquer si vous jugez à propos que j'écrive à M. votre père, s'il approuvera ma démarche. Il y a du temps que je vous ai demandé cette grâce, et vous êtes présentement à portée de le prévenir combien je désire d'être uni avec vous. En me marquant l'état de votre santé, à laquelle je m'intéresse vivement, faites-moi connaître les personnes à qui je dois écrire pour obtenir votre main et donnez-moi leurs adresses et qualités afin que je ne les indispose pas plutôt que de me les rendre favorables.

"En attendant l'honneur de votre réponse, j'ai celui d'être avec un profond respect, Mademoiselle,

"Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur, de Molière, officier de dragons, légion de Corse; chez M. le marquis d'Arcambal, brigadier des armées du Roy.

"Rue Ville l'Evêque, à Paris."

Molière became a lieutenant at the Invalides, and, like Bell, married and had three children. We find his widow applying to the Military Committee for a pension (Messidor, An ii—1793), which was refused her. There was, of course, no real relationship between him and the author of *Le Misanthrope*. The letters quoted above are in the Forster Collection.

tragedy. He had more than once enlarged and redecorated his theatre, increasing the stage-space, and improving the illumination. When he got back to England he determined to take advantage of all he had seen on his travels; he ordered designs for scenery from the scenic artist of the Opéra, he sent for reflectors for the house and lamps for the footlights:

"I have carried out your two commissions," Monnet writes to him, "and with M. Boquet's designs I will send you a reflector and two different samples of the lamp you want for the footlights at your theatre. There are two kinds of reflectors: those that are placed in a niche in the wall, and which have one wick; and those which are hung up like a chandelier, and which have five; the first, which are, I fancy, the more suitable for the illumination of your hall, cost twelve shillings and sixpence, and the others from thirty shillings up to three pounds, according to the size and the ornaments applied to them. . . . As to the lamps for lighting your stage, they are of two kinds: some are of earthenware, and in biscuit form; they have six or eight wicks, and you put oil in them; the others are of tin, in the shape of a candle, with a spring, and you put candles in them. The first are less costly, and give more light. But for them not to smell, you must use the best oil and keep the lamps very clean.

"M. Boquet would have sent you the drawings of *Castor and Pollux*[1] which he made for you ere this, but he wants to add to them the waterfall of the new opera, which will be performed next Tuesday for the first time; he wants to see the effect of that before finishing what concerns you."[1]

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[1] An opera, libretto by Gentil-Bernard, music by Rameau, first played in 1737, and often revived during the century.

Not long after his return Garrick brought out his operetta, *Cymon*, with splendid scenic effects: a tower which disappeared amid flames, a glittering procession of knights and Arcadian nymphs, etc.[2] It was, perhaps, for this occasion that he asked his friend Monnet for information as to the torches used at Paris in *Castor and Pollux*: "M. Boquet," replies his factotum, "looks after all those devilish instruments; he is having a model made, and I will send it to you by the first opportunity." A week later he adds: "I have handed to M. Angelo the model of the torch you asked me for; he will explain to you how to use it. I haven't had time to have it painted red, as it should be. To the torch I have joined a little packet of the powder with which it is already filled, and which is called here licopodium; you will easily get it at London. To moisten the wick you need the strongest and best spirits of wine you can procure. You will take care, if you want the torch to act properly, not to fill it more than half-way; that is, up to the cross I have made on the tin."[3] It is thus that licopodium, dear to the fabricators of lightning, made its first appearance on the English stage; till then it was unknown at London, and Garrick had to procure it direct from Germany, where it was manufactured.

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[1] Letter of June 15th, 1765; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 441. Before 1765 Drury Lane was lit chiefly by great wooden frames filled with candles and hung in the middle of the hall. Mrs. Parsons (*Garrick and his Circle*, p. 92) makes allusion to the print which we reproduce on page 119 to prove that footlights were not imported from France in 1765. It is true that the line of lights existed, but it was composed of candles; the snuffer was a well-known servant of the theatre. Garrick substituted the oil-lamps which Monnet sent him.

[2] Another show-piece was *King Arthur*, played in December 1770. Walpole describes its pretty scenes—a rustic bridge, and a Gothic church with stained-glass windows—and says that Garrick is attempting to compete with the Paris Opéra (*Correspondence*, December 25th, 1770).

[3] Letter of December 17th, 1766; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 500.

Flattering his friend's weakness, Monnet introduces to him a scene-painter, M. Cauter, "a good artist in different styles, a pupil of the famous Golli"[1]; later he sends him Loutherbourg, who was to make himself a great name in England, and to become one of the first Royal Academicians.[2] Garrick made him enthusiastically welcome, and offered him a salary of £500 a year as scenic artist of his theatre. Loutherbourg well earned the money, imagining effects which surpassed anything produced at London till then: a Harlequinade in a fog (a scene calculated to touch the hearts of Londoners in November!), glittering cascades of water, forests, the foliage of which changed from green to blood-red, etc. In fact, Loutherbourg was the real founder of those *Transformation Scenes* which still form the glory of Drury Lane pantomimes. Several pieces, such as Garrick's *A Christmas Tale*, utterly despicable in themselves, kept their place on the bills for several weeks, thanks to the decorator's ability.[3]

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[1] Letter of December 3rd, 1767; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 528.

[2] Unpublished letter of November 13th, 1771: "Mon ami, Mr Loutherbourg, porteur de ma lettre et un de nos plus grands peintres, mon ami et garçon fort aimable, qui passe en Angleterre uniquement pour son plaisir, et qui en aura beaucoup de vous connaître, m'a prié de lui procurer votre connaissance. Vous aimez les arts et les talents; vous trouverez en lui de quoi vous satisfaire. Rendez-lui tous les services qui dépendront de vous; je joindrai cela à toutes les obligations que je vous ai déjà," etc. Cf. Diderot, *Salon de* 1765.

[3] "Garrick has brought out what he calls a '*Christmas Tale*,' adorned with the most beautiful scenes, next to those in the Opera at Paradise, designed by Loutherbourg. They have much ado to save the piece from being sent to the devil." (Walpole's *Correspondence*, December 30th, 1773. See too November 11th, 1774; Davies, *Life of Garrick*, vol. ii. p. 122; Angelo's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 248, on these show-plays). When Garrick retired in 1776, his successors proposed to diminish Loutherbourg's salary by one half. The artist refused, left Drury Lane, and constructed his Eidophusikon panorama, which had an immense success.

It was Monnet, too, who introduced to Garrick M. Torré,[1] well known at Fontainebleau and Paris for his fireworks and who, thanks to the actor's protection, directed for several seasons the illuminations at Ranelagh. He sent him also the violinist Barthélémon, who collaborated with Garrick in the operetta *A Peep behind the Curtain* in 1768, and who subsequently composed the music for several pieces acted at Drury Lane.[2]

Amongst the colleagues of Garrick who visited Paris and were received by Monnet we note Grimaldi,[3] the dancer, father of the celebrated clown; Angelo, the riding and fencing-master[4]; King, the comedian; Mrs. Abington, the well-known actress, whom Garrick has described as "the worst of all bad women," but whom Monnet considered charming, "full of wit, acquirements, and politeness." In short, Monnet was a perfect bureau of exchange between France and England and a centre of contagion for the Anglomania: did he not have his frock-coats made at London?

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[1] Torré was a curious character and a mystic. There are in the Forster Collection letters of his to Garrick in which he offers to reveal the secret of the Cabala and to give instructions "for harvesting the Celestial Manna."

[2] *The Maid of the Oaks* (1774), *The Election* (1774), etc. Barthélémon married and settled in England as leader of the orchestra at Vauxhall. His operas are completely forgotten to-day, and if his name is remembered it is for his hymn-tune, "Awake! my soul, and with the sun," and for his friendship with Haydn.

[3] Giuseppe Grimaldi, dancer at the Opéra-Comique under the management of Monnet, who, doubtless, recommended him to Garrick. Father of the celebrated Joe Grimaldi whose *Mémoirs* were written by Boz.

[4] Domenico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo was the son of a rich merchant at Milan. He came from Paris to London in 1755 in company with Peg Woffington, of whom he was one of the numerous admirers. Having run through all his money, he first acted as riding-master to the Earl of Pembroke; subsequently, he founded in Soho a fencing-school which was frequented by all the aristocratic society of London. George II. and George III. were among his patrons; Garrick, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Wilkes among his friends. The Chevalier d'Eon was long a guest at his house, and is said to have aided him in the composition of his famous work, *The Fencing-master*, 1763. See on him, and on all the second half of the eighteenth century, his son's *Reminiscences* and *Pic-nic* already quoted.

Garrick fully returned his affection and his services. When, in 1765, Monnet published his *Anthologie des Chansons françaises*, he despatched a hundred copies to London, where Garrick got them stocked by Becket and helped to push the sale. When, in 1771, he lost a portion of his fortune, his friend hastened to make him offers of pecuniary assistance. "You have no need," replied Monnet, "to vindicate anew the friendship you and Madame Garrick have for me. You have, both of you, given me too sure proofs of that for me to doubt it. Mine is consecrated to you for life; do not spare it, and accept my thanks for your obliging offers, which I will never abuse, but which I will use without ceremony, thanks to the knowledge I have of your heart and of your goodwill towards me."

It was to repair this loss of fortune that Monnet published his *Mémoires*; for the composition of that work he begged Garrick to send him books and information about the English theatres. The actor complied with his request; and, at the same time, found him "paying guests" for his "suite of apartments in sky-blue, composed of nine rooms on the same floor, six on one side and three on the other; with all household conveniences, cooking, linen, silver, crockery, etc,"[1] not to mention the inappreciable services of the landlord as guide, counsellor, and familiar friend. When Monnet went to London in 1766 Garrick placed his house in Southampton Street at his disposal, received him at Hampton, took him to Bath, treated him like a brother, and sent him home delighted:

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[1] Letter of March 18th, 1771; Boaden, vol. ii. p. 578.

My Friend,

I find an instant to write to you. I take advantage of it to reiterate the regret I have at leaving you and Madame Garrick; but the hope of seeing you again soon consoles me. Try and let it be next year; the year after I will come to England again. I start for Paris to-morrow absolutely. Directly I get there, I will execute your commissions; and soon after I will let you have news of me. In a note you sent me I find that I must not forget the lace-cuffs. I always understood that Mme Garrick wanted some chenille for the winter, and a set of lace when a chance offered, and I could get it cheap. But she need not be uneasy; the notes she has given me will enable me to serve her to her satisfaction.

On Sunday last, at eleven o'clock p.m., the tall knight came and invited me to dinner yesterday with the Duke of York. The dinner went off pretty well. I am obliged to go and dine with the same society again to-day. You see, my friend, that I do not mix with the scum of the land. The tall knight showed us Mahomet's tomb and the magic sceptre. He is a fine fellow, that tall knight.

Mr. George Garrick presented me this morning with a hood; that is a little attention from Mad. Garrick, for which I thank her. You know how well I love you both and how truly I am your servant,

Monnet.

My best respects, I beg, to your consort—this Tuesday morning.[1]

---

[1] We give the original of this unpublished letter in the Appendix; it comes from the Forster Collection. We do not pretend to explain the cryptic references it contains.

All his letters—and Garrick preserved more than fifty of them—are full of the same playful but trusty friendship. We quote another, written nearly ten years later:

> *August* 24*th*, 1775.
>
> MY FRIEND,
>
> I have received your two letters, one dated the 8th of this month and the other the 7th. The latter has been handed me by M^r^ Jacquet Droz, who is overwhelmed by the favourable welcome you have given him. I thank you for your pretty chain; my best friend shall always wear it. Anything that comes from your house is dear to me; I still wear the woollen dressing-gown with a hood that M^me^ Garrick made me a present of when I was leaving London.
>
> I had a good deal of troubling in discovering that M. d'Hannetaire of Brussels. He did not know the young man whom you speak of in your letter; still less has he received the medal. He was, indeed, astonished that a great man like you, the glory of the stage, had not replied to his letter and to the book he sent you. I have no need to tell you what Pathos and Eloquence I employed in your justification. I will only say that that gentleman was bathed in tears at the veneration he has for you and at the joy caused in him by your remembrance. He is to give me in a few days a copy of a new edition which he has just had made of his work, for me to send you. Do not forget him for your medal. I thank you for those you have sent me by M^r^ Jacquet Droz, one in silver and the other in bronze. I prefer the second for the likeness and for its artistic merit. The idea is an ingenious one. I ought to have been one of

> the first to have it, seeing the interest I take in your friendship and your glory. You deserve that reproach on my part; receive another from a M^r^ de Villeneuve, manager of the Strasburg theatre. He was here an hour ago; his daughter, a well-brought-up girl of eighteen, has just come out at the Italian Theatre in *opéra bouffe* with the greatest success. They are respectable people. He says that he did you certain kindnesses in his country. You promised him an engraved portrait of yourself; but he has not yet received it. In order to justify you, I associated his affair with d'Hannetaire's and promised to let you know of his complaint against you. . . . Rest assured of Mad. Monnet's affection and of that of her old husband and do not forget to speak of us to Mad. Garrick.
>
> MONNET.[1]

Thus the years slipped by, and the two friends became older; they wrote less frequently, but each time that one of them reminded the other of his existence it was by kindly words and offers of service. We will quote the last letter that Monnet wrote to the English actor; it is dated December 4th, 1778.

> MY FRIEND,
>
> For some time I have ceased to write to you, but I have not ceased to love you and to remember often and with pleasure the proofs of your friendship. I have had news of you by some Englishmen I met at Paris, and quite recently by M^r^ Thornhill from London. I should be very glad to know, from your own hand, how your health is, for I

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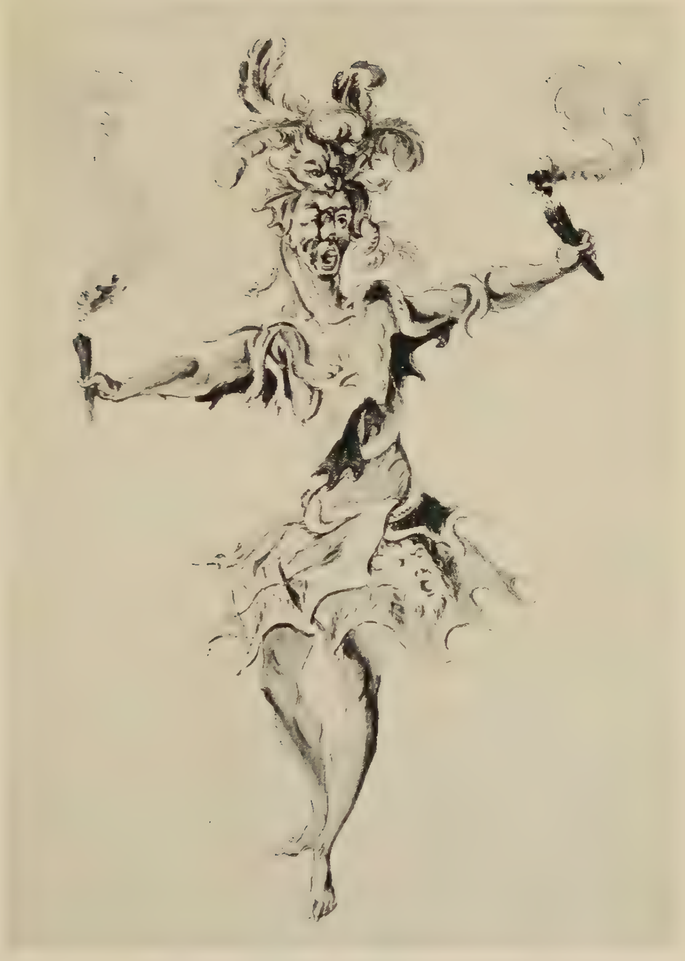
[1] See Appendix.



A DEMON, WITH LICOPODIUM TORCH.

From Boquet's original design for the opera of *Castor and Pollux*, Musée de l'Opéra.

take a great interest in that. As for me, I have nought to wish for on that score, especially for the last eighteen months that I have made up my mind to contrive to pass the summer at Paris and the rest of the year at Soissons, a little town at sixty miles from the capital and very agreeable for its situation and the calm one enjoys there. I have purchased a little house, new, clean, and convenient, in which there is a little suite furnished in English style, to receive the kind friends who may be good enough to come and see me. M. Jacquet Droz, whom you know, came and lodged there: and if you once more felt the desire to come to France, I would urge you strongly to pay me a visit.

During the last year sad events have followed one another here. The war with you, at which I am sorry for your private interests; the deaths of Voltaire, Rousseau, Le Kain and Bellecour. The first of these, driven by the foolish glory of showing himself at Paris and of seeing himself crowned on the French Comedians' stage, came to the capital at the age of eighty-four, infirm as he was, there to drag his decrepitude and vomit his blood in a bed at M^{r} de Villette's. . . . The old man has left a fortune and four thousand louis in gold which were found in his strong-box at Geneva. Rousseau, on the contrary, from having had too great a contempt for riches, has done penance all his life and died like a poor man and a sage. His whole income for himself and his wife was £72 a year. Le Kain and Bellecour both finished in about the same way, that is to say, by many disorders, both moral and physical. It will not be easy to fill the former's place; the other, rather a useful than a great actor, I think, leaves a great blank in the parts he took at his theatre.

We learn from our public papers that one of your compatriots has shot the Vicomte du Barry.[1] If his race had been exterminated ten years ago, France would have been all the better for it and Louis XV. would be still alive. Our Queen is in good health, and we are expecting a Dauphin from day to day. The King has just promulgated an edict creating four millions of life-annuities at ten per cent. on one head and at eight on two. Nevertheless let us hope for peace.

Present my respectful regards to Mad. Garrick. Receive Mad. Monnet's compliments and the assurance of the sincere attachment with which I am, my friend,

Your most humble servant,

MONNET.

At SOISSONS, RUE ST. LEGER, *this Dec. 4th*, 1778.

To this letter Monnet received no reply; it must have reached Garrick when he was already ailing of the illness which was to carry him off. He died on January 20th, 1779; and amongst all his large circle of acquaintances there was certainly no one who felt more pain at this loss than Jean Monnet, his first and most faithful French friend.

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[1] A brother of the celebrated mistress of Louis XV.

VII

INFLUENCE OF GARRICK. CONCLUSION

Thus Garrick's relations with his friends across the water occupy only a modest place in the history of his busy life; but they do not fail to throw light on the intercourse between the two countries, and on the character of Garrick himself. Abroad, as at home, we have found him the man of the world, sparkling and elegant, delighting in the society of wits and of thinkers; the man of heart, affectionate and obliging; the great actor, admired by all he met; and the poet and playwright, doing his best to maintain a somewhat exaggerated reputation. But why revert to any short-comings? The general impression he leaves, here as elsewhere, is that his character was excellent and his high reputation well deserved.

His fellow-countrymen noticed an increase of ease and distinction in his acting after his stay in France; and they attributed this change to the influence of the French comedians: "It was remarked by the most discerning judges that our Roscius had, by visiting foreign theatres, greatly profited in his mode of representation: they observed that his action, though always spirited and proper, was become easy and unrestrained, that his deportment was more graceful, and his manner more elegant; that he did not now appear so solicitous for applause as to disturb his own feelings and lessen the pleasure of the audience;

that he had entirely dropt that anxious exertion at the close of a speech, both in look and behaviour, which is called by the comedians a clap-trap. That there was certainly an alteration as well as improvement in his style of acting was noticed by the spectators in general."[1]

That Garrick was at his best as an actor during the ten years that intervened between his return from abroad and his retirement from the stage there can be no doubt. This was only natural: long experience had helped him to tone down that superabundance of energy which we have marked as his chief defect; the consecration of his talent, by the universal applause of French and Italian society, had made him sure of his effects and calm in his manner of producing them. Foreign travel had then been most useful; but let us beware of falling into Davies's error and ascribing this increase of ease to a *positive* French influence. Could Le Kain, Molé, or Clairon help to make Garrick more natural? As to Préville, the most realistic of all the French actors of the day, he confessed that the English visitor was his master. In truth, French influence here was *negative*: the bombastic style he had seen at the Comédie Française made Garrick realize all the horror of excess and of attitudinizing, and cured him for ever of exaggeration, "anxious exertion," and "clap-trap."

As we have seen, France may more properly claim to have taught him the value of artistic mounting and to have given him the taste for rich and picturesque scenery; but, in imitating the splendours he had seen abroad, he was led much more by a desire of astonishing and attracting the public than by any solicitude for realism and propriety. Whilst on the other side of the

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[1] Davies, *Life*, vol. ii. p. 99.

Channel, his friends, Madame Favart and Mlle Clairon, Le Kain and Caillot were initiating a movement in favour of simplicity and authenticity in costume, Garrick continued to follow the conventions of his youth. It is true that at London, as at Paris, the great hooped petticoats of the ladies and the sepulchral plumes of the men tended to disappear, but Garrick did nothing to encourage the movement in favour of historical or local truth. Till the end of his career he continued to play Macbeth in the costume of an eighteenth-century general, and he left to his friend Macklin the honour of initiating a more reasonable style of dress.[1]

Direct evidence of the influence exerted by Garrick on the French actors he had met, and on French dramatic art, is to a great extent wanting.[2] But it is here that our essay, by marking the points of contact between Garrick and French society of the time, and by bringing together many scattered details, has its utility.

We have met, amongst the actor's friends, writers of a certain school and tendency: the authors of *Le Père de Famille*, of *Eugénie*, of *Le Fabricant de Londres*, and of *Le Comte de Comminge* respectively. We have seen them discuss their theories with him, read him their plays, even offer them to him for the London stage. There was then—or, at all events, these writers believed there was—a certain sympathy between their aspirations and his. Diderot found in Garrick's style an argument in favour of his own ideas on the comedian's art; he was delighted to meet with an actor capable of translating into gestures the slightest intention of the playwright. Others, like d'Arnaud, were struck by the tragic force of the scenes he played in the Parisian salons. Now, it must not be forgotten that few of the spectators at these private recitals understood English; and that is why the actor was obliged to employ the strongest and most affecting pictures in his repertory (for example, the oft-represented Dagger-scene from *Macbeth*). Moreover, to make their meaning yet plainer, he had to emphasize his mimical translation and find for each movement of the conscience a visible symbol: thus he magnified the different passions so as to make them plain to his deaf audience. So that, on the whole, Garrick exercised an evil influence on a school of authors indifferently artistic,[1] already inclined to overload their canvas and to neglect psychology in favour of empty action. One may say that he helped to urge the *drame bourgeois* down the natural slope which was to carry it into the excesses of melodrama.[2]

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[1] We quote part of a letter published in *The Public Intelligencer* in 1769: "The last dress in which you played *Macbeth* was that of a *modern fine gentleman*; so that when you came among the witches in the Fourth Act, you looked like a Beau, who had unfortunately slipped his foot and tumbled into a Night Cellar, where a Parcel of old Women were boiling Tripe for their supper. The very door in the rock by which you enter, like the Gates of Hell in Milton, ought to fly open

> "'With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
> . . . and on its hinges grate
> Harsh thunder.'

I am convinced that a greater Dignity of Habit, and a little more attention to Decorations would effectually enhance the terrors of this powerful scene."

[2] Not entirely; Caillot, as we have seen, declared himself a disciple of Garrick's; Préville's attitude towards him was that of a pupil to a master.

His influence on the actors who played in these new pieces was certainly of the same nature. When, in *Beverley*, Molé lavishly employed frenzied gestures, disconsolate attitudes, sudden starts, and loud cries interrupted by abrupt silences, he was following, unconsciously perhaps (in any case, he was far too vain to confess to any direct imitation), what he believed to be the English style. To a dumb-show, already charged with meaning, he added horrid shrieks and a tense and trembling manner of declamation; the result was, of course, lamentable. But these were Garrick's characteristics carried to the length of caricature; and although the English actor would have fled in terror before the demoniacal howls of Molé's Hamlet, yet the Frenchman was in a sense his pupil. Unfortunately, this inferior player set the tone for the interpreters of the new dramas; and when a man of talent, in whose style the best judges at once recognized a faithful likeness of Garrick's, presented himself at the Comédie Française he was refused as an untimely innovator.[1]

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[1] Can one say that there was any true artist in the group surrounding Diderot, save, perhaps, Sedaine?

[2] *Eugénie* (1767), *Beverley* (1768), *L'Orphelin anglais* (1769), mark an increase in emphasis and pathos, which culminated in D'Arnaud's gloomy dramas. In Rousseau's *Pygmalion* (1775), and Larive's *Pyrame et Thisbé* (1783), etc., music underlines the situations. Thus we pass to the pantomimes of Arnould-Mussot and to the popular dramas, with their many incidents, violent effects, strongly marked gestures. Movement becomes everything, and dialogue nothing; and thus we arrive at Pixérécourt.

And so, at bottom, he was. The French actors had not yet had time to assimilate the lesson that Garrick had given them, just as the French playwrights and poets had not yet had time to digest the new elements they had found in the pieces of

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[1] This was Aufresne. "The strongly marked favour of the spectators obliged the Comédie Française to accept him in its ranks; but when he dared bring forward a claim to a share in the company a regular storm of protest broke forth, and he was obliged to go and seek elsewhere [chiefly in the provinces, in Germany and Russia] that success which the jealousy of his comrades prevented him from enjoying at Paris. One of them justified his departure thus: 'That fellow put us all out. Either his way of acting was wrong compared to ours, or ours was wrong compared to his. Either he or the whole Comedy had to change. It is hard to go through one's apprenticeship a second time; we preferred to get rid of him. The public will be annoyed, but hang it all!'" (Lemazurier, *Galerie des acteurs du théâtre français*, vol. ii. pp. 359 *sqq.* See also the letter of Baron d'Holbach, p. 311; and Grimm, *Correspondance*, vol. vi. p. 318.

Shakespeare, of Lillo, and of Moore. The power of expression, combined with a faithful realism, which marked the acting of the English Roscius, were not seen on the French stage until the advent of Talma; and, just as Garrick owed to his Gallic blood much of the vivacity and mimetic force which distinguished him, so Talma owed to English influences some share in the evolution of his tragic talent. "During his stay in England," says one of his biographers, "with his father, who was dentist to his Britannic Majesty, he attended the London theatres and studied the plays of Ben Jonson, of Otway, and of Shakespeare. The latter's pieces, performed in all their *nationality*, began to impart to our young amateur ideas very different to those which had at first captivated his attention in his own country."[1] But this resemblance, which has often been remarked, between Garrick and Talma as tragedians, must not be ascribed to a direct imitation, but rather to an equal eminence of intelligence and to a similarity of education.

Again, Garrick's visit to France had helped both to extend and to consolidate Shakespeare's reputation in that country. Those who saw him act in the salons at Paris; those who, like Patu, Suard, de Chastellux, the Neckers, and many others, travelled to London and came back full of enthusiasm for the English actor, realized, far better than they could ever have done by reading Shakespeare in an ill-understood text or a lame translation, how powerful were his plays, how deeply they penetrated into human nature, and with what poetic beauty they revealed the working of man's heart. They might still regret his ignorance of fixed rules and declare that his splendour was barbaric, but they could no longer deny him the title of a great dramatic poet. And so Shakespeare engrossed more and more the thoughts of the literary world of Paris: amateurs like de Chastellux and professionals like Ducis adapted his plays for private or for public representation; titled ladies like the Marquise de Gléon read and commented him; journals and reviews discussed his merits. Finally, in 1776, came Letourneur's important translation of his complete works, in twenty octavo volumes, dedicated to the young King Louis XVI., subscribed for by all the Royal Princes of France, by the King of England, by the Empress Catherine of Russia, by French ministers and ambassadors, by all the philosophers—Diderot and d'Holbach, Saurin, Necker, Turgot, Mercier, de Chastellux, and Ducis—by the University of Cambridge and the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Lord Edgcumbe, Lord Lyttleton, Mrs. Montagu, Horace Walpole, and Garrick himself.[1] "Never did man of genius enter more deeply into the abyss of the human heart nor better teach the passions to speak the language of Nature. As fruitful as Nature herself, he lavishes on all his characters that astonishing diversity of humour that she dispenses to the individuals she creates. Born in an obscure station and in a century still barbarous, he had only Nature before him. He knew intuitively that that was the model he must paint, and that the secret of theatric art consisted in creating on the stage men exactly like those that come forth from her hands; . . . he descended into the huts of the poor; he saw humanity there and did not disdain to depict it in those vulgar classes. He seized on Nature wherever he found her, and, without going beyond the scenes of ordinary life, he explored every recess of the human breast."[1]

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[1] Regnault-Varin, *Mémoires sur Talma*, 1827, ch. iv.

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[1] There were more than eight hundred subscribers in all.

The success of this translation was immense. Shakespeare became the hero of the hour, and Voltaire could not contain himself for rage. "My dear friend," he wrote to d'Argental, "I must tell you how angry I am for the honour of our den[2] against a man called Tourneur, who is, I am told, Secretary of the Royal Library, but who does not seem to be the Secretary of good taste. Have you read the two wretched volumes in which he wishes us to consider Shakespeare as the only model of true tragedy? He calls him the God of the theatre; he sacrifices all French writers, without exception, to his Idol, just as pigs were sacrificed to Ceres; he does not deign to name Corneille or Racine, but these two great men are involved in the general proscription without their names being pronounced. Already there are two volumes of Shakespeare's plays printed; one would take them for Fairing-plays written two hundred years ago. That knave has found the way to get the King and Queen and all the Royal Family to subscribe to his work. . . . There are not enough insults, Fool's caps, or pillories in all France for such a scoundrel! The blood boils in my old veins when I speak of him. The most terrible part of the business is that the monster has a following in France; and, to crown all these disasters and horrors, I am the man who was formerly the first to speak of this Shakespeare. I was the first to show to the French people the few pearls I had found in his enormous dunghill: I did not expect that I was to help tread under foot the crown of Racine and of Corneille, to adorn the brow of a barbaric histrion."

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[1] Le Tourneur's edition begins by a Dedication to the King, by an account of the Stratford Jubilee organized by Garrick, and by a Life in 134 pages. Although this translation was more complete and more faithful than that of La Place, it was still far from perfect. One is less surprised at this when one reads the following curious letter written in English by Letourneur to Mrs. Montagu:

"PARIS, 15 *janvier*, 1777.

"MADAME,

"I shall not trouble yourself to-day with any other request but with my humble prayer to be so kind as to order the inclosed Letter to M. Catuelan be rendered to him, if possible, and if you know of his address in your City. There are two months and more since I have no news of him, and it wou'd be essential for me to get an answer from him. I hope he kept not the incognito in London for you. . . . The war is open between Shakespeare and Voltaire, and the first has got many champions whom I never sought for; but Shakespeare is good for defending himself. I am, etc. . . . P.S.—M. Franklin is here much speaking of the electricity." (Quoted by R. Huchon, from an MS. in the possession of Mrs. Climenson, *Mrs. Montagu*, p. 263.)

[2] "Le tripot"; he means the French Academy.

With Voltaire's other manifestations, his Letters to the Academy, his wrath against Mrs. Montagu, "an estimable citizeness of London, inspired with a pardonable zeal for the fame of her country," we have not to deal here.[1] It is enough if we have shown that the presence of Garrick in France caused the smouldering admiration for Shakespeare's works to burst into a flame, the heat of which caused that very mercurial barometer at Ferney to rise to fever-heat. Thus Garrick's literary influence blended and was lost in that of the god of his idolatry. His action in this direction was all the more efficacious from the fact that he was not *too* English, that he was not, as he puts it himself, bigoted in his dramatic faith. A less compromising missionary would have irritated those he desired to convert; Garrick, precisely because of that timidity of taste which seems blameable to-day, succeeded in conciliating the dramatic creeds of the two countries. He drew attention to qualities that all could admire in

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[1] The reader will find the subject of the Shakespeare-Voltaire duel well summarised in the book, already referred to, by M. Huchon.

Shakespeare; and he thus aided to inoculate the French literature with elements which were to produce the Romantic revival.

Lastly, one may attribute to Garrick an influence which extends beyond the precincts of the theatre. He was a point of contact for France and England—nay, more, a centre of admiration for the whole of Europe and a contributory cause of that cosmopolitanism which Western nations had not conceived of before the eighteenth century. He attracted strangers by his great reputation; he knew how to win and retain their esteem by his talents, his personal charm, and by the fact that he had none of that insular standoffishness with which foreigners often reproach his countrymen.

Among his friends were Patu, the Anglomaniac, the Shakespearean enthusiast; de La Place, who in studying English had forgotten his own language; Monnet, an early example of the cosmopolitan impresario; Madame Riccoboni, who drew her inspiration from the novels of Richardson and filled her pages with English characters and scenes; Noverre, ballet-master to all the Courts of the Continent; Grimm, who provided them all with news; d'Holbach, proprietor of the "Café de l'Europe"; Morellet and Madame Necker, Suard and Le Texier, and many others who were not simply Frenchmen, but whose sympathies and reputations extended widely to foreign countries. Here, then, Garrick was what his birth destined him to be—a bond between France and England. Had not the Napoleonic wars interrupted that exchange of opinions which, in spite of political differences, had not ceased all through the eighteenth century, Garrick might well have been hailed as one of the founders of the Entente Cordiale; and, even as it is, he must be considered as one of those who did most to dissipate the clouds of prejudice which hid France from England and to bring about a parallelism of views between Paris and London.[1]

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[1] Garrick's name and reputation have never disappeared from French literature. Most biographers and critics of Talma have compared him to the English actor. There is a curious reference to his tomb at Westminster Abbey in Fiévée's *Lettres sur l'Angleterre* (Paris, 1802). Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Montégut, Taine, and other writers on English literature have all mentioned him. More than this, it appears that his fame has become legendary in France. M. Mario Roques, Professor at the Ecole des Langues Orientales at Paris, assured the present writer that, when he was a child, his mother used to threaten that the English Garrigues would have him if he was not good. The threat was accompanied with a grimace that perpetuated the actor's reputation as pantomimist.

APPENDIX I

THE FRENCH ORIGINALS OF CERTAIN UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TRANSLATED IN THE TEXT

1. Letter from M. de Bernage, prévôt des marchands de Paris, à M. Berryer, lieutenant de police (p. 111):

Sur ce que vous aviez bien voulu, Monsieur, me faire l'honneur de me marquer du dessein qui devoit conduire ici les S^{rs} Garrick et Levié, j'ay fait faire des recherches sans avoir pu les découvrir. Vous m'aviez fait espérer de m'informer de ce qui pourroit venir à votre connaissance à ce sujet, et j'ay lieu de croire que vous n'en avez rien appris; mais *je sçais à n'en pouvoir douter, qu'un de nos danseurs nommé Devisse, qui est parti furtivement dans le mois d'aoust de l'année dernière, et passé en Angleterre,* est actuellement à Paris. Un de nos acteurs a assuré l'avoir vu et luy avoir parlé dans cette ville depuis quelques jours, et j'ay lieu de croire que l'objet de son voyage, pour lequel il avait employé auprès de moi quelques sollicitations sous prétexte d'affaires, est d'ayder par sa connaissance les démarches que pourront faire les S^{rs} Garrick et Levié pour débaucher quelques-uns de nos acteurs et actrices, et les emmener avec eux; peut-être a-t-il déjà pris ses mesures pour y réussir.

J'espère, Monsieur, qu'indépendamment de ces raisons, sa contravention aux Règlements et ordonnances du Roy vous déterminera *à donner des ordres pour le faire arrester et conduire au fort l'Evêque.* M. le duc de Gesvres, auquel j'en ay rendu compte pense comme moy, et M. d'Argenson l'approuvera. C'est un exemple véritablement essentiel; premièrement, pour contenir nos acteurs et actrices et assurer le service public; secondement, pour prévenir les mauvaises intentions du S^{r} Devisse et les manœuvres de ces étrangers.

Je vous supplie d'être toujours persuadé de l'attachement et du respect avec lequel j'ay l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

De Bernage.

2. Letter from M. Le Kain (p. 255):

Paris, 6 *mars*, 1773.

Si j'ai demeuré si longtemps sans vous écrire, mon cher Garrick, ce n'est pas que votre personne me soit moins chère et que votre amitié me soit moins précieuse ; mais je vous avouerai naïvement que j'aime trop mes amis pour les fatiguer de lettres et de recommandations. Il me suffit que la voix publique m'instruise de leur état et de leur célébrité. Je romps cependant le silence, mon cher ami, en faveur de M^r^ Besdel, maître de langue française, latine, italienne et allemande ; c'est un homme dont les mœurs sont aussi douces que son caractère porte de franchise et d'honnêteté. Il est rempli de connaissances et d'érudition ; bon père, bon mari, bon ami, en un mot digne qu'un homme de votre mérite lui accorde son estime et son amitié. Je sais que le caractère anglais n'est pas de s'engouer du premier coup d'œil ; aussi, mon cher Garrick, regarderais-je comme l'événement le plus heureux pour lui que vous voulussiez bien lui permettre de vous voir dans vos moments de loisir, de vous cultiver et de vous demander pour toute grâce de lui procurer des élèves pour les différentes langues qu'il enseigne par la méthode la plus simple et partant celle qui s'écarte le plus de cette route métaphysique qui jette plus d'obscurité dans les idées qu'elle n'y porte de vraies lumières.

Vous avez accueilli avec tant de bonté tous ceux qui ont sollicité ma recommandation auprès de vous que j'ai lieu de me flatter que vous voudrez bien user de la même indulgence envers M. Besdel, qui le mérite à tous égards.

Adieu, mon cher Garrick ; daignez vous ressouvenir encore quelques fois de celui qui s'estime heureux de vous connaître et d'applaudir avec toute l'Europe aux talents éminents que la nature vous a donnés. Je vous embrasse du meilleur de mon cœur, vous et votre aimable femme ; et suis à vous avec les sentiments du plus tendre attachement.

Le Kain.

Je n'ose me flatter que Monsieur Garrick puisse céder à mon instance particulière ; je me joins à M. Le Kain pour l'intéresser en faveur du sujet et lui en garderai une sincère reconnaissance. Je le prie d'agréer les sentiments de la plus parfaite estime dont je suis rempli pour lui.

Dumesnil.

3. Letter from M. de Belloy (p. 284) :

A Paris, *le* 30 *avril*, 1773.

Lorsque j'ai reçu, Monsieur, votre réponse et mon manuscrit, on s'occupait de représenter *Pierre le Cruel* à Bordeaux : et j'ai différé de vous écrire, jusqu'à ce que je fusse informé du succès. Il a été des plus heureux ; je puis même dire, plus éclatant que je ne pouvais le désirer. L'opinion d'un public impartial confirme celle que vous aviez de cette tragédie. Vous savez qu'Edouard fut adoré dans Bordeaux, où il fit une longue résidence ; sa mémoire y est chérie et révérée. C'est là qu'il rendit la liberté à Du Guesclin ; c'est là que Pierre le Cruel vint l'implorer ; et mon ouvrage, où ces traits sont rappelés, a dû faire en cette ville l'impression que ferait à Londres le récit de la bataille de Poictiers et la représentation de la captivité de notre bon roi Jean. Je connais comme vous, Monsieur, que cette dernière époque est celle où les Anglais voudraient qu'on leur retraçât le Prince noir ; mais vous aimez trop votre patrie pour penser que je fusse capable de sacrifier la mienne, en la présentant sur le théâtre dans l'état d'opprobre et d'humiliation où elle fut plongée pendant quelques années d'infortune. Vous vous souviendrez que, dans ma première lettre, je vous observai la crainte où j'étais que les victoires d'Edouard en Espagne ne parussent pas très intéressantes aux Anglais ; c'est même par ce motif que je ne vous envoyai pas mon manuscrit dans le premier paquet, voulant savoir d'abord ce que vous pensiez au sujet de la pièce. Au reste, je ne vous ai pas moins d'obligation de la bonne volonté que vous m'avez témoignée et dont je profiterai peut-être mieux par la suite. Je chéris cette occasion que j'ai eue de vous montrer toute ma confiance, toute mon estime et de recevoir quelques marques du retour dont vous m'honorez. Je suis et serai toujours avec les mêmes sentiments, Monsieur,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

De Belloy.

4. Letter from Cailhava d'Estandoux (p. 287) :

Monsieur,

Je suis extrêmement flatté d'apprendre que vous avez toujours quelque amitié pour moi et que vous voulez bien continuer à m'en donner des preuves en m'écrivant de temps en temps ; les conversations qu'on a avec les grands hommes étendent les lumières, agrandissent l'âme et flattent l'amour-propre.

Vous avez la bonté de me demander si j'ai sujet de me plaindre des comédiens, et vous m'exhortez à vous ouvrir mon cœur. Je vais vous le découvrir en entier et vous y verrez la juste indignation qu'il ressent. Dès que les comédiens eurent reçu avec acclamation mon *Tuteur dupé*, je fus chez Molé. Je le priai de vouloir bien se charger d'un rôle qui n'était pas digne de lui mais qu'il embellirait avec ses talents. Je lui dis à ce sujet tout ce qu'on peut dire de flatteur. Il prit mon rôle avec dédain, vint à la première répétition, me persifla sur chaque phrase au premier acte, courut après un chat pendant le second, demanda au troisième s'il était l'amant de la jeune ou de la vieille femme, protestant qu'il n'y avait rien dans la pièce qui peut [*sic*] le lui faire comprendre, s'endormit au quatrième, ne se réveilla au cinquième que pour lire les aparté au lieu de lire son rôle, finit par dire qu'il ne voulait pas jouer dans une mauvaise pièce et exhorta ses camarades à ne pas la représenter. On tint effectivement une assemblée à ce sujet où il fut décidé que puisqu'on avait reçu une mauvaise pièce il fallait la jouer. Molé dit publiquement partout qu'il allait faire *le beau Léandre*, qui est un personnage de nos parades.

On joua la pièce sans prendre la peine de l'étudier, personne ne savait ses rôles, à l'exception de Préville qui joua comme un dieu. La pièce réussit à la ville et encore mieux à la Cour. Molé, indigné du succès, céda son rôle à Venel qui débutait dans ces temps-là, sans en parler ni à moi ni à ses camarades. Il fut décidé alors que ma pièce resterait au théâtre et qu'on la reprendrait dans un temps favorable, puisqu'elle avait été donnée dans le plus mauvais temps de l'année. Cependant, on a repris quatre pièces qui avaient été jouées après la mienne, et l'on ne veut pas absolument me ressusciter dans l'esprit du public. Ce qu'il y a de plus cruel pour moi, c'est que Préville, qui de l'aveu de tous ses camarades et du public, n'a jamais joué dans aucune pièce comme dans la mienne, lui que j'ai étudié, lui dans l'âme de qui j'ai toujours cherché à lire pour le mettre en situation, lui à qui j'ai toujours fait ma cour comme on doit la faire à un grand homme, c'est-à-dire, en tâchant de la faire l'âme de toutes mes pièces—eh bien ! croiriez-vous qu'il ne fait aucune démarche pour moi dans cette occasion ?

Mes ennemis, qui ne me pardonneront jamais d'avoir réussi dans une pièce qu'ils avaient condamnée, m'ont fait refuser quatre comédies tout de suite. Je ne me suis pas rebuté, j'en ai fait une cinquième. Je la lus à Préville, à sa femme, à Belcour, à plusieur gens de lettres qui se recrièrent tous sur sa beauté. Elle fut cependant refusée le lendemain tout d'une voix et l'a été deux fois depuis ce temps-là. Cependant, tant de personnes ont crié à l'injustice qu'on l'a enfin reçue, mais je gagerai bien qu'elle ne sera jamais jouée. Je ne vous donne là, Monsieur, qu'un petit échantillon des horreurs que j'ai essuyées. Rien n'est plus affreux, surtout pour moi, qui suis à Paris malgré mes parents et qui suis possédé du démon de la comédie. Je suis au désespoir ! N'est-il pas bien malheureux que je sois obligé d'abandonner une carrière qui me coûte ma fortune et ma jeunesse ?

C'est pour y tenir encore que j'ai entrepris l'ouvrage dont je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière lettre. Je suis enchanté que le plan vous plaise ; je compte sur vos bontés pour le remplir. Comme il ne doit paraître que l'hiver prochain, vous aurez le temps de me faire passer vos remarques et vos ouvrages ; je les attends avec la plus grande impatience. Je n'entends pas l'anglais, mais j'ai des amis qui le savent parfaitement. J'espère que vous voudrez bien m'indiquer ce que votre théâtre a d'inférieur [et] de supérieur au nôtre et des exemples de tout cela, avec une note des pièces qui sont imitées des nôtres et des morceaux qui sont mieux ou plus mal.

Après vous avoir ennuyé de mes querelles avec la Comédie, il est très juste de vous en donner des nouvelles plus générales. Je la crois totalement perdue, et je ne suis pas le seul. Le moyen que cela puisse être autrement tant que la cabale seule fera recevoir ou renvoyer un acteur et distribuera les récompenses et les rôles ? On ne cherche personne pour doubler Le Kain et nous avons présentement quatre soubrettes, M^lle^ Belcour, M^lle^ Lusy, M^lle^ Fare, et M^lle^ du Gazon qui vient d'être reçue à la place de M^me^ Le Kain, qui s'est retirée. La sœur de cette M^lle^ du Gazon, qui est mariée avec le frère de Vestris, danseur de l'Opéra, et qui était la maîtresse d'un prince d'Allemagne va débuter dans les rôles de princesse et est déjà reçue à part, sans savoir si elle est bonne. Enfin, toute va si mal que les misérables comédiens de province, loin de briguer, comme autrefois, un ordre de début pour

Paris, craignent d'y être appelés. Nous en avons un exemple tout récent. M^{r} de Richelieu a envoyé un ordre à une actrice de Toulouse, qui n'est venue ici que pour le prier en grâce de ne pas la faire débuter. Elle a choisi pour rôle de début l'amoureuse dans *Les Menecmes* où il n'y a pas douze vers à dire, et est partie le lendemain. Venel, dont vous me demandez des nouvelles, est un clerc de procureur mis au théâtre par Préville et entretenu par M^{lle} Lusy. Il s'est fait applaudir pendant la maladie de Molé, qui ne le lui pardonnera jamais. Molé a quitté Mad^{e} Préville, qui a été à toute extrémité de désespoir. Son mari l'a reprise ; ils vivent assez décemment ensemble. On dit toujours de temps en temps que M^{lle} Clairon rentrera. Grandval s'est retiré ; le duc d'Orléans l'a nommé intendant de ses menus plaisirs et lui donne deux mille écus d'appointements. Voilà tout ce qu'il y a de nouveau dans un pays où les faiseurs de feuilles ne font pas autant de bruit que dans le vôtre. Adieu, Monsieur ; conservez-moi, de grâce, votre amitié, et je serai toujours, avec toute la reconnaissance possible, votre très humble serviteur,

CAILHAVA.

Permettez que j'assure M^{de} de mes respects.

A PARIS, DE L'HÔTEL DU CORNET D'OR,
RUE STE MARGUERITE, F.S.G.

5. Letter from Madame Necker (p. 344) :

Je pourrai donc dire à mes amis : je l'ai vu cet homme unique ; cet homme, l'admiration de toute l'Europe et les délices de ses amis ; le voilà tel qu'il était, mais le peintre n'a saisi qu'un moment et j'en ai gravé mille dans ma tête et dans mon cœur. J'ajouterai : c'est à lui que je dois cette sublime estampe ; il m'honorait de ses bontés et de son amitié ; et si j'ai versé des torrents de larmes quand il jouait *Hamlet* et *Lear*, j'en ai versé de plus abondantes encore en me séparant de lui et de sa charmante compagne ; leur douce image se joindra à jamais à tous mes sentiments. Je ne ferai plus de voyage ; j'ai observé les mœurs de tous les hommes dans le jeu de Monsieur Garrick et j'ai plus fait de découvertes sur le cœur humain que si j'avais parcouru l'Europe entière. Je sais bien du moins que je n'y aurais rien trouvé d'aussi digne d'admiration, de respect et d'attachement que Monsieur et Madame Garrick, à qui je présente mes plus tendres hommages.

6. Three letters from Jean Monnet (pp. 396 to 402):

Mon ami, je trouve un moment pour vous écrire. J'en profite pour vous réitérer le regret que j'ai de vous quitter, ainsi que Mad. Garrick; mais l'espoir de vous revoir bientôt, l'un et l'autre, me console. Tâchez que ce soit l'année prochaine; celle d'après, je reviendrai en Angleterre. Je pars absolument demain pour Paris. Sitôt que j'y serai, je ferai vos commissions; et peu de temps après je vous donnerai de mes nouvelles. Dans une note que vous m'avez envoyée, il y a: qu'il faut que les manchettes soient de dentelle. J'ai toujours compris que Madame Garrick voulait de la chenille pour l'hiver, et une garniture de dentelle de hazard, quand je la trouverais bon compte. Qu'elle n'ait point d'inquiétude; elle m'a donné des notes qui me mettront à portée de la servir à son gré.

Dimanche dernier à onze heures du soir, le grand chevalier vint m'inviter pour dîner hier avec le duc d'York. Ce dîner s'est assez bien passé. Je suis encore obligé de dîner aujourd'hui avec le même monde. Vous voyez, mon ami, que je ne fréquente pas de la canaille! Le grand chevalier nous a fait voir le tombeau de Mahomet et le sceptre magique: c'est un rare corps que ce chevalier.

M^r^ George Garrick m'a présenté ce matin un capuchon; c'est une galanterie de Mad. Garrick, dont je la remercie. Vous savez combien je vous aime tous deux et combien je suis votre serviteur.

MONNET.

Bien des compliments, je vous prie, à Mad. votre compagne—ce mardi matin.

---

24 *août*, 1775.

MON AMI,

J'ai reçu vos deux lettres, l'une datée du 8 de ce mois et l'autre du 7. La dernière m'a été remise par M^{r} Jacquet Droz, qui est comblé de l'accueil favorable que vous lui avez fait. Je vous remercie de votre jolie chaîne; Polichinelle ne l'aura pas. Tout ce qui vient de votre maison m'est cher; je porte encore une robe de chambre de laine en capuchon dont M^{me} Garrick, en partant de Londres, me fit présent.

J'ai découvert avec peine ce M. d'Hannetaire de Bruxelles. Il n'a point connu le jeune homme dont vous parlez dans votre lettre, encore moins reçu la médaille. A la vérité il était étonné qu'un grand homme comme vous, la gloire du théâtre, n'eût pas répondu à sa lettre et à l'envoi qu'il vous avait fait de son livre. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire le Pathétique et l'Eloquence que j'ai employés pour vous justifier. Vous saurez seulement que cet homme était baigné de larmes de la vénération qu'il a pour vous, et de la joie que lui a causée votre souvenir. Il doit me remettre sous quelques jours un exemplaire d'une édition nouvelle qu'il vient de faire faire de son ouvrage, pour vous l'envoyer. Ne l'oubliez pas pour votre médaille. Je vous remercie pour celles que vous m'avez fait remettre par M^r^ Jacquet Droz, une en argent et l'autre en cuivre. Je préfère la dernière pour la ressemblance et le mérite de l'artiste. L'idée en est ingénieuse. Je devais l'avoir des premiers, pour l'intérêt que je prends dans votre amitié et à votre gloire. Vous méritez ce reproche de ma part; recevez-en aussi d'un M^r^ de Villeneuve, directeur de la comédie de Strasbourg. Il était chez moi il y a une heure; sa fille, bien élevée, âgée de 18 ans, vient de débuter aux Italiens dans les opéras bouffons avec le plus grand succès. Ce sont d'honnêtes gens. Il dit vous avoir fait politesse dans son domaine. Vous lui aviez promis un de vos portraits en estampe, qu'il n'a point reçu. Pour votre justification, je l'ai associé à l'aventure de M^r^ d'Hannetaire en lui promettant de vous faire part de son grief contre vous. . . . Recevez les assurances de l'amitié de Mad. Monnet et de son vieux mari, et ne nous oubliez pas auprès de Mad. Garrick.

MONNET.

MON AMI,

Pendant quelque temps j'ai cessé de vous écrire, mais je n'ai pas cessé de vous aimer et de me rappeler souvent avec plaisir les preuves de votre amitié. J'ai eu de vos nouvelles par des Anglais que j'ai vus à Paris, et tout nouvellement de Londres par M^r^ Thornhill. Je serais fort aise de savoir par vous-même comment va votre santé, à laquelle je m'intéresse fortement. Pour moi, je n'ai rien à désirer à cet égard; surtout depuis dix-huit mois que j'ai pris le parti de m'arranger pour passer tous les étés à Paris et le reste de l'année à Soissons, petite ville à 60 milles de la capitalle et très agréable par sa situation et la tranquillité dont on y jouit. J'ai fait l'acquisition d'une petite maison, neuve, propre et commode, où il y a un petit appartement meublé à l'anglaise pour recevoir les bons amis qui auront la complaisance de me venir voir. M. Jacquet Droz, que vous connaissez, y est venu; et si l'envie vous prenait encore une fois de venir en France, je vous presserais vivement de me faire une visite.

Depuis un an des événements fâcheux se succèdent ici. La guerre avec vous, dont je suis fâché pour vos intérêts propres ; la mort de Voltaire, de Rousseau, de Le Kain et de Bellecour. Le premier, poussé par la sotte gloire de se montrer à Paris et de se voir couronné sur le théâtre des comédiens français, y est venu à 84 ans, infirme, pour y traîner sa décrépitude et vomir son sang dans un lit de Mr de Villette. . . . Le vieillard a laissé de la fortune, et quatre mille louis en or qu'on a trouvés dans son coffre-fort à Genève. Rousseau, au contraire, pour avoir trop méprisé les richesses, a fait pénitence toute sa vie et est mort en sage et pauvre. Celui-ci avait pour tout revenu pour lui et sa femme 1800 livres, argent de France. Le Kain et Bellecour ont fini à peu près par les mêmes coups, c'est-à-dire, par beaucoup de désordres dans le moral et dans le physique. Le premier ne sera pas de si tôt remplacé; l'autre, plus utile, je pense, que grand comédien, laisse un grand vide dans l'emploi qu'il tenait à son théâtre.

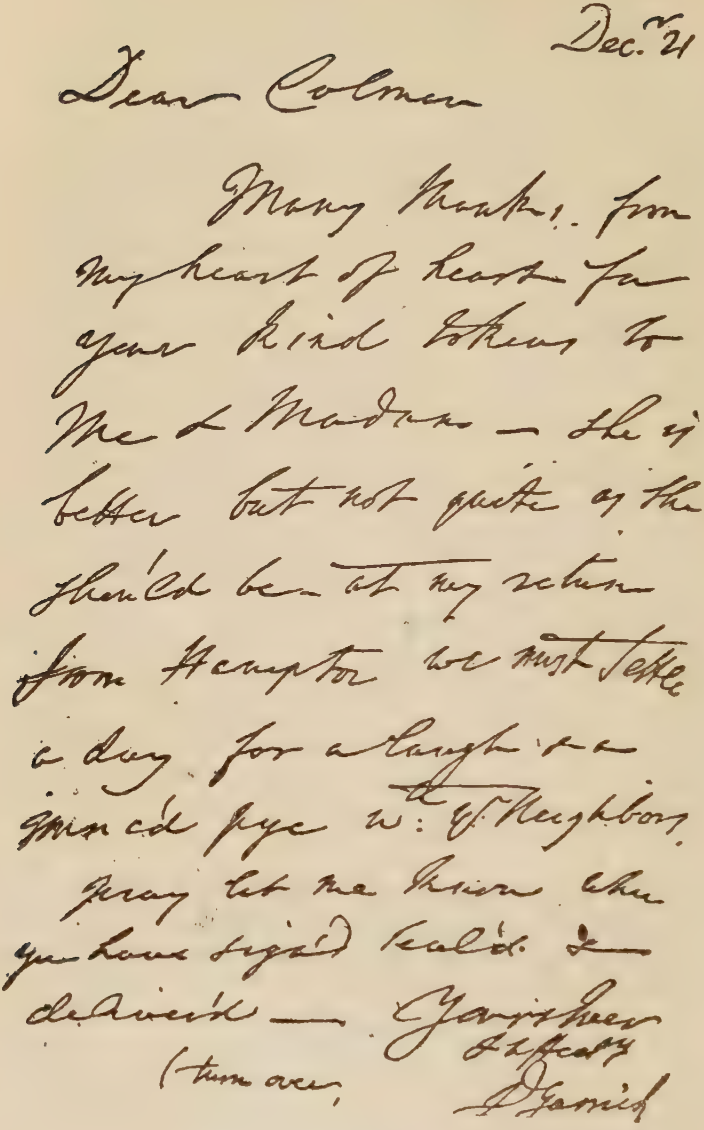
Nous apprenons par nos papiers publics qu'un de vos compatriotes a expédié le vicomte Du Barry à coup de pistolet. Si la race du dernier eût été exterminée il y a dix ans, la France en serait mieux, et Louis XV vivrait encore. Notre reine se porte bien, nous attendons de jour en jour un Dauphin. Le roi vient de créer un édit portant création de 4 millions de rentes viagères à 10 pour cent sur une tête et à huit sur deux. Faisons néanmoins des vœux pour la paix.

Présentez mon respectueux attachement à Mad. Garrick. Recevez des compliments de Mad. Monnet et les assurances du véritable attachement avec lequel je suis, mon ami,

Votre très humble serviteur,

MONNET.

A SOISSONS, RUE ST. LEGER, *ce 4 déc.* 1778.



Decr 21

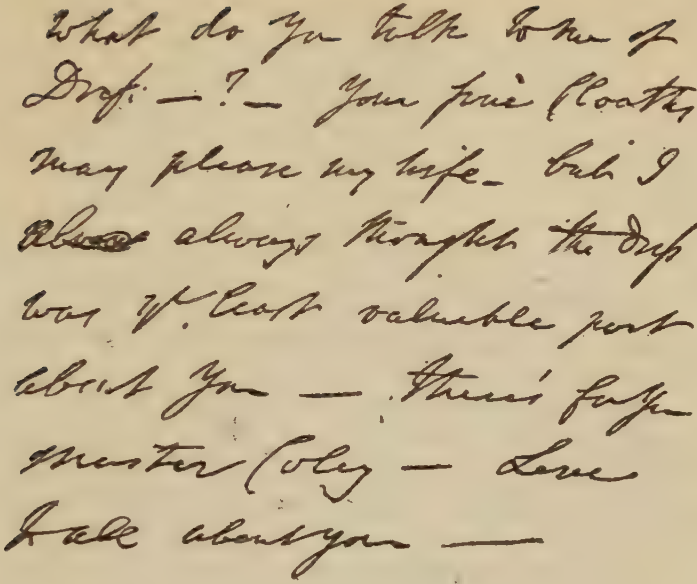
Dear Colman

Many thanks :- from my heart of heart for your kind tokens to Me & Madam — she is better but not quite as she shou'd be at my return from Hampton we must take a day for a laugh & a minc'd pye wth yr Neighbors.

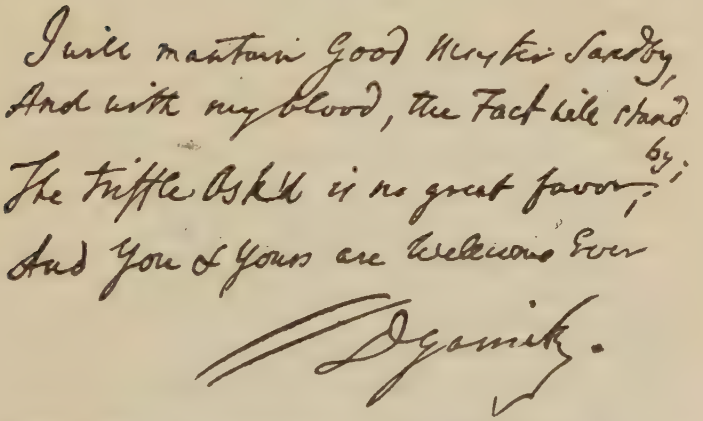
Pray let me know when you have sign'd seal'd & deliver'd — Yours ever & affecty

D Garrick

(turn over)



What do You talk to me of
Dress—?— Your fine Cloaths
may please my wife— but I
~~Abso~~ always thought the dress
was ye least valuable part
about You — there's for you
master Coley — Love
& all about you —



I will maintain Good Master Sandby,
And with my blood, the Fact will stand by;
The trifle Ask'd is no great favor;
And You & Yours are Welcome Ever
D Garrick.

NOTE.—Two Garrick autographs. The first, a letter to George Colman, should probably be dated 1766; the original is in the Public Library at Geneva. The second, a note in rhyme sent with some tickets to the architect Sandby, comes from Mr. Broadley's collection.

APPENDIX II

GARRICK AND THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

All's Well that ends Well. Revived by Giffard at Goodman's Fields, March 7, 1741.

Played by Garrick at Drury Lane, Feb. 24, 1756. (Garrick did not act in it.)

Antony and Cleopatra. A genuine revival by Garrick with new dresses and scenery, Jan. 3, 1759. (Played only six nights in all.) Prepared for representation by cuts only, fairly judicious, made by Capell and Garrick.

Dryden's masterpiece, *All for Love,* had always taken its place since the Restoration. It was this play that figured subsequently at D.L. in 1766, 1772, 1776, etc., and not Shakespeare's.

As you Like It. Revived by Fleetwood at D.L. Dec. 20, 1740.

Love in a Forest, by Charles Johnson (D.L. Jan. 9. 1723) had taken its place.

Garrick produced it at D.L. Nov. 2, 1747; but did not act in it.

Cymbeline. Revived by Theo. Cibber at the Haymarket, Nov. 8, 1744.

Until then, D'Urfey's *Injured Princess* (a terrible mangle of Shakespeare) had taken its place.

Garrick played it at D.L. Nov. 28, 1761 ; a good alteration and a great success. Posthumous one of Garrick's best parts.

Hamlet. Often acted since the Restoration. First played by Garrick at Dublin, 1742; in London, Nov. 19, 1743.

His mangled version produced, Dec. 18th, 1772.

Henry IV., Pt. I. Often acted since the Restoration.

Played by Garrick (Hotspur) at Covent Garden, Dec. 6, 1746.

Henry IV., Pt. II. Revived at D.L., Dec. 17, 1720.
Played by Garrick (the King) Mar. 13, 1758.

Henry VIII. Often acted since the Restoration.
Played at D.L., Sept. 30, 1761 ; spectacular show, with Coronation Pageant ; Garrick not in it.

Henry V. A play of Lord Orrery's (Lincoln's Inn Fields, Aug. 13, 1664) on same subject, no other connection, took its place.

Adaptation of Shakespeare's play by Aaron Hill, D.L., Dec. 5, 1723; the original reduced to French taste and all humorous passages expurgated.
Revived by Giffard at G.F., Nov. 26, 1735.
Played by Garrick (Chorus), Dec. 16, 1747.

King John. Revived at C.G. by Rich, Feb. 26, 1737.
This revival was due to adverse criticism of a play of Cibber's—*Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John*—founded on Shakespeare and finally produced at C.G., Feb. 15, 1745.

Played by Garrick (King John ; later, Faulconbridge) at D.L., Feb. 20, 1745.

King Lear. Played in Tate's mangled version at Dorset Garden, 1681. This version kept the stage till Feb. 10, 1823 ; Garrick never acted Shakespeare's play. It is true the version of Tate's he gave in Oct. 1756 was slightly mitigated ; see Genest IV., p. 475.

Macbeth. Davenant's alteration held the stage until 1744, when the original version was supposed to be revived by Garrick ; but this version still contained lines by Middleton and a "dying speech" added by Garrick himself.

Measure for Measure. Revived at L.I.F., 1720.
Produced by Garrick at D.L., Feb. 22, 1755. Garrick did not act in it.

Merchant of Venice. George Granville, Baron Lansdowne's version had been acted since 1701.

Macklin revived Shakespeare's play at D.L., Feb 14, 1741. Though he reformed the Jew's part, Kitty Clive continued to treat Portia in a farcical style. Garrick produced the play (with Macklin in the title-rôle) Sept. 15, 1747 ; he never acted in it himself.

Midsummer Night's Dream. Turned into an opera, *The Fairies*, by Garrick, Feb. 3, 1755.

A version of the original play, with many songs added, played during his absence, Nov. 23, 1763.

Much Ado about Nothing. Revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Feb. 9, 1721.

Played by Garrick at D.L., Nov. 14, 1748; Garrick played Benedick.

Othello. Often acted since the Restoration.

Played by Garrick at D.L., Mar. 7, 1745; not a success.

Richard III. Cibber's much mangled version held the stage from 1700; Garrick never gave the original play. Shakespeare's piece was revived at C.G., Mar. 21, 1821.

Romeo and Juliet. Not played from March, 1662 (L.I.F.) till Theo. Cibber revived it, with alterations, at the Haymarket, 1744; Otway's *Caius Marius* had taken its place.

Produced by Garrick (Romeo), Nov. 29, 1748.

Taming of the Shrew. Revived, in a much-altered form, as *Catherine and Petruchio*, by Garrick, March 18, 1754; he did not act in it.

The Tempest. Dryden and Davenant's much-altered version held the stage from 1667 to 1747.

Lacy revived the original play at D.L., Jan. 31, 1746.

Garrick produced Dryden's and Davenant's version, Dec. 26, 1747.

Garrick turned it into an opera, Feb. 11, 1756.

Finally it was played in the original version at D.L. Oct. 20, 1757; Garrick did not act in it.

Timon of Athens. Produced by Garrick at D.L., Dec. 4, 1771, in a version by Love, which included many of Shadwell's additions and some of his own.

The real play—or, at any rate, a discrete arrangement by George Lamb—was played at D.L., Oct. 28, 1816.

Twelfth Night. Revived by Fleetwood at D.L., Jan. 1741.

Produced by Garrick, April 15, 1746; he never acted in it.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Revived by Garrick, in an altered form of Victor's, Dec. 22, 1762.

Shakespeare's play produced at C.G., April 13, 1784.

Winter's Tale. Revived by Giffard at Goodman's Fields, Jan. 15, 1741.

Much mangled by Garrick and produced, as *Florizel and Perdita*, at D.L., Jan. 21, 1756. Garrick played Leontes.

Garrick may be said to have revived *six* plays of Shakespeare's: *Antony*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Macbeth*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Two Gentlemen*, and *Timon*.

He altered, or caused to be altered, *eight*: *Antony* (good), *Cymbeline* (good), *Winter's Tale*, *The Shrew*, *Hamlet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Tempest*.

He played in or produced corrupt versions of *four*: *Richard III.*, *Lear*, *Tempest*, *Timon*.

He never produced: *Comedy of Errors*, *Coriolanus*, *Henry VI.*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pericles*.

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This volume consists of the diaries of the Baroness d'Anethan, widow of the late Baron Albert d'Anethan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of the Belgians at the Court of Japan. For fifteen or sixteen years Baron d'Anethan held this position, and during the whole of that period the Baroness, who is the authoress of several novels and who comes of a literary family, being a sister of Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., of Mr. Rider Haggard, and of Major Arthur Haggard, described day by day the events, historical, social, and official, in which she was taking part. The Diary commences with her first day in the Far East and deals with the stirring events of the following years, the Japanese-Chinese War, the tragedies of the Boxer trouble, experiences of the Red Cross work, the various travels and expeditions in the lovely interior of Japan, Court, official, and religious functions, many no longer existing, and above all the exciting incidents of the Russo-Japanese War. All these are described with a realistic and vivid pen.

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The France of Joan of Arc

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A glittering procession of historical figures is revealed in Colonel Haggard's volume: Philippe le Hardi, Jean sans Peur, Philippe le Bon, the three famous Dukes of Burgundy; Louis d'Orléans; the Comte Bernard d'Armagnac; Charles VI., and Isabeau, his unfaithful consort; Charles VII., and Yolande, his intriguing mother-in-law; these and many other noted personages play their part in the moving drama of which the central figure is Joan of Arc, whose human and pathetic story is told fully in Colonel Haggard's pages from the early days at Dom-Remy down to the trial and execution.

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Author of "Balzac, his Life and Writings."

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The France of Joan of Arc.

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A glittering procession of historical figures is revealed in Colonel Haggard's volume, Philippe le Hardi, Jean sans Peur, Philippe le Bon, the three famous Dukes of Burgundy; Louis d'Orleans; the Comte Bernard d'Armagnac, Charles VI., and Isabeau, his unfaithful consort; Charles VII., and Yolande, his intriguing mother-in-law; these and many other noted personages play their part in the moving drama of which the central figure is Joan of Arc, whose human and pathetic story is told fully in Colonel Haggard's pages from the early days at Dom-Remy down to the trial and execution.

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"Mr. Blacker shows what to look for, how to know it, and what to avoid. For the collector the book is a necessity."—*Daily Express.*
"The author has a golden rule for collectors. 'Never buy with your ears,' learn to rely on your eyes, your fingers, a knife and a file."—*Sunday Times.*

A B C of Collecting Old English Pottery. J. F. Blacker. Illustrated with about 400 line and 32 pages of half-tone illustrations.

"Practically every known variety of old English pottery is dealt with, and the usefulness of the book is enhanced by the facsimile reproduction of the various marks, and by an appendix giving the prices realised by good examples at auction."—*Observer.*
"In this book the range is wide, stretching from Greek vases to Napoleon jugs, and including a great deal of information on the Wedgwood productions and even on the willow-pattern. Salt glaze, lustre, slipware, puzzle jugs, Fulham, Astbury, Lambeth, Leeds, Yarmouth, and numerous other wares all receive careful attention. Mr. Blacker speaks with authority, and his pages are full of knowledge."—*Bookman.*
"Mr. Blacker is to be congratulated on the production of a thoroughly good, trustworthy and informing handbook, and one that every collector will find not only desirable but necessary."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW 6/- FICTION

The Justice of the Duke. Rafael Sabatini

Author of "The Shame of Motley," "The Trampling of the Lilies," "The Life of Cesare Borgia," "The Lion's Skin," "Bardelys the Magnificent," etc.

In his "Life of Cesare Borgia" Mr. Sabatini gives us a stern, straightforward narrative, based upon all available data. In the present volume he fills in the details permissible to the romancer, and allows his fancy to play about the same fascinating and terrible protagonist, presenting to us the real Cesare Borgia, as Mr. Sabatini visualises him, but in settings purely artificial and in circumstances wholly or partly fictitious, spun and woven with all the art of which this writer is master. We see this beautiful and amazing young Italian of the Renaissance dealing with the situations which the Author has invented or built-up, precisely as Mr. Sabatini conceives that he would have dealt with them had they arisen as set down in this work. Thus, whilst purely a work of fiction, fine, sharp-cut and arresting, it is none the less of high historic value by virtue of the series of accurate and graphic pictures it shows us of a ruthless man in a ruthless age.

The Woman-Hunter. Arabella Kenealy

Author of "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," "The Mating of Anthea," etc., etc.

The most powerful story Miss Arabella Kenealy has written. It is at the same time a passionate love story, and a profound study in the psychology of emotions. Here are two men, opposite as the poles in temperament and *morale*, the ascetic Anglican priest, and the "woman-hunter" of the title, man of the world and libertine. Both are in love with Nerissa, the charming heroine; one is her husband. The theme of the book is the widely-differing effects on temperament and conduct which result from love in these two widely-differing men. The one, the ascetic priest, concerned for his soul's salvation, fights his passion for his young bride as a deadly and besetting sin; the other comes by way of his passion to regeneration. An adept in the conquest of women, he brings all his powers to the siege of the beautiful unhappy wife, wooing her in every mood and tense, ringing the changes of his wooing through strategy, and bribery and temptation, through force of mastery, through guile and wile and passionate assault, and so at last to love, profound and true. The story, though eminently modern, is picturesquely set in a romantic old tower.

The Consort. MRS. EVERARD COTES (SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN). Author of "The Burnt Offering," "Cousin Cinderella," "The Path of a Star," etc.

The story of a little man married to a great woman, of their relations and interactions, their battles and despairs, written round the strong and familiar interests of passion and power and politics. The story moves at a gallop, and it is for the reader to meditate and moralise when the book is laid aside.

The Villa Mystery. HERBERT FLOWERDEW

Author of "The Second Elopement," "The Third Wife," etc.

Another of those psychological-sensational romances which Herbert Flowerdew has made a speciality of his own. Woven in with the mystery of a crime as baffling as anything imagined by Gaboriau, the pretty love story of Esmond Hare and Elsa Armandy engages the reader's sympathy from the moment of their first meeting. This is in a lonely country road, at midnight, where Elsa is on her knees picking up handfuls of sovereigns that do not exactly belong to her, and the atmosphere of mingled mystery and romance continues to surround their moving and unconventional love story up to the moment of its happy ending.

Prince and Priest. BERYL SYMONS

Author of "A Lady of France."

Readers fortunate in having read this author's stirring novel 'A Lady of France' will appreciate this new romance of mediæval France, which contains atmosphere, colour, life and movement. 1207 is the date when the story opens. Count Bertrand de Crein falls in love with the beautiful Lady Rosamund, whom he is escorting to the Lord of Gervandan in Toulouse, whose wife she is to be. In the meantime the Count of Toulouse is threatened with Rome's curse and an armed crusade to put down heresy. In the subsequent siege and sack of Beziers, Rosamund's husband is killed, and the love of Rosamund and de Crein culminates in marriage. The book is full of excitement, adventure, thrilling escapes, and heart-stirring romance.

Brass Faces. CHARLES McEVOY

An exciting modern story of grip and power, some of the most startling episodes of which concern the kidnapping of a girl who has been turned out of house and home by her father and imprisoned in a house in Kensington. She is rescued by a bachelor, who in turn finds himself in a delicate position. An American female detective plots his arrest and ruin. The story rushes on in a whirl of excitement through a maze of plots and counterplots to a dramatic *dénouement.*

The Meteoric Benson. VINCENT MILLS-MALET

A decidedly new note has been struck in this most readable and interesting novel. As the name indicates it is an aeroplane story, and one of those rare books which must be read at a sitting; incident follows incident in ever-increasing interest, until the reader, breathless from excitement, learns from the last page "what really did happen."

Who Did It? HEADON HILL

Author of "Troubled Waters."

The principal theme of this volume is the abnormal astuteness of the Conductor of a railway restaurant-car, whose powers of observation and deduction enables him to solve the many absorbing "mysteries" that come under his ken, and which, as a preventer and detector of crime, put him on a par with any of the great puzzle-readers of fiction. Mr. Headon Hill goes direct to the point, and carries the reader rapidly along from the first page to the last.

A Robin Hood of France. MICHAEL W. KAYE

Hated at court and falsely accused of murder, the young Sieur de Pontenac flees to the Forest of Fontainebleau, and becomes the leader of a band of robbers (King Mandrin), beloved of the oppressed canaille, but hated of the nobles, whom he defies and robs. Claire d'Orgiuel, the only child of the Comte d'Orgiuel, having lost heavily at cards, wagers the winner—who has her in his power, and who hopes to force her to marry him—that she will lure "King Mandrin" into the power of his enemies; but, arriving in the Forest of Fontainebleau, ends in falling in love with the "Robin Hood of France."

Neighbours of Mine. R. ANDOM

Author of "We Three and Troddles," "In Fear of a Throne," etc.
With 60 original illustrations.

This broadly farcical story of types and incidents of suburban life will afford as much amusement as the famous "Troddles" books which have in volume form successfully appealed to something like 200,000 readers of all classes, and should prove as popular with those who like a rollicking story. Now and again the author conveys a moral, discreetly, but generally he is content to be extravagantly amusing in depicting adventures, which are sufficiently out of the ordinary to be termed "singular." The book is cleverly and amusingly illustrated throughout the text by a popular artist, who has admirably succeeded in catching the drollery of the narrative.

The Loves of Stella. MRS. SHIERS-MASON

Stella O'Donovan, a very poor but also very beautiful and quite unsophisticated Irish girl, lives in an old castle on a lovely but lonely Bay on the Irish coast. She has Spanish blood in her veins, and much of the impulsive and fascinating temperament of the Andalusians. Becoming heiress to a million of money, she decides to go to London and enter Society. Before her departure, a young Norwegian sculptor, Olaf Johansen, of striking appearance, comes to reside in the village. He at once falls in love with Stella, who returns his affection, but who, doubtful of herself, flees to London. Here she appears to meet Olaf again, but it is his twin brother impersonating him. Stella at once succumbs to his love-making, and many highly dramatic scenes follow.

Every Dog His Day.

Harold Avery

Author of "A Week at the Sea," etc.

Basil Relaver and Angela kiss in a garden at Avesbury, youthful and innocent lovers. Circumstances divide them. Basil is whirled away into the vortex of commercial life and spends some years building up business and making himself a position. Prospering, he revisits Avesbury to learn from Helen Sutherly, Angela's aunt, that Angela, proud and independent, lives in London and earns her own livelihood as a secretary. They meet and misunderstand. Helen Sutherly intervenes, but the lovers are again about to part when they meet once more in the old garden and "love awakens and does not wake in vain." It is a pleasant, quiet story which grows in interest as it proceeds, and leaves a sense of satisfaction in the mind of the reader when it is finished.

The Long Hand.

Sir William Magnay, Bart.

Author of "Red Chancellor," "Count Zarka" and "A Prince of Lovers."

The setting of the story is Bavaria at the end of the 18th century, when that very remarkable, but now almost forgotten genius, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, was for a short time actually Regent of Bavaria, and was standing forth as the saviour of Munich, threatened at once by the French and Austrian armies. At this juncture a young English traveller arrives in that city, and by chance is drawn into a tragic adventure, being mistaken by an emissary of vengeance for a young officer who has given offence at Court, and whom the "long hand" of royalty is seeking to clutch. This episode proves to be but the first of many exciting adventures, and from it is developed a love interest which becomes the engrossing theme of the story. Readers who have enjoyed the Author's previous novels will find no falling off in this, his latest novel of the same genre, which offers a feast of romance and stirring adventure.

Exotic Martha.

Dorothea Gerard

Author of "The City of Enticement," "A Glorious Lie," etc.

Martha Grant, betrothed to a Dutchman whom she has met at an Alpine health resort, but who resides in Java, arrives at Batavia to find her lover married to another woman. Rather than face the humiliation of a return to her Scotch home she engages herself as a lady's maid to an invalid Dutchwoman. Suspected of poisoning her mistress, she is condemned to penal servitude for life. Effecting her escape, with the aid of an eccentric French doctor, who is the real, though unsuspected, poisoner, she is on the point of yielding to the advances of her rescuer, when George Pether, the friend of her girlhood, appears upon the scene, and in his company "exotic Martha"—quite cured of an ill-regulated passion for the tropics—regains her native land.

The Cardinal. NEWTON V. STEWART

Author of "A Son of the Emperor," "Across the Gulf," etc.

An historical story of Italian life in the 13th century, the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, when the Pope and Emperor with their factions were opposed. Ottaviano Maldini is the cardinal. He is all-powerful in Rome, and more of a soldier and a statesman than a churchman. Ariadne, the heroine, is a princess who is kidnapped and falls into the hands of the Moors. She is an exquisite little creature and her dancing uniquely beautiful, but she deliberately lames herself to escape harem life. She is offered as a slave to the cardinal, who out of pity buys her. With the cardinal she is happy, interest and affection develope into passionate love between them, and in the end Ariadne dies by her own hand, and relieves the cardinal of the embarrassment of her presence. It is an intensely interesting romance, and presents a lively and accurate picture of the times.

The Qualities of Mercy. CECIL ADAIR

Author of "The Dean's Daughter," "Cantacute Towers," etc.

The Mercy of the Qualities is a girl who, having inherited property, is free from the necessity which often leads to marriage, for which she is temperamentally disinclined. Captain Dare, whose little kinsman Colin is Mercy's friend, has other views, but Mercy will have none of him, and in pique he marries Alys, a timid little friend of Mercy's, who runs away from him and is hidden by the vicar's wife. Mercy and Colin swear eternal friendship; the latter has no desire to marry and perpetuate the house of Dare. Dare is found dead, a victim of the vendetta. The wholesome story is full of interesting ingredients—Riches, High Place, lovely Country, Beautiful Weather, some Excitement, and Mystery.

The Unholy Estate; or, the Sins of the Fathers.

DOUGLAS SLADEN. Author of "A Japanese Marriage," "The Admiral," "The Tragedy of the Pyramids," etc.

This is a present-day story of strong domestic interest. The problem which Mr. Douglas Sladen treats is the unhappiness inflicted by unsuitable marriages and the inconveniences which besiege those who defy the marriage convention and take their lives into their own hands

The story lies on the fringe of politics. An eminent political personage, thinly veiled, occupies a prominent position in it. He supplies one of the main elements in the book, and the other is supplied by a woman of great position who gives up everything for the man she loves and is content to live cut off from society for his sake.

The book differs from most books which deal with the same subject in the fact that neither party, in spite of straitened means and social ostracism, exhibits any remorse or regret. They are completely satisfied with what they have done. They live a simple life and their love match is an unequivocal success. The unexpected dénouement of the story is a happy one.

Hodson's Voyage.

W. H. Koebel

Author of "In the Maoriland Bush," with 8 original illustrations on art paper by Fred Pegram.

This is a work of light humour from the pen of Mr. W. H. Koebel, better known of recent years as a travel writer of distinction, but who in taking up fiction again is returning to his first love. The plot deals with the trials of a commercial traveller on board a liner. He is mistaken for a country officer whom he resembles, and the complications that ensue include a love interest, and give rise to a rapid series of situations that contain frank elements of farce, especially when the hero finds that fragments of the past history of his military prototype are known to others and not to himself. The climax of the story arises when it is imperative that he should reveal his identity, and when he finds it impossible to convince his companions that circumstances have compelled him to act the lie. The book abounds in situations, and much amusement arises from the bewildering happenings of the unexpected. The fate of the unfortunate victim hangs in the balance until the last page.

The Baron of Ill Fame.

Hester Barton

This story gives a faithful picture of Florence in the time of Dante. Besides Corso Donati, the hero of Campaldino, Dante and his wife; Giotto, the great artist; Giano della Bella, the popular demagogue, and other Florentines known to history, figure in the novel. The period dealt with was a stirring and brutal one, yet amid the clash of steel, the flow of blood, the hoarse yells of mutual hatred, the orgies of illicit passion, the violation of convents, the sacking and burning of towns, men and women plighted troth even as to-day, and the author of this romance of mediæval Florence has unified her graphic descriptions of historical incidents by a love story all the more idyllic because of the background of vice and crime.

Duckworth's Diamonds.

E. Everett-Green

Author of "Clive Lorimer's Marriage," "The Lady of the Bungalow," etc.

Duckworth has entrusted a haul of diamonds to his friend, Dermot Fitzgerald, who brings them to England to await instructions. He is aware that he is shadowed by one, Pike, and gets Hilton, a friend of his, to come over to Ireland and advise him. Hilton advises him to bring the treasure and hide it in his own caves of Treversal. This they do, though not without adventure. In a little village, close to Treversal, stands a small cottage to which Barbara Quentin has retired on the death of her millionaire father, whose assets appear to be nil, and whose child is unprovided for. She lives in the cottage with a friend, making acquaintance with Hilton and Dermot. Later on, Phyllis Duckworth is drawn into the web of fate, and comes also to the cottage. Letters come ostensibly from Duckworth, demanding the surrender of the treasure to his sister; but Phyllis deems these forgeries, and Dermot holds on. In the end and in the nick of time, Duckworth himself turns up; there is a raid upon the caves of Treversal, but the villains are caught and arrested, and various pairs of lovers are made happy.

A Passion in Morocco.

Charlotte Cameron

Author of "A Woman's Winter in South America."

The story opens on board a P. & O. steamer when it is ploughing its way steadily towards the Moroccan coast. A beautiful English girl, duly chaperoned, makes the acquaintance of a handsome Moorish prince who is returning to his native land after passing through the curriculum at Oxford, with the varied problems of East and West seeking solution in his mind. The presence of the girl presses one of these questions irresistibly to the forefront of his consideration. At Mazagan the ladies are invited by an officers' guide to visit the harem of the Kaid, where the beautiful English girl, separated from the party, is trapped by the wily owner, from whose hands she is duly rescued, at the eleventh hour, by Mohammed el Yumar, the Moorish Prince. Many adventures follow—amid strange scenes are enacted against a background of vivid Oriental colour, and in the end East and West effect a union, finding that "love levels all."

The Lotus Lantern.

Mary Imlay Taylor

Author of "The Reaping," "The Impersonator," "My Lady Clancarty," etc.

A love story of great charm and dramatic power, whose scene is laid in Japan of to-day. Lieut. John Holland, a military attaché of the British Embassy, and betrothed to the daughter of the British Ambassador, while witnessing the Buddhist festival of lanterns, symbolizing ships of the souls of the dead, meets Umé-San, who had been sold by her relatives and had become a Geisha girl in a Tokyo tea garden. A plot has been formed to place her in the power of an unscrupulous and cruel Japanese prince. Holland's sympathy is first enlisted, and finally he falls passionately in love with the little Japanese girl, pure, sweet, and devout, notwithstanding her surroundings. The story moves with dramatic force, is filled with interest from the opening chapter to the end, and Umé (flower of the plum) is one of the tenderest and dearest heroines of fiction.

Damosel Croft.

R. Murray Gilchrist

Author of "The Courtesy Dame," "The Two Goodwins," "The Firstborn," etc.

The heroine of this book is the last of a wealthy yeoman family in the High Peak Country; the hero is a young man from Yorkshire, of equal social standing but comparatively insignificent means. Janey Maskrey is beloved by three; her choice falls at last upon the most fitting suitor, with whom, without being aware of the fact, she has been in love for some considerable time. An author of distinguished reputation—akin to the Maskreys—presents with his curious entourage a remarkable contrast. Several old-world country-scenes, notably the Carrying of the Garland at Castleton, are presented with a wealth of colour. The book is full of sunlight, of happiness and of country mirth.

The Doll: A Happy Story. VIOLET HUNT

Author of "White Rose of Weary Leaf, "The Wife of Altamount."

This is a story of a woman who, having been divorced once, and having lost control of her child, invents a stratagem by which, upon her re-marriage, she thinks she will be protected from a second loss of her child should she again be divorced. How the stratagem fails and how the first child that she had lost comes into her life again, and how in the end, though her stratagem has failed, she is successful all along the line owing to the employment of purely feminine weapons, it is the purpose of this novel to show.

A Prisoner in Paradise. H. L. VAHEY

The scenes of this story are enacted in the Malay Islands and Singapore. A British agent, after years of residence on the South Sea Islands, pines for civilization, and decides to quit. The appearance of a beautiful half-caste reconciles him to remaining. Complications with the natives arise, and flight becomes the only safety of the lovers. They fly by different routes, and the man arrives at Singapore, where the vessel carrying the woman is reported lost with all hands. The tie that bound him to the Malays thus broken, he seeks the solaces of civilisation by marrying a widow. Disillusioned, after two months he quarrels with the widow, and ships back to barbarism. Unexpectedly, he finds the Malay wife returned and awaiting him, and considers himself absolved from his recent unsuccessful marriage. The book is said to possess something of the glitter and colour of Conrad's tropical tales.

When Satan took Flesh. A. J. ANDERSON

Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," etc.

In this story Satan takes flesh that he may plot a second Fall. By means of Clairvoyance he bargains for possession of a young man's body, and discovers in the doctrine of the limitation of the family a new and powerful temptation by which to wreck the human race. Mr. Anderson writes with sincerity of purpose and has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and his story is worthy of the careful attention of every thoughtful mind.

The Children of Alsace. RENÉ BAZIN

Author of "The Nun," "Redemption," etc,

A story of Alsace full of this famous Author's penetrative charm. It is of Alsace conquered, of those who remain loyal to France and those who compromise with the victors. Obeilé is the name of a prominent Alsatian family, the head of which goes over to the winning side. Love complications arise among the younger members of the family, such as occurred in English History in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The atmosphere of Alsace under the new government is skilfully reproduced, and the conflict of racial feeling engendered admirably portrayed. The story is full of interest and excitement, and has the added charm of historical accuracy.

Between Two Stools. RHODA BROUGHTON

Author of "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh up as a Flower," etc.

This story deals with the situation of a man and woman—he single, she married, who have had a liaison of ten years' duration, while the woman's husband has been lying hopelessly crippled by an accident which happened before the opening of the narrative. The interest lies in the effect upon their characters, and in the emotions of hope, fear and remorse which agitate them. The situation is complicated by the apprehensions aroused by suspicion that the heroine's half-grown daughter divines something of the truth. The introduction of an unmarried girl to the hero entangles the knot still further—a knot which is untied only on the last page.

Camilla Forgetting Herself. H. L. VAHEY

Author of "A Prisoner in Paradise."

Novels which 'lift one out of oneself,' which are not gloomy or sordid, and are not concerned with matrimonial failures, 'problems,' and the seamy side of marital life, are none too common; so that the refreshing and stimulating story of 'the incurably romantic' Camilla and her lover-husband will be hailed with delight by those who have not come to look upon marriage as a 'doubtful adventure characterized by the total surrender of freedom.' It is a humorous, 'lovey' and wholesome story, without a 'sugary flavour.' From the first page to the last line—in which Camilla tells her husband 'a great secret'—there is a spirit of Joy and Happiness pervading the book. To those of us who are still sufficiently old-fashioned to have matrimonial ideals, and a genuine belief in the existence of enduring, all-conquering love, Camilla will make a strong appeal. Though written in a light, bantering vein, the story contains an idea—a great idea, it may be—which is nothing more or less than a plea for *real* marriages; made in Heaven or otherwise, but founded, not upon legal forms, conventions and sacrifices, but upon a union of hearts. To those who found the psychology of Mr. Vahey's last book, 'A Prisoner in Paradise' (Stanley Paul) too strong, the present volume will come as a pleasant surprise.

The Bride of Love. KATE HORN

Author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "Mulberries of Daphne," "The White Owl," "Lovelocks of Diana," "Ships of Desire," etc.

A love romance full of the charm which won for "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun" so many admirers. Psyche is a delightful heroine, whose face is her fortune. The story tells how Psyche and her little sister, Pomander, under trying circumstances battle their way to success, and will interest all who know what it is to cherish ideals which lie outside the sphere of their environment, and who ultimately win their own reward.

The Marriage of Lenore. ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

Lenore has married more than once, and thereby hang numerous complications. Her first husband is an elderly roue, and the second, who is present at her first marriage, restores to her the bouquet which she drops, and in this act and its recognition eyes and souls meet. There is a rumour that the first husband was a bigamist. Thereupon Lenore marries her second, only to find that her first husband's *mésalliance* was no marriage and that she herself has committed bigamy. The old husband dies, and so matters are set right. The story flows on through troubles and distractions, raptures and pains, to its happy ending.

God Disposes. PELLEW HAWKER

A novel of quick changes, rapid movements, and striking dramatic situations, which opens with the description of a dead man sitting at his library table, his hand resting on his cheque book. The surreptitious visitor who makes the discovery secures the cheque book, forges the dead man's signature, and succeeds in cashing a cheque for a large amount. On the strength of the money he poses as a rich man, pushes himself into country society, and wins the heart of Lady Angela Dawson, who is affianced to Viscount Woolmer, the son and heir of Lord Bletchford, and the elder brother of the dead man. Later he claims to be the heir to the property, but in due course is discovered and exposed. The characterisation is good, the narrative interesting and the *dénouement* all that can be desired.

The Watch Night. HENRY BETT

A story of adventure in the exciting years of 1741-1746. The hero, when a young man in London, comes under the influence of Whitefield and Wesley, and joins the Methodists. Later he becomes involved in Jacobite plots in Lincolnshire and Northumberland, and falls in love with a lady who is acting as one of the Pretender's agents in England. The Jacobites suspect that he is a spy upon them, and he is kidnapped and carried to Holland. There his life is attempted, and he learns that the English Government has offered a reward for his apprehension. Since he cannot return, he journeys to the borders of Bohemia to visit Herrhut, the headquarters of the Moravian Brethren. Here he finds himself in the midst of the second Silesian war. He sees Frederick the Great, and meets the heroine once more unexpectedly at Dresden. It would be unfair to unravel the complex plot with all its surprises, it will suffice to say that while this is a lively narrative of love, intrigue, and adventure which hurries the reader on from page to page, it is also a serious attempt, the first in English fiction, to give a faithful picture of the life of the Eighteenth Century Moravians and Methodists. There are vivid glimpses of many famous men, especially John Wesley.

A Woman with a Purpose. ANNA CHAPIN RAY

With coloured frontispiece by Frank Snapp.

In characterization, in dramatic force, and in artistic treatment this is the best story Miss Ray has yet written. It deals with the married life of a strong, successful, self-willed man of affairs to a girl who has tried to support herself by her pen, and in failing has retained her high ideals and her respect for her own opinions. The story is so full of the life of to-day that it stirs our emotions while it delights us with its absorbing plot. People of rare quality and reality are portrayed, vital problems are inspiringly handled, and a love story of power and originality is developed to its logical conclusion.

Love's Old Sweet Song. CLIFTON BINGHAM

Mr. Clifton Bingham, who, thirty years ago, wrote the words of the famous song bearing this title, which is known and sung all the world over, has in this new novel—the first he has written—woven his sympathetic verses into a most interesting and human story, both dramatic and pathetic. Though containing only five characters (excepting the dog) it touches lightly and tenderly the chords of human life in a manner that will appeal, as in Molloy's song, to every heart. It is a book that will be appreciated by everyone who has heard or sung "Just a Song at Twilight, when the Lights are Low," and should make an appropriate gift book to lovers of music.

The Activities of Lavie Jutt. MARGUERITE and ARMIGER BARCLAY. Author of "The Kingmakers," "The Worsleys," etc.

Lavie, the heiress of a millionaire, is taken into society—for a handsome consideration.. She is resourceful as well as charming, and when she falls in love with the impecunious Lord Loamington, who keeps a hat shop, she is able to tender very valuable advice. But Lavie is not satisfied with talking; she is full of activity and inventiveness, and she "makes things hum." This story of her many activities is bright and out of the common.

Opal of October. JOY SHIRLEY

For those born in the month of October, the opal is said to be a lucky stone, and this novel is based upon the assumption that it is so. It is a story of the times of the soothsayers and the witches, when people were all more or less trying to discover the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold. The witch in this case is a young girl of great beauty, who narrowly escapes the stake.

The Mystery of Red Marsh Farm. ARCHIBALD H. MARSHALL. Author of "The Squire's Daughter," "Exton Manor," etc.

This novel deals with the mysterious disappearance of a child, who is heir to a property consisting of an old Manor House and a large marshland farm, which has been in the family for generations. Many people are concerned in the mystery, and suspicion falls first on one, then on the other, but the police fail to clear it up. The mystery is solved by a young squire who is in love with the sister of the missing child, but not until he has travelled half round the world in search of the solution.

Two Worlds: A Romance. LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. Author of "The France of Joan of Arc," etc.

Colonel Andrew Haggard, so well known for his clever and amusing histories of French Court Life, is no less known as a novelist of distinction. In this story he introduces the reader to life in Vancouver Island, the scene opening in that gem of the Pacific, the beautiful city of Victoria. The heroine is a lovely young unbeliever, whose naturally generous and ardent temperament has become warped by the perusal of atheistic literature. The hero is a manly young Englishman, himself an agnostic but a seeker after the truth. They have some weird adventures in the realm of the occult. Then the scene changes to Europe, where we meet with a generous-minded and somewhat eccentric peer given to Christian Science, who has a great effect upon the subsequent development of the plot, and the many exciting incidents by land, sea and aeroplane with which this unusual romance is filled.

The Three Anarchists. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON Author of "A Lady of the Regency," "The Stairway of Honour," "The Enchanted Garden," "The Easy-Go-Luckies," etc.

The Three, who dominate alike the romance of the world and the plot of this new story from the pen of the author of "The Enchanted Garden," are Love, Death, and Birth, and the title is based on a phrase in Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's fine volume of essays, "The Peril of Change." The puissance of this triumvirate is unfolded in the story of a simple woman, born nameless, and of no position, whose life, at first uneventful, is suddenly engulfed by social eminence, sensation, temptation and a dangerous love. The Three come to her aid in each crisis, and each leaves her stronger and more competent to hold the heritage of peace and happiness which eventually becomes hers.

Maids in Many Moods. H. LOUISA BEDFORD Author of "His Will and her Way."

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